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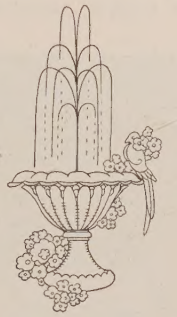

A Lost City of the Andes

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Author of "A Vagabond Journey around the World," etc.

Photographs by the author

TO the traveler of to-day the pleasure is seldom vouchsafed of visiting really new territory, and much more rare the joy of being one of the first few of modern men to tread the streets of an entire city unrivaled in location and unknown to history. Such, however, is the privilege of those who come up to Cuzco in these days with the time and disregard of roughing it necessary to visit Machu Picchu.

This mysterious white granite city of the Incas or their predecessors was unknown to civilized man and the world until Professor Hiram Bingham of Yale visited the site in 1911, to come back a year later in charge of an expedition to clear it of the rampant jungle growth and the oblivion of ages. Here was uncovered what are perhaps the most splendid pre-Columbian ruins in the Western Hemisphere, most splendid because in addition to being the finest besides Cuzco, itself discovered since the conquest, they have not suffered from treasure-hunters or become confused with Spanish building.

I had planned to travel to Machu Picchu alone and afoot. The account of the find had overtaken me in Lima, and the entire four-hundred-mile tramp across Peru to the ancient City of the Sun had been made more attractive by the anticipation of visiting a spot that not only promised extraordinary interest in itself, but had the added attraction of being difficult of access. On the day of my arrival in Cuzco, however, it was my good fortune to meet Professor R—— of our Middle West, and thereby to change for a bit the means of transportation that had brought me down the long crest of the Andes from far-off Bogotá.

Martinelli of Cuzco, who volunteered to accompany us, owned a coast horse and a wise gray *macho,* leaving the prefect of the department to obey the telegraphic orders of the president of the republic only to the extent of furnishing another animal tall enough to keep the professor's feet off the ground. This was not so easy as it may sound, for the professor had finally halted in his physical rise in the

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world only about midway between six and seven feet, and the horses of the Andes are rarely spoken of without tacking on the Spanish diminutive *ito*.

With already more than a year among the people of the Andes, I was by no means so surprised as the professor when, upon descending in full road regalia to the cobbled street at six, we found no sign of the horse that the prefect had solemnly promised to have standing saddled at our hotel door at five. Some things come to him who waits long enough even in Peru, however, and by the time the third round of anecdotes was ended there broke the street vista and drifted down upon us a Peruvian soldier in full accoutrement on a black mule, leading as sorry and decrepit-looking a *chusco* as even I had ever seen among these shaggy ponies that masquerade under the name of horse along the Andes. The soldier dismounted. The professor stood gazing abstractedly down upon the animal, no doubt drawing a mental picture of himself in the rôle of Quixote, with the added touch of dragging his toes on the ground over 150 miles of Andine trails. With a snort and a speed which showed that his four years in that Indiana institution unfortunately most favored by the youth of Cuzco permitted to top off their education in the United States had not been entirely misspent, Martinelli was off toward the prefecture. By the time another half-hour had drifted languidly into the past he reappeared, followed by a second soldier and a fine coast horse from the corral of the officers of the garrison.

"The stream, which snatched impotently at us as we passed"

"How did you manage it?" I asked, in admiration.

"I raised hell," said Martinelli, tightening the girth of his own animal.

"What Peru most needs," mused the professor, who has the happy faculty of now and then giving his professorial vocabulary a furlough, "is about ten thousand of you young fellows educated abroad to come home here and raise hell."

Plainly the professor was beginning to get a real mental grasp of South America.

Before eight we had transferred the government saddle from the wreck of a *chusco* to the real horse, and were clattering away over the cobblestones of the City of the Incas, the soldier on his sorrowful little black mule bringing up a funereal rear. This was doing very well indeed. To get off on the same day planned, at any hour whatever, is no small feat in the Andes. Such of Cuzco as had already lifted its frowzy head from the pillow gazed hazy-eyed out upon us as we wound and clashed our stony way up out of the city by that stair-like road down which I had ended my walk across Peru a week before. The morning light fell weirdly upon the City of the Sun below when we came to the notch in the hills where all Indians pause before this last view of the sacred capital of their ancestors to murmur, with bared heads, "O Cuzco, great city, I bid thee adieu!"

As we jogged on in the sunny October morning across the bare, colorful, cool hills of Cuzco toward the lofty pampa beyond, I turned to ask the soldier behind:

"Cómo te llamas?"

"Tomas," he replied with a military salute—"Tomas Cobino, sargento de la Gendarmeria Nacional."

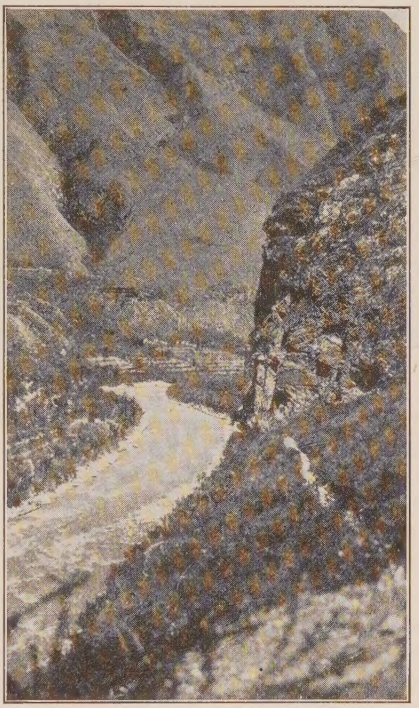
"Can you be that same Tomas who was with the Americans in Machu Picchu?"

"Si, señor, I attended *los yanquis* three months in their treasure-hunts."

The means has not yet been found of convincing the people of the sierra that any digging about old ruins can have any real motive other than that of seeking the traditional treasures of the Incas.

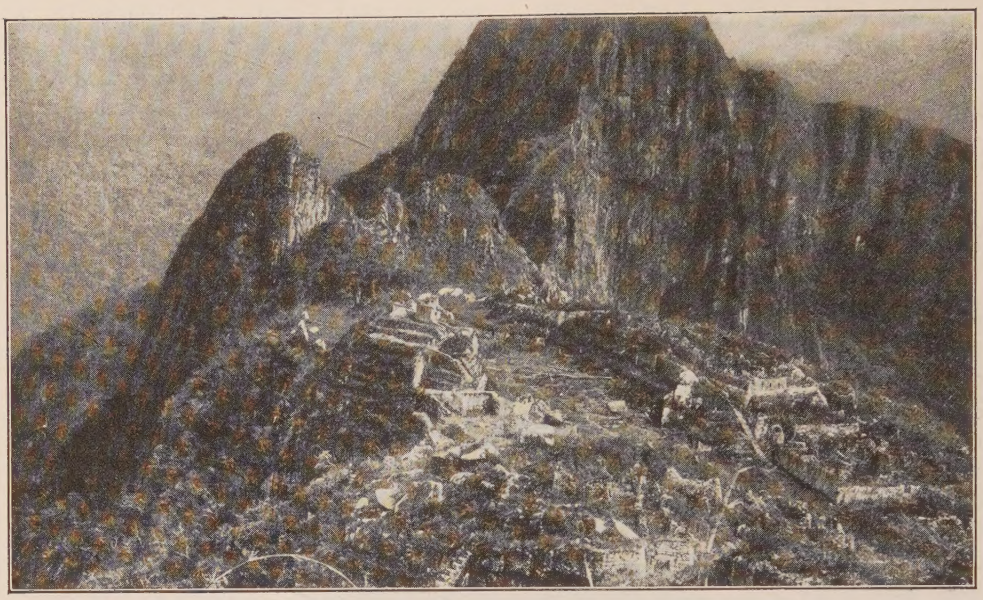
A few miles out the road was in the throes of "repair" by a large gang of Indians, under the command of the *alguaciles,* or constables, of the neighboring hamlets, standing haughtily by, firmly grasping their silver-mounted staves of office. They looked not at all unlike men from Mars commanded by sixteenth-century pirates. At first many mule-trains passed us, the leaders wearing about their necks long jangling bells with wooden clappers. The Cuzco Indian, in his dark skin, bare legs, and black-and-red *montera,* sneaked noiselessly by with the air of a whipped cur, fawningly removing his flat hat and murmuring an abject *"Amripusma."* The greeting sounded Quichua, but is merely what becomes of the Spanish *"Ave Maria purissima"* in the mouth of the aboriginal. The professor showed astonishment to find both sexes removing their hats in salutation, but Martinelli and I had long since learned to expect it.

A few miles out, our trail left the road and swung to the right. Away over our left shoulders lay that splendid Plain of Anta, rich with cattle and historical memories of the conquistadores. The distant bleat of sheep on a hillside now and then drew the eye to a bedraggled little Indian shepherdess, armed with her sling, spinning incessantly, unconsciously the crude yarn on her cruder spindle of quinoa-stalk run through a potato as she edged cautiously away well out of our reach. These lonely guardians of the flocks are not infrequently pursued with impunity by native travelers. In this treeless region the doors of the Indians' dismal mud huts were of stiff, sun-dried, hairy cowhides. As the world rose higher, even these miserable dwellings died out, and only the bleak, brown uplands of the Andes spread about us on every hand.



"On the opposite side of the impetuous stream were scores of ancient terraces"

In mid-morning we topped a great bare height, from the chilly summit of which the white-crested central Cordilleras of the Andes stretched like some mighty wall across the entire horizon, the snow-peaks and glaciers thrusting their hoary heads through the banks of clouds less white. Another bleak hour, and a vast Andine valley, like those that had grown familiar to me, yet were always beautiful, opened out before us, in its lap the town of Maras, tinted with the pale red of its aged tile roofs. The great rolling, reddish-brown basin was surrounded by age-wrinkled mountain-sides that were specked with little shadowed valleys and perpendicular *chacras,* or tiny Indian farms, hung on their flanks like small paintings on inclined walls. We halted for dinner with the *gobernador,* and for *chala,* as the



"We came out on the edge of things"

Incas called dried corn-stalks with half-matured ears, for our animals, and to admire the far-reaching view and the cut-stone doorways of mud houses sculptured with bastard Incaic-Christian designs.

We went on again over the high, brown, barren world, the wind-swept summit of each succeeding land-wave bringing again above the horizon the great snow-crested wall that each time seemed near, yet all the jogging day through appeared not a yard nearer. At three we came suddenly to a vast split in the earth into which we began to go down and ever down by acute zigzags and stony *cuestas,* or slopes, that grew so steep we had to dismount and lead our animals. Soon there lay spread out before and below us the magnificent cañon of the Urubamba, which, rising near Titicaca, flows under many names to add its bit to the giant Amazon. Spring plowing was in progress on the valley floor, walled by mountains stretching away beyond the reach of eye in each direction. Over this rampart the sun still peered when we reached the level of the river at last and, taking the road from up the valley, jogged easily along it to Ollantay-tambo.

We rode to the bare, mud-hutted plaza past splendid cut-stone walls of what had once been palaces little inferior to those of Cuzco. The local "authority" bowed over our paper from the prefect and turned the *gobernacion* over to us for the night. It was an all but windowless second-story room on the unfurnished plaza, with a springy earth floor laid on poles. Into it shrinking and unwashed *alguaciles* lugged our baggage and a rheumatic table and bench without once releasing their staves of office. Here, the egg supply of Ollantay-tambo vastly reduced, we spread our saddle blankets and lay down with our heads to the walls, for the slope of the floor was such that to stretch along them would have been to bring up before morning in a tangled confusion in the middle of the room.

With the other half of the seventy-five miles from Cuzco to Mandorpampa before us, we were off betimes in the soft early-summer morning, tinged with coolness from off the half-hidden, snow-clad mountains above as we rode northeast into the sunrise down the right bank of the Urubamba. Gradually, as the morning warmed, the great blue-white glaciers of Piri and its neighbors shook off their night wraps of clouds until above us they stood forth in all their unveiled beauty. The valley narrowed to a cañon, and that to a

"As we rode northeast into the sunrise"

gorge, with bare mountain walls standing precipitously more than a thousand feet above on each side, while below the river hurried noisily between its rock faces. On the inaccessible bank on the opposite side of the impetuous stream were scores of ancient terraces where a bygone race had prepared for cultivation every available inch of the mountain-slope.

Hourly it grew more perfect summer, and ever more magnificent vistas broke unexpectedly upon us, contrasting with the bleak, bare, wind-swept heights of the day before. The old trail from Cuzco to the tropical *montaña* climbed sulkily away up a side *quebrada,* or ravine, toward the dreary uplands. This new road to Santa Ana had made accessible for the first time in modern days this marvelous cañon of the Urubamba. It was nowhere steep. We went down by frequent little stony descents, with no corresponding rises, half aware now and then of standing in our stirrups as the animal dropped from under us, the conscious self gazing at the enthralling scene about and above us. A condor sailing majestically on motionless wings above the mountain wall looked like a sparrow, mingled with the light clouds that flecked the transparent sky of the plateau above.

We met frequent pack-trains bound upward out of the tropics with cargoes of the fiery native *aguardiente,* in leather skins inside cloth-wrapped wooden frames, or long cylindrical packages of coca-leaves such as the drivers were chewing. The meetings were sometimes at points where we had to take care not to be pushed over the impending precipice into the river; for though our right of way gave us the mountain-side, the pack-animals, shy of the roaring stream below, tried to crowd in between us and the wall despite the threatening cries and whistling of their *arrieros.*

At eleven we stopped for breakfast. Then deeper and ever deeper we descended into the fastnesses of the Andes, with the vegetation becoming markedly tropical. The solid granite precipices, rising sheer thousands of feet from the foaming rapids to the clouds, remained at the same height, but the river cañon continued to descend, and gave us the curious effect of seeming to see the mountains that shut us in rising ever higher into the sky. The approach of the vast tropical lowlands was heralded by single trees, then by whole forests climbing the lower flanks of the mountains, then clothing the tops of the ridges and the lower mountains, in

delightful contrast to the dreary treelessness of the upper heights. Jungle shrubs and undergrowth sprang up about us. Moss and tropical herbage took to draping the moist rocks and boulders until even the perpendicular face of the mountain beside and above us clothed itself in lush-green vegetation. The song of the jungle rose on all sides, the rampant vegetation clutched playfully at us along the way. Ferns, the first I had seen in months, appeared, and quickly grew to their gigantic tropical forms. Orchids were plentiful, and other flowers of brilliant colors. A soft wind blew caressingly, and upon us fell that lazy, contented mood that always follows a descent from the cold, nerve-straining *páramo*.

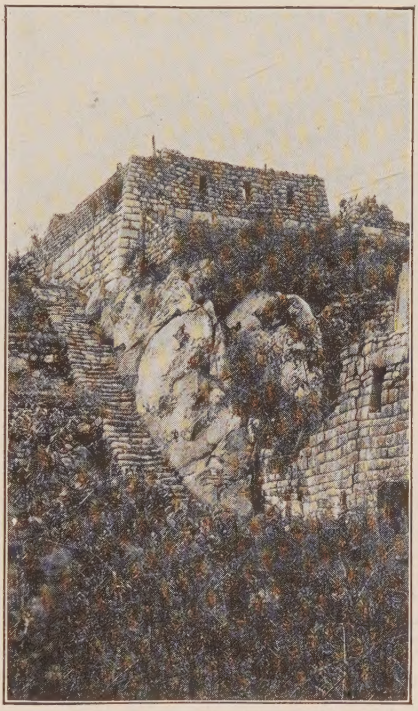
The cañon of the Urubamba had shrunk to a resounding gorge of sharp V-shape, with virtually no room left for cultivation, so that even the hardy *andenes,* or cultivated shelves, of the Incas were crowded out of existence, and only the imperious river forced its way through the mountains, permitting the narrow road to follow on the precarious foothold blasted for it along one of the towering granite walls. We began to meet yellow, fever-eyed walking skeletons straggling languidly up from the tropical valleys. These increased until all the few travelers were sallow-skinned and hollow-eyed and of a hopeless cast of countenance.

Toward four the beautiful, jagged peak of Huaina Picchu came into sight down the winding cañon, puffs of white clouds hovering about it, and we knew we were approaching our goal. But things moved now with tropical languor. In places the road became a stony stairway down which we must pick our way step by step; in places it was pieced together with slivers of rock to keep it from falling sheer into the angry stream. The mountain squeezed the trail to the extreme edge, so that an unwary horseman, gazing at the riches of nature about him, was not infrequently rapped on the head by jagged points of rock left by the dynamite of the trail-builders. Tropical birds of beautiful plumage flitted in and out of the impenetrable undergrowth. The pungent, death-suggesting, yet enticing, smells of the tropics filled our nostrils. The sun abandoned us early, and left us with the sense of being down in some great well dreamily wondering whether we should ever again reach the great broad world above.

Dusk was falling when the road wandered out upon a bit of flat meadow squeezed between the mountain wall and the now calmer river, facing the breakneck slopes of Huaina Picchu. This was Mandorpampa. A grass-thatched hut on poles served as *tambo,* or inn. As we hung our *alforjas,* or saddle-bags, over the unhewn beams an unattractive half-breed, scented with fire-water, appeared from his adjoining hut. He it was who had first guided *los Americanos* to the then jungle-hidden Machu Picchu. He had long known of the ruins, as had other natives, but had never considered them extensive or important. Indeed, he seemed still to have a distinctly low opinion of them as *"cosas de los Gentiles"* ("things of the Gentiles"), not to be compared with the Cathedral of Cuzco, with its tin saints and tinseled virgins. He promised to climb to them with us in the morning for a consideration, and we prepared to pass the heavy, humming tropical night.

The humid darkness was showing signs of fading when I woke the professor from a night during which, by his own testimony, he had not slept a wink. The cause was not lack of comfort, for the professor is an experienced man of the woods, but a great mental anguish. An insect had stung him on a knuckle. Now, the professor had just come from his investigations among the victims of that dread disease of the Andes known at *uta,* from the Quichua word to rot, which, beginning in just such an insect bite, eats away the sufferer's flesh until he is hurried at breakneck speed into the grave. Naturally he wanted our earnest examination and experienced opinion by first morning light whether we should, after all, climb to Machu Picchu or hurry back to Cuzco to call a conference of the medical wiseacres. I examined the bite solici-

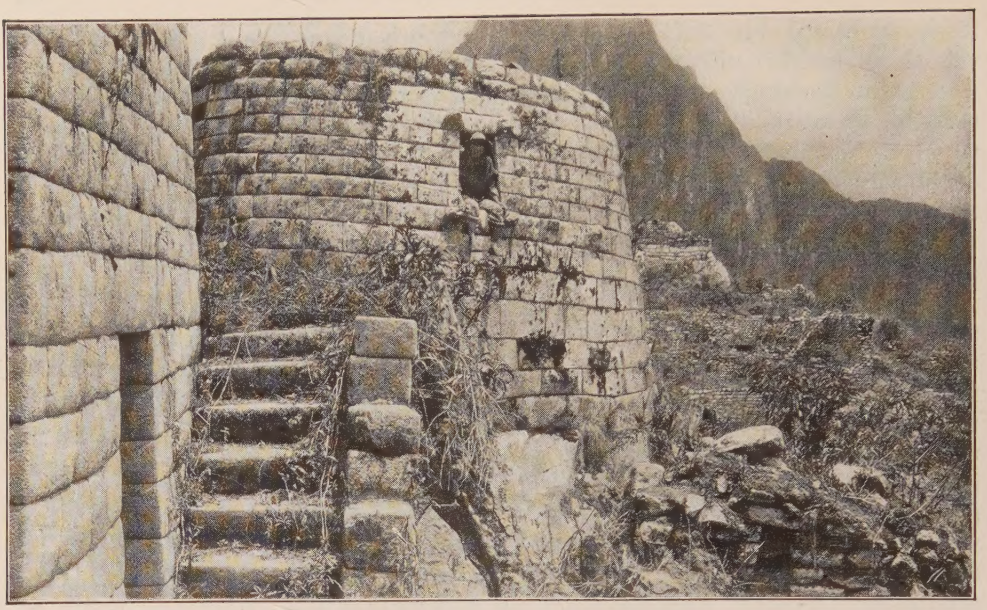
tously. There was no doubt that it was only the preliminary nibble of the myriad insects that would have fallen upon us in earnest and tattooed us into the strange patterns I had already often worn had we descended another five thousand feet into the real tropics. But one cannot put things thus cruelly and crudely to one weighed down by the intangible dread of the subtle, pest-infested tropics from which no man is free upon his first descent into them. But having between us convinced the professor that he would in all probability outlive the day, by fog-bound six we were off.



"Scores of stairways"

The lover of ardent waters had concluded that he could not possibly get his various activities in shape to accompany us before eight, and we concluded to hobble along without his historical assistance. We paid him two sols to keep the animals well fed and, lest the matter slip his mind, left Tomas with him as a perpetual reminder. This left us well burdened with our "beds" and the supplies necessary to pass the night, for I would not hear to the plan of paying the place only a flying visit. Being the only one in Andine training, I volunteered to carry the surplus and, bowed under a bulky sixty-five pounds held by a llama-hair rope across my chest, like any Indian *cargador,* led the way back along the road, planning to boast forever after of being the equal of any aboriginal burden-bearer of the Andes. Barely had I reconciled myself to the perpendicular climb in store for us under such a load, however, when we came upon a gang of Indians, each with a coca cud in his cheek, chopping the boulder-imbedded roadway higher back under the edge of the cliff for flood-time. The foreman offered us carriers. None of his men was large; beside the professor the impassive fellows approached dwarfishness, and I uttered a protest when Martinelli carelessly waved a thumb at by no means the largest. But my fancied equality to the human freight-trains of the Andes oozed away as suddenly as the rotundity of a pricked wine-skin. When the Indian had swung upon his back the burden I had been staggering under on a level roadway, Martinelli nonchalantly tossed his twenty-five pounds on top of it. A bit farther on that unfeeling savage paused at one of the pole-and-leaf shelters of the workmen under the edge of the impending cliff and added a pair of blankets, a coca-bag, and several other personal odds and ends, then waltzed away as lightly as a prairie chicken under its tail-feathers, faster than we cared to follow.

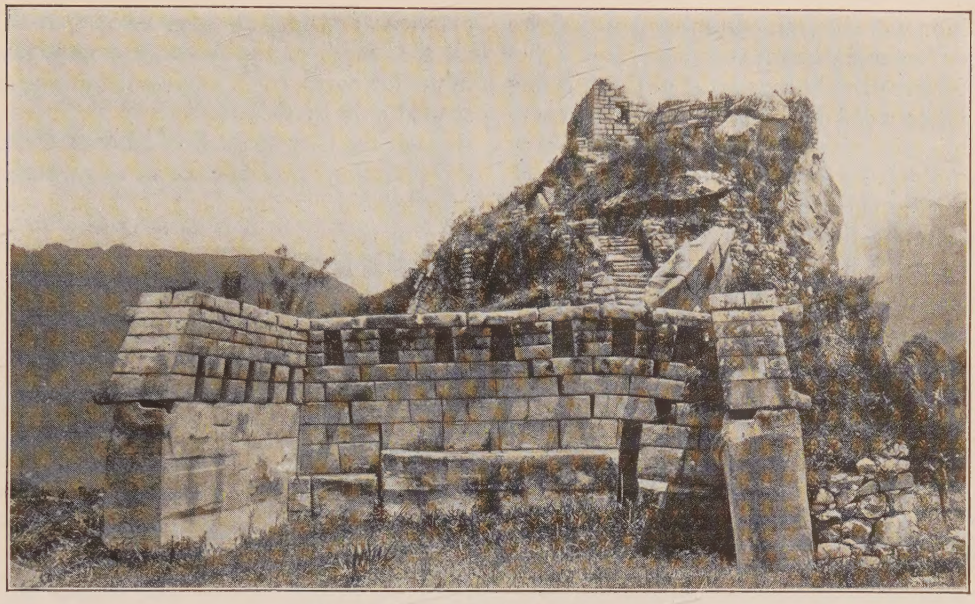
Perhaps two miles back a hidden path plunged swiftly down through the wet, clinging jungle to the sapling bridge that hung precariously from rock to boulder across the river. Beyond the stream, which snatched impotently at us as we passed, sagging, a perpendicular mountainside, dense with jungle, stared impassively down upon us. But when we had tripped some distance over the rocks and jagged boulders tumbled along the edge of the savage torrent, a hole in the undergrowth like the lair of some wild animal proved to be the beginning of a trail now overgrown almost to nothing.



"The white gray granite of Machu Picchu"

The first mile up was through the densest wet jungle. This, according to native report, was notorious for its venomous snakes, particularly a little ten-inch *vibora*. Gradually the jungle gave way to a lighter stunted growth in which the sun blazed down mercilessly. Up the all but sheer face of this the trail sweated in sharp zigzags. Dry-tongued with thirst, we came, after more than an hour above the river, to a patch of shade on an almost level shelf of the mountain. In it grew a "Spanish tomato," shaped like a huge strawberry, of a double acidity that throttled our thirst for the moment. Somewhat higher we found ourselves mounting ancient agricultural terraces. These were walls of rough stone head high that sustained level spaces of like width. Far from being under cultivation, the rich, black soil of these artificial mountain shelves nourished an all but impassable tangle of new jungle growth, and the trunks of great trees that had been felled and charred over cut us off in many directions. By working our way laboriously back and forth and gradually mounting several terraces, now by a canted tree-trunk, now by the four projecting stones set stair-like in the faces of the walls by which the prehistoric husbandmen mounted and descended, we found a terrace along which we could tear our way, and came out at last, nearly two hours up, on the sheer edge of it. Machu Picchu lay before us.

My first impression was tinged with disappointment. Aside from the general experience of finding a long-heralded scene striking in inverse ratio to the length of time the imagination has fed upon it, my mental picture of a city seemed to call for sky-scrapers crowded over a vast area that could be bound closely together only by a rapid-transit system. Measured by these subconscious standards, the town the Incas or their predecessors had left here in the beautiful fastnesses of the Urubamba was small. At least it had been our good fortune to catch the first sight of it from a splendid point of vantage. Well below us and across a considerable gully, the abandoned city lay spread out in all its white granite brilliancy under the gorgeous Andine sunshine; and if all the town could not be included in a view from this point or any other, that view included all the finer buildings and left out chiefly the extensive *andenes* and the third-class houses of



The chief temple, with the stone altar

those who lived on and worked them. Though roofless, it was a complete city in so fine a state of preservation that the beholder felt like one of the old Spanish conquistadores in those enviable years when there were still new worlds to discover. On a gigantic scale its site was that of an ancient feudal castle. A mountain ridge defended by Nature in one of her most solitary moods and including within its confines the steeple-pointed peak of Huaina Picchu fell away on every side by tremendous precipices into the fearful void of the Urubamba, a sheer unbroken two thousand feet to the thread-like river that makes a three-fourths circle around it; while beyond, pregnant with the mystery of impassable jungle and of a bygone race, lay a wonderful wilderness of Andine ranges, shaggy with dense forest, pitched and tumbled and fading away in the blue-black of unfathomable distance.

Machu Picchu was indeed a city of refuge. There is no need of Incaic lore and the furrowed brow of the archæologist to be certain of that. Only men scared beyond the functioning of goose-flesh could have scurried away into this most inaccessible nook of the Andes and scrambled up these appalling cliffs to escape their pursuers, only men to whom labor was as nothing compared with the fear of bodily violence would have toiled a century fitting together these gigantic rocks and boulders rather than sally forth to take their chances against the slings or poisoned arrows of their enemies. The slinking, hare-hearted Cuzco Indian of to-day may easily be their lineal descendant.

Effectively defended by nature though they were, these champions of precaution left no loopholes. In the gully between where we sat and the city they had thrown two massive stone walls from one sheer precipice to another. Outside this were most of the agricultural terraces, for within the city proper was scant space for cultivation, and in case of attack the peasants no doubt abandoned their fields and raced to town. Between these two walls lay a dry moat, deep and wide, while at the city gate the wall was constructed on the "salient" system of Sacsahuaman and so many of the pre-Columbian ruins down the crest of the Andes, so that while a besieger was gently knocking for admittance a member of the goose-flesh clan could stroll out on the wall above and drop a boulder on his astonished head.

Nor was that all. In every least crevice or foothold that the champion trapeze performer or tight-rope artist of the pursuing tribes could by any stretch of the trembling imagination have squirmed his way the defenders built little patches of rock wall in places only he will believe possible who has climbed to see, and on the tip-top of the neighboring heights, on Machu Picchu mountain, on the steeple-point of Huaina Picchu, in every crow's-nest the most athletic Indian could hope to reach, were stone watch-towers, sometimes invisible, from which certainly the sentinels had some telegraphic means of passing word down to the cautious city. There were no adventurers among the builders of Machu Picchu. They took no chances.

When we had drunk in this comprehensive view of the lost city, we descended by projecting terrace stones and jungled zigzags and finally by a great stone stairway to the dry moat and through it, then by a graded approach in at the city gate, always tearing our way through thick undergrowth. For though the explorers had cleared away the dense tropical forest that had hidden the city from civilized man since historical time began, the rampant vegetation was striving quickly to conceal it again, as if jealous of its beauty or guardian of its secret. Being far more determined in its efforts than the apathetic Peruvian Government, it bade fair to succeed. A deserving-politician care-taker had been appointed some time before by the Government, but he was caring for both Machu Picchu and Ollantay-tambo by living in Cuzco on his salary.

The fancied disappointment of the first view had worn completely away. As the mind adapted itself to pre-Columbian standards, the city assumed its true aspect, that of a delicate work of art of intensive construction. Here in this eagle's-nest of the Andes, cut off from the rest of the world, had lived an artistic and adaptable people with a capacity for concentration of effort and a high grade of efficiency now lost among the Peruvians. Virtually all the stonework of the better part of the city was of the very best "Inca" style in plan, cut, and fit. Nothing I had seen in all the length of the Andes, from Cañar in the far north, could surpass these walls, rivaled only by those of Cuzco, and even those of the City of the Sun cannot match the charming uniform color of this white-gray granite, approaching in beauty to pure marble.

Details are best left to photography. Like the ruins of Cuzco, these are confined exclusively to walls. The Inca civilization seems to have been of that utilitarian turn of mind that gave its attention chiefly to the practical, with the result that there is not to-day a statue to be seen in the length and breadth of Peruvian ruins, and the grass-thatched roofs beyond which these unrivaled stone-cutters did not advance may have fallen in centuries before Pizarro first herded his pigs among the foot-hills of Estremadura. But as walls they are unsurpassed. Stones fitted with so tireless a nicety that without mortar they stand to-day, except where the roots of trees have crowded in between them, illustrations of that time-worn phrase in all Peruvian chronicles from Garcilaso to Squier, "so that a knife-blade cannot be inserted between them." Marble-white walls there were so splendidly symmetrical that time after time the enraptured eye stole along them as over a beloved form. Like all Inca architecture, everything—walls, doors, niches—decreased in size toward the top, here at about the same angle as the slope of the precipitous cliffs, carrying the mind back to Karnak and the ruins of the Nile. Every possible ground boulder or rock ledge and mountain platform was made full use of, and the eye at times hardly detects where the building of nature leaves off and the planning of man begins.

Hidden away from the iconoclastic, gold-thirsting Spaniards, and so far distant from the dwellings of his effete descendants of to-day that transportation of the blocks for their own botching is impossible, Machu Picchu has escaped the common fate of the other pre-Columbian ruins of the Andes and remains a city intact, like Pompeii, as genuine as when

its inhabitants abandoned it. But for the missing roof, scores of buildings are as well preserved as on the day their dwellers departed. Rough stone gables stand everywhere peaked above the general level, sometimes bearing still the stump of a great tree the roots of which had curled and twined in among the stones wherever a handful of soil was to be found to feed upon. The ruins seemed to sprout flowers and trees. The task of *los Americanos* had been no sinecure. They had felled an entire tropical forest and in places had dug away several feet of soil to present at last the entire city, with its alinement of streets, baths, temples, palaces, and blocks of dwellings. But much care had been necessary. Many a stump must be left just where it grew, for even to attempt its removal would frequently have brought down half the structure it grew in. The finest ruins of the Western Hemisphere, the mystery of this city of the unpeopled wilderness, trebles its fascination. How could such a place escape all mention by the old chroniclers who so gloried in endless descriptions of all that the foraging Spaniards discovered in this new world? How long centuries have passed during which Ollantay-tambo has been generally accepted as the last monument of importance in the valley of the Urubamba?

View from the *intihuatana*, or sun-dial

The town centers about the main plaza, with its splendid wrought-stone temple backed by the "priests' dwelling" and the sacred hill piled up behind it. Here, too, is the temple of the three windows, so unusual a feature of prehistoric Peruvian architecture that the chief of the excavators connects it with the ancient tradition of the three brothers who came out of as many windows to found the empire of the Incas; *"Al principio del mundo,"* as Garcilaso has it. Certainly if this is the original Tampu Tocco from which came the founders of the empire, they improved little in their building in the long years between Machu Picchu and the construction of Cuzco. Its sponsor considers the city a thousand years old. Yet though the virile simplicity of its construction is untouched with the beginning of that ornateness that marks decadence in all civilizations, there is something of delicacy and artistic splendor even amid a curious mixture of the crude and primitive, that does not seem to fit an older and less-developed people than the builders of Cuzco.

The long, solid walls are broken, as often in Inca structures, by niches large and small, with cylindrical projecting stones alternating between them. These have been fancied, among other things, as wardrobes and hooks for clothing, but the habits of their descendants suggest that the builders were content to hang their garments on the floor. Houses of more than one room are rare. The ancient Peruvians were evidently as indifferent to lack of privacy as those of to-day. Along the walls are stone couches as comfortable as those of sun-baked mud that the weary traveler is fortunate to find in the better-class houses of the interior to this day. They probably had as little furniture as their descendants, and the host of long ago no doubt greeted his guest with the selfsame *"Tome asiento"* ("Be seated") and a wave of the hand toward a six-inch block of wood or a sharp corner of stone. They lived apparently more thickly than in any modern tenement-house, and the problem of increase of population must

"On the main plaza, in the striking temple of the three windows"

have been acute. Every square foot of ground was utilized, and long rows of windowed rough-stone houses stand steeply one above the other on the swift precipices of the city.

For all its ups and downs, and it was next to impossible to go somewhere else in Machu Picchu without climbing or descending, intercommunication was amply provided for. Scores of stairways of all lengths and sizes, often laboriously cut out of a single ground boulder, lead everywhere. Mrs. Tocco had no difficulty in dropping in on Mrs. Huasi simply because she lived in another group or up over her head. Tunnels, too, were common to this ingenious race of stone-cutters, and fat men must have been as rare as among the Indians of to-day or distinctly limited in their movements. No nation under blockade ever made more intensive use of its agricultural possibilities. Within a radius of several miles not a possible foot of ground escaped cultivation. The terraces on the north side of the mountain, half agricultural, half defensive, drop away swiftly as long as there is a suggestion of foothold, and those on the west of the sacred plaza and below the *intihuatana,* or sun-dial, go down so vertiginously hand over hand that there could have been no dizzy heads among the husbandmen of long ago. It was easy for the peasant of those days to do away with his enemy; he had only to reach down from his own field and push his rival off his three-foot farm into bottomless oblivion.

I pushed on toward the outskirts. The social inequalities of to-day were as native to the civilization of this lost race. The houses grew less and less like the cut-stone palaces as one left the center, and on the edges of town hung mere cobblestone hovels little better than the miserable dens of the Indians of to-day. All about them now was rampant cane jungle. Here, as everywhere in the vicinity, on the slopes, from the interstices between the rocks, even on the thatched roof of last year's shelter of the workmen, grew big yellow calabashes, like Gipsy pumpkins. Then there were wild green corn and self-sown potatoes, bushes of ripe *ají,* the beloved peppers of the Incas, in deep reds and greens. These were probably the chief products of the olden times, constantly threatened with suffocation by the rampant tropical vegetation, and the ruler of this aery probably lived chiefly on corn

"Spring plowing was in progress"

and frozen potatoes, like the modern Andine Indian.

The Incas, using the word broadly, showed an extraordinary liking for building on spots where they had an unbroken outlook over all the surrounding world. Lovers of nature, perhaps, though the apparent complete indifference of their descendants to its charms and moods makes this debatable, they were above all practical fellows, moved less by esthetic reasons than by an overwhelming dislike to being wakened from the afternoon siesta by a well-aimed boulder. Yet had their only quest been unrivaled situations, that of Machu Picchu could scarcely have been improved upon. Mere words and pictures give faint idea of the unique charm of the place. The earth offers few such views as that from the *intihuatana* at the top of the town. Literally at my feet the world dropped away sheer to the Urubamba, like a copper thread all but encircling the spot. The altitude of the city is put at 8500 feet and that of the river 6500, yet it is surprising how clearly, if hushed, the roar of the river comes unbrokenly up the two thousand sheer feet to the invulnerable city. Utterly unpeopled, the visible world is one tumbled mass of gigantic forest-clad mountains rolling away to inaccessible distance-blue ranges rising afar off to snow-capped crests mingled with the sky; not the haggard and sterile Andes of elsewhere, but softened forms so densely wooded that nowhere is a spot of earth visible. Swing round the circle, and on the other side the gaze falls as precipitously into the Urubamba. Three great blue ranges rise one behind the other, growing from blue to purple farther off, the central Cordilleras shutting off all the world beyond, seemingly near at hand, yet only a week of hard travel would attain it. In another direction the rolling ranges, faded to purple, die enticingly away one behind another into the great *montaña* and the region of the Amazon, while masses of pure white clouds come majestically up out of Brazil beyond. One regrets having to return as he came, always a misfortune, and the eye falls again to the hoarse thread of river below, winding away into mystery, to break through the central range beyond where the eye loses it and on away. But the chief hardship of travel is renunciation.

Martinelli was inclined to sleep in the sacred cave under the splendid circular

tower, but to this the professor objected, and they compromised on the long stone bench above. When they were settled, I piled my bedding on the back of Rumiñaui, and drove him away into the humid, black, viper-teeming darkness. He was sailing under sealed orders and tore his way fearfully through the undergrowth that clutched at him with a thousand unseen fingers, down through the jungle-grown heart of the town, and knee-deep across the sacred plaza, the three great windows staring all but invisible at us in the night. On I pursued the trembling wretch into the three-sided "high temple," the most imposing structure of Machu Picchu, and bade him three times pile his load up on the high altar before he would believe his ears. Then he turned tail and fled so suddenly that he forgot even the customary obsequious leave-taking.

Above, below, and all about me the night was droning its mysterious pagan chant. The distant roar of the Urubamba came up distinctly. In the sky above a myriad stars shone forth with that unusual brightness of upper heights. The rest was blackness. I cleared a few plants and parasites from the altar and the niches above. It was an immense cut stone fourteen feet long and five high, but a bare three feet wide, and a long drop for an uneasy sleeper. I rolled out saddle blanket and ponchos to form the bed of so many an Andine night, then unconsciously, in an instant, I solved the niche problem that has been harassing Peruvian antiquarians for centuries. Nothing simpler. The bygone race broke the long surface of their walls with these half-openings neither as a setting for their idols nor their guards, but as convenient places in which to lay their leggings, hobnailed boots, and tin watches for the night. I am not the only one who will be glad to have the problem solved at last.

It would have been easy for the high priest to have dropped in on me during the night, especially as the temple is without roof, even if he could not have arranged for me a dance of his private *ñustas*. But I slept the night through monotonously undisturbed. Long wilderness travel seems to develop in the nostrils a power to scent the dawn. I had finished dressing when the night began to pale along its eastern rim, and striding away through the dew-dripping jungle and down the great central stone stairway, I came to the professor and Martinelli huddled together end to end on their roofless stone couch, snoringly oblivious to the fact that the daylight in which no true traveler sleeps had come. The opportunity for correction was too precious to lose. Close beside them I drew my revolver and fired a roaring 38-calibre shot into the rosy dawn overhead. Mere words are powerless to picture the pair as they exploded forth from their coverings with the rampant hair and fist-like eyes of Puritans suddenly fallen upon by a band of Indians in the good old days when Puritans were fair prey. It was the climax of what to them had been a sad night. Barely had the professor recalled that the reputed little circular "snake windows" were in the very building beside them and scrunched down into his sleeping-bag, head and all, when the Indian came to give a long and dolorous Quichua tale of the tribes of *víboras* that had their nests in the interstices of the wall beside and above them. So that all the bitter night through the professor lay (or more exactly curved) within his six-foot sleeping-bag on the outer edge of the stone divan as far as possible from the viperous wall, yet ever in fear of taking the awful two-foot drop to the reptilian ground beneath; and all the night through things kept dropping down upon them from the wall above. To my unromantic mind these were bits of twigs and leaves, yet in the silence of the subtle tropical night small wonder that each was a possible sudden death to the sufferer within the sleeping-bag, assuring himself a thousand times that no viper could bite through it, yet lacking faith in his own assurance. The most anguishing moment of all was that in which there dropped squarely upon him, with a soft reptile-like thud, something that proved by daylight that he had hung carelessly in

the Incaic niche above one of his woolen socks.

The descent was harder than the climb, though quicker. For so slippery was the wet trail at that angle that whenever our heels failed to bite into the soil we sat down emphatically on the backs of our necks some feet farther down the slope, to fetch it a resounding wallop with the rest of the body. There is talk of some day building an electric line from Cuzco and a funicular up to the ruins, with perhaps a tourist hotel among them, but fortunately talk does not easily breed action in Peru. For perhaps the chief charm of Machu Picchu is inherent in the difficulties of reaching it. A scene once made accessible to fat middle-aged ladies is ready to be marked off the traveler's itinerary and turned over to the gentle mercies of the tourist. We ended the descent without broken bones, and finding the precarious connection with the outer world still sagging between the roaring boulders, climbed the wet steep bank beyond, where, strangely enough, Tomas was waiting as he had been ordered with the four animals, their heads turned toward Cuzco.

They Both Needed It

By FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

"I 'M going up to camp, Kathy," said Ivor.

His wife turned quickly in her place. Her small, sober face confronted him inimically.

"I can't put it off any longer," said Ivor.

"I suppose not," agreed Kathy, quiveringly; but her big, dark eyes pleaded, an old, old mother plea.

"You don't imagine I *like* to?" asked Ivor in an injured tone.

"And that 's the very reason why you 'll overdo it," broke out Kathy, "and I 'll be waiting here at home, *and hating you.*" The words flamed out at him.

"Good heavens, Kathy!" said Ivor, "don't you know your own boy well enough to know that he 'd hate me himself if I were fool enough to be soft with him about this?"

"Are you going to—*kill*—him—just because he is n't a coward?"

"Not quite," said Ivor. He grinned irrepressibly. "Don't you worry about Roddy. He 'll come up smiling. Here, are n't you going to tell me good-by?"

She shook her head speechlessly, moving away. He detained her firmly.

"Why, Kathy, that boy 's the best thing I 've got—next to his mother. Can't you trust me to hurt him when I must?"

She pushed him away, her tears streaming.

"Hell!" muttered Ivor softly as she ran sobbing from the room. He went to the sideboard and poured himself a stiff drink.

He repeated both ejaculation and potation several times during his drive to Nelson's store, where he left the cutter. He was feeling very sad and firm about Roddy by the time he began to climb the trail to camp. It was quite dark and snowing heavily when he reached the cabin and pushed at the shed door. Only the dim glow from a bed of coals lighted the inner room. He stood, hand on knob, peering through the gloom.

Roddy rose hastily from a low seat by the hearth. Even in the dimness Ivor caught a flare of expression which made him say to himself, "Darn if I don't believe the kid 's *glad* I 've come."

"Why don't you fix up your fire?" he asked curtly. "What do you mean by letting it go out on you this weather?"

"I did n't notice," stammered Roddy. He stooped, throwing on logs and saying:

"I 'll get you some supper."

"Had mine at Nelson's," said Ivor.

He had consciously to harden his voice. He concluded not to make conversation. He drew up a home-made arm-chair of hickory, settled himself comfortably, and lighted a cigar. Roddy returned to his seat on the box in the corner. Ivor smoked and considered him thoughtfully. His boast to Kathy was, he reflected, justifiable; for while Roddy appeared under pale and troubled conviction of sin, there was nothing in face or bearing which invited Ivor to be soft with him. He neither sought nor avoided his father's eyes. He merely waited in quiet, submissive readiness for Ivor's next move.

"If you 'll hunt me out some blankets I 'll turn in," said Ivor, breaking a long hour's silence. He added, watching the boy with a cruelly intimate scrutiny, "I 'm going to want you up pretty early in the morning."

"All right, sir," said Roddy, quietly.

Ivor continued to observe him as he moved about, taking blankets from a locker. There seemed a shortage of pillows. He carried his own over to Ivor's cot.

"I 'll turn in too, then," he said to Ivor, adding timidly, "Good night, Father."

Ivor nodded. It was some time before he lay down. He slept brokenly, and rose in the darkness of early morning to waken Roddy.

Roddy had not slept much during his week of waiting for he knew not what. What he was to get had been the least and pleasantest of his conjectures, which had included prison or long exile from home, perhaps. In his relief at knowing exactly what to expect and when to expect it he had fallen into deep and dreamless slumber. There was much of the little fellow in the sleeping aspect of the big boy. Roddy's dark head was snuggled in the relaxed curve of his elbow. His dark lashes brushed a cheek which had scarcely lost the soft curve of young boyhood.

"Damn!" muttered Ivor, bitterly hating what he had to do. He dropped a deliberately heavy hand on the boy's shoulder.

Roddy's eyes opened vaguely. He smiled at Ivor the least bit, and closed them again, plainly feeling himself to be at home in bed.

Ivor shook him awake. Roddy's eyes came open to stay, comprehension in them. He sat up.

"In just a moment, Father," he said.

Ivor went back to the fire and stood there waiting.

"All right, Father," said Roddy presently from where he had gone to kneel.

Ivor stood over him for a pausing moment, flinging out the whip.

"Ready?" he asked.

Roddy lifted his eyes.

"He wants it," thought Ivor. A fierce thrill of exultation in the boy's mood ran through him.

It was during his second five-minute intermission that Roddy got to his feet and went to stand by the cabin window. It swung on hinges high up in the wall, and he opened it, letting the snow-laden wind blow on his face. He drew a deep breath, tasting its purity and coldness. A movement across the room attracted his attention, and he glanced around in time to see Ivor thrusting a flask back into his pocket. Roddy took another deep breath of the pure, cold air. A gust of wind tore apart the snow-cloud, and for a moment the white peak across the valley stood revealed. Steps closed in on him. He shut the window and knelt almost automatically, his vision filled with the vast, bleak sweep of the peak. Ivor's touch on his shoulder gave him a moment of strange surprise.

"Put up your arms!" ordered Ivor in a thick, slightly uncertain voice.

As Roddy obeyed he thought, "He 's trying to break me."

Roddy still wanted it, but his traitorous fingers began to long to reach back, to get

'...Sam,' said Ivo... 'What made you do it?'

themselves on the whip, to tear it from his father's grasp. Suddenly his hands, held with scrupulous steadiness above his stoically erect young head, flung toward each other and gripped, each snatching the other back.

A sharp quiver ran over Ivor's face. Roddy had been mistaken about one thing. Ivor's actual intention toward him had been the one of ascertaining the precise measure of his big boy's grip on himself. There he had meant to stop. When he finally stayed his hand he remained by Roddy, studying his profile, hard drawn against the light. It gasped, slightly bent, the profile of the spent runner.

"Son," said Ivor, "what made you do it?"

Roddy's straining arms relaxed. He turned, letting them fall to the near-by table.

"What made you?" repeated Ivor.

Roddy seemed not to hear. Just in front of him lay a tiny drift of snow which had blown in through a crevice in the window-frame and lodged on the table. Toward this his clenched hands stole forth from his pit of burning. As they touched that purity, that coldness, a long shudder seized Roddy. He lurched forward and lay with his head between his arms, his palms pressed to the snow.

Ivor stood over Roddy looking troubled and somewhat alarmed. Presently he touched his fingers to the culprit's racing pulse, felt for his hammering heart, wiped the icy sweat from his temples, bent at length, speaking to him anxiously.

At that Roddy stirred, lifted his head, gazed at Ivor blankly.

"All right?" asked Ivor. His voice shook a little.

"Sure," muttered Roddy, bringing out the single word with some difficulty. His blank gaze became aware. He gave Ivor a faint, twisted smile of reassurance.

"Roddy," said Ivor again, "what made you do it?"

Roddy did not answer. A dark flush so all-enveloping that it obscured the marks of his penalty crept over his face and clung.

Half sitting on the edge of the table, Ivor continued:

"Forgery 's a mighty ugly thing, Roddy."

He kept coiling and uncoiling the whip as he spoke, his eyes on Roddy's shamed and bent head.

"I can't understand your doing a thing like that, you 've always been so straight with me."

"I was fool drunk," said Roddy, bitterly. He did not look up.

"But you knew you did it?"

"Oh, I knew I did it all right; it was just that I did n't give a damn. I was n't excusing myself, Father. I ought to be—*killed.*"

Ivor's look of perplexity held.

"But even drunk you must have had some reason. Now, you don't gamble, and if you needed money for any legitimate use you knew you 'd only to ask for it; I 've never been short with my boys. Was it—here, look at me, Roderick."

With an obvious effort Roddy obeyed. He had grown white again.

"Had it anything to do with a girl?" asked Ivor, with an odd, apologetic sort of hesitation.

A look of relief flicked into Roddy's face. He shook his head indifferently. Ivor saw that the question meant nothing to him.

"Then some one took advantage of your being drunk, and used you to try and get money out of me," guessed Ivor, not unexpectedly.

Roddy was mute, his face impassive.

"I think I 'll ask you whom you were running with, Roddy, when you did that."

Roddy raised sudden eyes to Ivor's.

"I 'm paying," he said.

"And you 've paid about all you can stand. Do you want to pay more than you can stand?"

Apparently Roddy took this under consideration. Shades of varying emotion came and went in his face. Finally it grew stubborn beneath Ivor's eyes.

"You are my boy," said Ivor. "It was my name and my money you made so free with. It seems to me that I 've the right

to ask you anything I like in connection with the affair."

Roddy was silent.

"Come," said Ivor, "don't be a fool *now*. You 're not drunk *now*."

Roddy shook his head. His face took on a dreadful patience.

"Give you one more chance," said Ivor. He stood up.

Roddy was a big, strong, brave boy, and he was seventeen; but he controlled a tremor at this movement of Ivor's.

"Croy 's not worth it," said Ivor, suddenly.

Roddy had controlled the tremor; but he could not control the flick of color which confirmed Ivor in his suspicion.

"Good guess, eh?" said Ivor, throwing the whip to the floor. "You can go dress now."

Roddy's color deepened painfully. He bit his lip as he stumbled to his feet. Ivor put out a steadying hand.

"Not quite fair," he went on, using his natural manner to the boy for the first time, "but it was the only way I 'd ever have had it out of you, you stubborn ass. Can you manage alone?"

Roddy nodded. He went over to his cot and finished dressing with dogged movements which completely ignored whatever pain he endured. He pulled on a heavy white sweater last, picked up his cap, and stood as if pondering over something.

Roddy was a splendidly handsome lad, and his head was set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth. Ivor looked at him wistfully. Their eyes met. Roddy's were wistful, too. Ivor took a step toward his son.

"Roddy," he said, "I 'd sure like to have one decent boy."

Roddy's lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He compromised on a smile, turned and took down a pail from a shelf by the door.

"Oh, I 'll get water," said Ivor, reaching for his coat.

"Why?" asked Roddy over his shoulder. He went on out.

Left alone, Ivor chuckled as he drew out his flask. It was empty, to his disappointment, and he flung it from the window into the vacancy beyond the drop of the hilltop. Turning, his eye fell on the whip. He stooped, and sent that after the flask. A curtain of snow blotted it out as it descended through space. Ivor felt easier in his mind as he returned to the fire. He gave the embers a kick and consulted his watch. It was nearly eight, but the morning light still came dimly through the snow whirl. The storm was increasing. If the weather held, they might not be able to get down the mountain at all that day. He heard Roddy coming back with fresh water, and stamping the snow from his feet in the outer shed.

"Some blizzard," said Roddy, entering almost gaily. "Had a regular time getting down to the spring."

He got an ax from the corner and went out again. Ivor heard the true, ringing blows which proclaimed Roddy the natural-born woodsman. In an incredibly short time he returned with a snowy armful of oak logs, and replenished the fire.

"Need help?" asked Ivor.

"Oh, nothing much to do," said Roddy, carelessly.

He moved about expertly, slicing bacon and mixing corn-meal, and soon had breakfast under way. He then drew the table close to the fire, spread a newspaper for cloth, and placed covers of camping-kit ware which he produced from a rude corner cupboard.

"I 'll have a wash-up," said Ivor, going out.

The shed was a dark little cave of winds. Fine snow particles sifted in everywhere through the shrunk boarding, and Ivor did not linger over his ablutions, but hurried back to the warm room of logs.

He found breakfast ready. The firelight played pleasantly on the blue enamel of the dishes, and the food odors were enticing. Ivor wanted his drink; but the coffee was good, and the bread baked as every Southern boy knows how to bake corn-cake. He made an excellent meal,

glancing now and then with a pang of compunction at Roddy, who drank his coffee feverishly, but made no pretense of hunger. After breakfast he sat back, smoking, and watching Roddy clear away the things. The storm increased. Ivor frowned, and again consulted his watch.

Roddy, having exhausted occupations, sat on the side of his cot eying Ivor's repressed, but evident, discontent. Ivor said, catching him at it:

"I admit right now that one night up here this time of year is about my limit."

"It 's some blizzard," said Roddy.

"But it 's not far to Nelson's."

"We 'd get lost sure. I 've a fair sense of direction, but I should n't trust to it in this snow smother."

"He wants a drink," thought Roddy. He looked down reflectively at his clasped hands, then rose and went to the corner cupboard.

Ivor watched him with a faint flicker of hope; but Roddy had not included anything in the nature of something to drink in the supplies purchased at the small store at Nelson's. He took out merely a handful of tiny articles which he ran over carefully, shifting them from one hand to the other.

"Play you a game?" he said, looking at Ivor.

Ivor returned the look questioningly.

Roddy pushed the table back near the window, turned its newspaper cover, and revealed a checker-board square printed on the reverse side. On this he emptied the small objects from his cupped hand. They disclosed themselves as chessmen not unskilfully whittled out.

"Been working out games with these," he said. "I could n't"—he glanced at his father courageously—"mull over my sins every minute of the time, and I was rather glad to come across this old Sunday paper in a locker."

Ivor drew his chair around, and examined the chessmen with amused interest.

"You are a resourceful chap, Roddy," he murmured, setting them up. He lost the first game.

"You 've got me outclassed," he grumbled, "practising up here by yourself all week."

"I think we play a pretty even game, Father," answered Roddy in a serious tone. He tried an opening he had figured out for himself, and won the next game in half a dozen moves.

Ivor sat up, chagrined. "Show me how you did that," he demanded. Roddy showed him.

"You don't get me that easy again, my son," muttered Ivor, vexed at his own stupidity. He beat Roddy three times running.

"Guess I 'm not a back number yet," he bragged, getting up to investigate the weather. He returned, reporting it worse than ever, and began lining up the pieces again.

Roddy, his arms folded on the table, sat gazing into the snow whirl, through which the black arm of a pine was visible at irregular intervals. Ivor glanced at him from time to time. Roddy could not quite make himself look as if he had been having a pleasant time of it, but his youth and good looks and hard boy's pride very nearly enabled him to accomplish this feat. Even to Ivor's prying eyes he merely appeared subdued and a trifle pale.

"It 's not so bad up here, after all," said Ivor at last.

Roddy came out of his trance and looked about him. Red glow and warmth enveloped them.

" 'The tumultuous privacy of storm,' " quoted Roddy. His eyes smiled across the table at Ivor, crinkling at the corners.

Ivor's face lighted, looked a question.

" 'Snowbound,' you know."

"Lord, yes—in my old reader! None of the new fellows can touch the old ones."

"They were pretty sincere old fellows," said Roddy, musingly.

"Maybe that 's why—well, are you tired of losing?"

They played again, and Ivor in his interest failed to remark the passing of time until Roddy swept the pieces together instead of setting them up, saying that it must be dinner-time.

"'Oh,' said Kathy, quaintly, 'I reckon I could *stand* it, Rod'rick'

Ivor pulled out his watch. "Four," he called as Roddy went out with the ax. He heard Roddy pulling a log in on the earthen floor of the shed, heard the blows of the ax begin, cease, begin again irregularly. After a moment of hesitation Ivor opened the door and crossed to the boy.

"I 'll do that," he said.

If Roddy had the impulse again to ask why, he repressed it. He gave up the ax in silence.

"You can be rustling up some dinner," said Ivor, not meeting his eyes.

Roddy nodded, and went within. He explored the loft and discovered a few apples and butternuts to add to their menu. He also discovered a flask of whisky left there, he conjectured, by Croy during the autumn. Roddy considered over this find for some time. He did not want it for himself, and he liked his father best without it; but he knew very well that Ivor was uncomfortable without his accustomed drink, and that one pint of whisky more or less could make small difference in the case of a steady drinker. Apparently it resolved itself into a question of Roddy's preferences. He carried the flask down with the apples and nuts and placed it on a shelf in the cupboard.

When Ivor brought in the logs, which it had taken him a good while to chop, dinner was on the table, and Roddy was down on the floor by the hearth cracking nuts. He glanced up to say:

"By the way, Father, I found a bottle of moonshine in the loft. It 's on the shelf there."

Ivor threw down the logs, and stood looking at Roddy, whose eyes had returned to his task. Across the shoulder of Roddy's old silk shirt a slow stain crept as he bent. Ivor's face contracted. He still felt that next to the last straw had not been too extreme a payment to exact from Roddy's penitence; yet he conceived a sudden and illogical grudge against the whisky which had enabled him to harden his heart and play the brute. But even while he felt this resentment he craved the stuff, and his eye sought the open cupboard. Instead of going to it, however, he drew up his chair to the table. Roddy joined him with the nuts, and Ivor was relieved when he ate his dinner with some show of hunger. After the meal Ivor again glanced longingly at the cupboard, and again took it out in looking.

Roddy, after an inquiry, replaced the chessmen on the board. It had grown dark, and he brought out candles from the cupboard. He had a good store of these, and lighted four, placing two on each side. They played again, and about nine Ivor said:

"The last time I looked out it seemed to be clearing up. Play you three more games, and then we 'd better turn in. We 'll want to be off early in the morning."

"Play you for the championship," said Roddy. "We 're even now."

"Very well," agreed Ivor, rather absently. Roddy intercepted his glance as it wandered toward the cupboard.

"I 'll have a night-cap presently," said Ivor, meeting his eye.

Roddy nodded, moving his pawn.

Roddy sat over this game with an apparently disproportionate earnestness. A determination born of the strange fact that Ivor still held off from the whisky possessed Roddy. His dark brows knitted themselves. He was thinking:

"If I win two out of the three, I 'll say it to him."

Roddy vowed this to himself, and he was so afraid he would play his best that out of sheer self-disgust he did play his best. He won the first game, and Ivor said again:

"You 've got me outclassed with all this solitary practice of yours."

But Roddy said again seriously:

"No; I think we play an even game, Father."

Ivor won now, and Roddy's brows knit more pronouncedly. His eyes pondered brilliantly beneath them. His lips became a firm, scarlet bow. The tiny upward curves at the corners grew straight and unsmiling. He wished so much to be beaten that he played a little better than his previous best.

"Your game," said Ivor at last. He whistled away his chagrin, an eye on the cupboard door.

"Father," said Roddy. His voice was beseeching.

Ivor's glance deserted the cupboard door to fix itself on Roddy's face.

"Yes," he said in a puzzled tone.

"You said this morning that you 'd like to have a decent boy," said Roddy.

Ivor smiled. He thought he knew what was coming.

"Well," said Roddy, and his heart pounded so that Ivor heard it, "I 'd like to have a different sort of father."

Ivor sat erect. He was as angry, as wounded, as outraged, as if Roddy had drawn back and struck him a blow in the face.

"Damn you!" he cried, "what do you mean by that?"

Roddy turned white, but he was game to finish what he had started.

"When I was five years old, Father, I took my first drink from the whisky left in the bottom of your glass—and you gave it to me."

Ivor took refuge in silence, in a bitter, steady stare. Roddy still did not look at him.

"I guess it 's mainly on account of the drinking that our family stands for such a lot of unpleasant things, Father. We get away with them because you have land, money, political influence; but if you did n't have these, we 'd be thought no more of than the Worths are. What are we but the product of the damned stuff they sell us?" He looked at Ivor now, his eyes lighted in his quivering face. "What is our name but a synonym for dissipation of all sorts, for petty lawbreaking when it suits our convenience, for a back-number effort to lord it over our neighbors, as if we were feudal barons, you know? Why, I 've heard Croy curse old Sonneborne for asking him to settle for a saddle Croy had been using for a year. Croy asked Sonneborne how the hell he dared dun an Ivor?"

Still Ivor did not speak, and again Roddy went on:

"That 's pretty raw stuff, Father, and we get away with it because you have land, money, political influence, and we know we can get away with it. What does that turn us into? Just bullies," said Roddy, answering himself—"just common neighborhood bullies. Knock a fellow down if we 're drunk enough and don't like the style of his hat," continued Roddy, referring to a past exploit of Croydon's; "run up bills and pay when we get ready—don't they know we are good for a few paltry dollars, damn 'em?" Roddy quoted another stepbrother, Breck.

A dull red had crept into Ivor's cheek. He wished now that he had taken his drink. Lacking the whisky's prompting, no adequate rebuttal of Roddy's statements occurred to him. He resorted to an obvious personality.

"You say we are synonyms for many sorry things," he remarked in an ironic tone, "but I think you forgot the sorriest."

Roddy's eyes fell. A flame of shame wrapped him.

"No," he said huskily, "I did n't forget."

"Not through, are you?" jeered Ivor.

Roddy, that dark flush still overspreading him, began to push the queer little chessmen about. When he spoke again it was hesitatingly and very slowly:

"I know you can drink more than most, Father, and show it less; but you are bound to show it some, and I 've hardly ever had the chance before to-day to find out what you really were like—without the whisky."

Ivor looked at him, waiting.

Visibly Roddy would have let it go at that.

"Say it," ordered Ivor with a savage change of manner.

"And it 's been a red-letter day for me," said Roddy, a hard little quiver in his voice. "I 've been a dishonorable cur, and I 've had as much as I could take of what I deserved, yet I 've been happy all day as—as a kid having a Christmas-tree."

The last words came almost inaudibly.

He jumped up and stood by the fire, his back to the room, his head bent.

"Your place to say all this?" said Ivor. His voice trembled with rage.

"No," said Roddy, facing him, "I know that I 'm an insolent hound—Father." His voice shook on the last word. He turned back to the fire.

"Get to bed!" said Ivor, with an oath.

Roddy obeyed in silence. As he stooped for his sleeping-garments Ivor's sullen glance rested by accident on the momently bared shoulders. He drew his breath inward with a sharp whistling sound, and his devils of anger departed from him. He recalled in what temper the boy had taken that. He remembered that he had put himself aside all day, that he had been a cheerful companion. Ivor had had a good time with him.

He dragged his chair around to the hearth. The candles guttered out. The failing fire made ghosts in the room. Ivor sat on among them, his fists propping his chin, facing the facts in the case with that inward vision which does not veil or distort. Truth accused Ivor. She even justified herself in using a man's own son as spokesman. It was the little thing which got under Ivor's skin most: "I 've been happy all day as—as a kid having a Christmas-tree."

It was past midnight when he glanced over his shoulder. Roddy lay prone, his dark head taken between his arms. Small need for Ivor to ask if he waked.

"Roddy," said Ivor.

"Yes, Father," said Roddy, humbly. He sat up, clasping his knees, his eyes on Ivor.

Ivor bent to throw on a log before he continued:

"Croy skipped out to his uncle Croydon's ranch the day I packed you off up here. He 's left debts everywhere. He bluffed a loan out of old Sonneborne to get away on."

Each word was a question. Roddy was able to answer:

"I did n't know Croy meant to go away, Father, or that he was deeper in debt than usual."

"So," said Ivor. "Now I 'm going to do some more guessing, Roddy. I 'm going to guess that it was Croy who saw to it that you were good and drunk, Croy who had that check so handy, Croy who put you up to devilment you 'd never have thought of, left to yourself." He hurried on, not looking at Roddy: "And he must have been drunker than you were to expect to get away with any such fool trick as that with Sheppard. Croy was n't worth taking that licking for, kid. He 's not worth shooting. He 's been a stray from the first. He belongs away back, when he could have led his gang looting and have terrorized a countryside. No room for him now, so he 's a crooked bully."

Roddy's head went down in his arms on his knees. Croy had always had Roddy's love. He had won it carelessly when Roddy was a little fellow, and had kept it, still carelessly, despite much, Roddy's heart being a fool for loyalty. Croy had got him in dreadful trouble, but Croy had been drinking fearfully hard, and was, Roddy supposed now, driven desperate by duns. Roddy's heart thrust that aside. What it broke over was the little thing—the fact that Croy could go off like that without a word to him.

Ivor kept stealing glances. Presently he crossed the room, and sat on the side of the cot, putting a careful arm around Roddy, and getting hold of his tense hands.

"No use fretting over Croy," said Ivor.

"I know," muttered Roddy. His head came up. He tried to speak. It sank in his arms again. He shook with sudden and rending sobs.

Ivor's arm forgot to be careful. He bent low.

"Here, stop that! Croy 's not worth it, I tell you."

"It 's not—Croy—now."

"Oh, it 's not?" Ivor bent lower.

"Forgive you? Sure. What you think I 'm doing now?" He stood up, patted Roddy's arm, said, "You just get to sleep if you can," and returned to his chair by the fire.

Roddy sat on motionless, clasping his knees, striving to get some real hold on himself; but he was so shaken, so torn, so tired, that he found it difficult. The dim, warm room became a prison in which he could scarcely draw breath. He visioned the white, cold, keen-aired world outside with a craving which finally drove him to ask:

"Do you mind if I get up, Father?"

"Oh," said Ivor, absently, "I 'm not running you now, Roddy."

He mused by the fire, listening vaguely to the movements behind him until Roddy came over to the hearth, getting into his coat and saying:

"Thought I 'd like a fresh drink of water."

"Should n't mind having one myself," said Ivor, rousing and glancing up. Roddy reddened. Ivor smiled.

Roddy went out the front door, plunging knee-high in the drift. The icy air bathed him, renewed him. The descent to the spring was steep and over rocks. He made it in a breathlessly connected series of leaps through a noon-bright moonlight.

The spring was a pool of ink within overhanging hillocks of snow. Behind Roddy the uneven paper-white rise was sketched thickly with charcoal marks of pine stems. Above him winged black branches bore fantastic burdens of snow. Before him the forest broke, and midway in the vast triangular space thus opening out was the apparition of the white peak across the valley. In its gleaming vestures gaped wounds as black as space.

Every boy in a coal country knows something of mines. Roddy stood, his eyes on the mouths of the mines opposite, a vivid scrap of mine vocabulary springing to mind.

"Run of mine," mused Roddy to himself, "run of mine."

His imagination lighted the phrase as the moonlight lighted the opposing face of the mountain. For an output of coal he beheld an output of humanity, streaming ceaselessly. Life dug. Did Death sift? wondered Roddy. For one atom of that endlessly rushing stream to judge another atom—Roddy's eyes went past the peak to the splendid sky. Shining resolves trooped into his heart. He felt that his father had been extraordinarily forbearing and kind, and he thought that it was a big thing just to be alive with the job of making a decent man out of himself stretching before him.

He stooped and swung up a miraculous pail of silver from the pool of ink. He took as long as he could to break the path round to the shed door. Once he broke into a clear whistle.

Ivor, standing by the fire, heard it and looked relieved.

"What do you say to getting along down to Nelson's?" he asked as Roddy entered. "The dogs know us, and we could get the cutter out without disturbing the family. We could be home for breakfast. How 's that?"

"I could n't be suited better," said Roddy. He whistled again as he moved about making ready to get off. He stood still at length, merely glancing around to see whether he had neglected anything. His eye fell on the chessmen, and he gathered them together, replacing them on the cupboard shelf, where the bottle of moonshine still offered itself untouched. He turned to find Ivor's eyes resting on him thoughtfully.

"Better leave that here," said Ivor. "Some one stumbling on this place in bad weather might find it useful." He went on out, and Roddy heard him plunging ahead down the path. When Roddy fastened up and strode after, Ivor was silhouetted starkly in the moonlight. Ten paces from the cabin Roddy succumbed to temptation, bent, straightened, flung a snow-ball clean and hard. It spun Ivor's soft felt down the mountain-side, and filled his coat-collar with snow.

"I 'll get you for that," he shouted, breaking for Roddy.

They tussled together, and Roddy, helpless with laughter, went down in a drift. Ivor scrubbed his face for him.

"That 'll teach you," panted Ivor, letting him up.

Roddy, breathless, bareheaded, still chuckling, ran for Ivor's hat. Ivor stood digging the snow out of his collar and grinning, pure joy of fatherhood in his heart as he watched Roddy swinging back up the slope. Roddy, snapped back to normal, laughter lingering in his face, moonlight and mischief in his eyes, head set on his shoulders as if he owned the earth, was a sight to make a sonless man go hang himself with envy.

"You darn—*beautiful*—kid, you," muttered Ivor.

"Eh?" asked Roddy, catching a word as he came up.

"Why, I said," Ivor assured him, "that if ever I caught you drinking again, Roddy Ivor, I *would* wear my arm out on you."

Roddy's lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came from them. He compromised on a smile. His subdued look returned. He tramped silently by Ivor's side until they reached Nelson's. Now that the pressing account between his father and himself had been settled, another matter arose to harry him. As he helped harness he looked across the horses at Ivor.

"Who knows?" he blurted.

Ivor's eyes twinkled. He busied himself for some moments before he replied:

"No one but Sheppard, and I told him—" He paused as if it were a game and Roddy's turn.

"That you 'd—" Roddy stopped, coloring.

"Why, yes," said Ivor, humorously grave, "I did—something like that."

Neither spoke again for some time. Roddy drove, looking straight ahead. Ivor smoked cigar after cigar, musingly. As they came within sight of the house Ivor turned in his seat.

"One time when bullying was excusable, eh?" he asked. He glanced at Roddy, his warm, brown eyes whimsical and interrogative in the red morning light.

For the first time Roddy's face begged off.

"Oh, well," said Ivor.

When Roddy returned from taking the cutter to the stables he found his father waiting for him on the back porch, and they went in together.

"Guess mama 's not down yet," said Ivor. He led the way up-stairs and peeped into a room.

"Well, Kathy," he called, flinging the door open, "I 've brought back your boy alive, you see."

Roddy's mother, seated in a low chair by the hearth combing her hair, looked quickly around. Her eyes ran past Ivor. That look of hers drew Roddy to his knees by her side, drew his arms around her, drew his head to the hollow of her shoulder. After a brief period of relaxation such as even a seventeen-year-old boy might with honor take in his own mother's arms, Roddy straightened, and faced her with eyes that were Truth's own home.

"Mama," he said, "I 'm going to be a decent fellow from now on. I sha'n't ever give you and father any more trouble."

He got to his feet and marched out, valiant, attended almost visibly by the shining resolves, minding his own business so exclusively that he would not even glance out of the corner of his eye at Ivor standing over by a window.

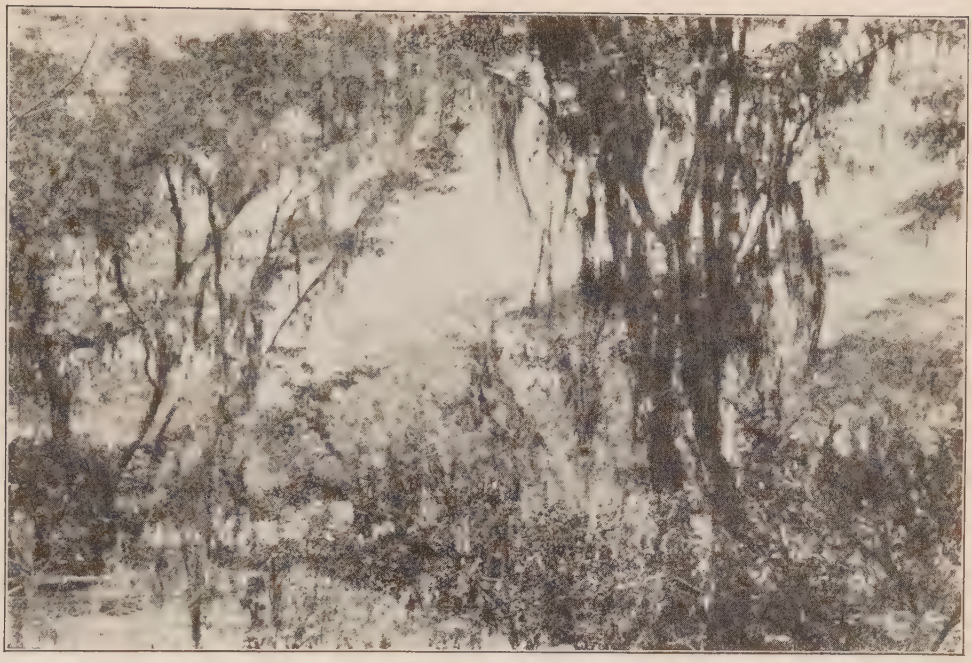
As the door shut behind Roddy, Ivor turned and regarded Kathy. With youth out of the room, she looked astoundingly young. Kathy, her long, black hair spread web-like and fan-wise from the top of her small head to her knees, where her white fingers pulled it taut, studied Ivor's look with big, inscrutable, dark eyes. He had a funny subdued expression for which she was trying to account. She smiled suddenly.

"What you looking at me like that for?" demanded Ivor.

"Why," said Kathy, "you look exactly as if you 'd been having—one—too, Rod-'rick." She opened her arms to him.

"Honey," asked Ivor, coming to them shamefacedly, "how 'd you like to have *two* good boys?"

"Oh," said Kathy, quaintly, "I reckon I could *stand* it, Rod'rick."



The tapestried eland forest

The Plains of Panda

Paradise of Big Game and the Big Game Hunter

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

Author of "Home," "John Bogardus," etc.

Photographs by the author

THE Plains of Panda are scarcely over a hundred miles from Lorenzo Marques as the crow flies, but the easiest way to reach them is to take ship to the port of Inhambane and strike inland due west. It was so that I and a kindred spirit, the doctor, came upon them only two days' ride from the sea, and found awaiting us our outfit and a hundred "boys," from among whom we were to pick our carriers. In Africa every negro, whatever his age, is a boy to the whites.

We were traveling in comfort and looking forward to bringing in many trophies; as a consequence, when we actually turned our backs on civilization our belongings were strung along on the heads of sixty porters, not including trackers, gun-bearers, horse-boys, personal servants, and the guides picked up and dropped at each shooting locality. For this native army we carried food for two days. The administrator of the district, who accompanied us, and aided us most generously in handling the blacks and in a dozen other ways, had with him his own staff.

I believe that to every intelligent big-game shot occasionally come moments when he has disturbing qualms as to the ethics of killing. How can a man love game and still kill it? That is a question that plunges down to elementals, and, like all the fundamental queries that are eternally argued and never settled, it is nicely balanced. In one scale lie all the refinements of civilization: the qualities of

mercy, justice, fair play, regard for the value of all life, and last, but not least in power, the fastidiousness that revolts from blood, suffering, and anything ugly.

The other scale is burdened with things sensuous in the least objectionable meaning of that distorted term. The desire to conquer is ten thousand years older than the training to let live. Ninety-nine boys out of a hundred feel a never-to-be-forgotten surge of the blood at knocking over their first sparrow with a pebble from a catapult, and yet almost every one of the ninety-nine would sense nothing but horror at killing the same sparrow were it caged. Why? Because in one case he feels like a sportsman and a victor and in the other he knows that he is a murderer.

Whether you believe in killing or not, here is the evolution of the sportsman in a single sentence: the child with a sling-shot who to the tracking instinct that gets him near enough to the sparrow to shoot at it adds the skill to hit it; the boy who scorns to pot a sitting rabbit; the youth who gets his duck and partridge on the wing; the man who matches his silence, skill, and endurance against caribou, moose, and bear, mountain goat, ibex, and all the dozen ox-sized antelopes of Africa until he passes into the smallest graduate school in the world and faces the great triumvirate of sport, lion, buffalo, and elephant. Here at least we are on grounds above all quibbling, for it 's fair play and no favor at last, and the stakes are a life for a life.

But to get back to plain mutton, no sportsman on the Plains of Panda two years ago had any occasion for qualms. The whole district was in the throes of famine. Kraals were being deserted, men, women, and children were either dying the slow death of starvation or eking out their waning strength with roots, berries, and the oil sucked from semi-poisonous nuts. It was impossible for us to carry more than two days' food for our bearers. To keep them comfortably fed, our guns had to supply an average of a ton of meat for every shooting-day. This responsibility of supplying the camp with rations worries the sportsman more than any other. Every day, before he can look for trophy heads, spare the immature, or pay the tribute of courtesy to sex, he must kill for the pot.

There are so-called paradises of sport where there is no problem, because a man can sit in the door of his tent and shoot enough to supply his daily needs, but the Plains of Panda are not in that class. They harbor in well-defined districts water-buck, sable, wildebeest, reedbuck, eland, koodoo, bushbuck, zebra, inyala, and elephant, not to mention lion, leopard, and hyena; but for one and all you must travel, search, track, and stalk. Blank days are few, but on at least one occasion for each of us we covered over thirty miles, and returned dead-beat at evening to the meager consolation of not having to clean rifles.

WATER-BUCK

Early morning and mist, but I started long before sunrise on that first day, hungry only for the sight of game. The dew hung heavy on the grass, and weighed it down. My mule, lop-eared and sleepy-eyed, padded along the narrow clay path, her nose almost touching the back of the boy in front. There was a chill in the air that pierced a heavy tweed jacket as though it were cheese-cloth and made the half-naked Kafirs shrivel even as they walked.

Dawn came; the gray mist turned white. The boys, so far sensed only with nose and ears, slowly grew into sight. The local guide headed the line; next to him came the tracker Madada, carrying the chosen rifle for the day. The horse-boy followed him as closely as I and the mule followed the horse-boy. The mule's tail switched the shins of Edie, my Swahili servant, who was not only cook, wash-boy, valet, lightning tent-erecter, and interpreter in four dialects, but also as steady and fearless a gun-bearer as ever stood by and watched a white man get rattled. He carried my second gun, and behind him marched the bearer of a little canvas bag half full of loose cartridges,

The sable

and carrying as well two water-bottles and the tiny pocket kodak with which were made all the field illustrations for this article. Behind him trailed eight ordinary porters, looking pessimistic, who were to bring in the spoils, if any.

We marched for an hour that seemed like three, and the mist still held; then the sound of a breaking twig pierced the silence. Natives and mule stopped in their tracks. There was a swish of grass, and a form like a ghost, a mere dark blur in the mist, crossed our path in a fast walk and faded from sight. It happened so quickly that Madada's arm was still raised in an effort to pass me the gun when I realized that I had seen my first water-buck.

"Piva!" whispered Edie. "Water-buck, Master!"

I dismounted, and took the rifle from Madada, already stripping for the day's work. Naked but for a shoe-string around his waist and a bangle, he crept forward to the spoor, and I after him. In another moment we were alone with silence out there in the mist. The mule and the boys we left behind seemed suddenly part of yesterday. Madada's gleaming body crept forward swiftly, but cautiously. He stooped low to see the spoor, but occasionally stood erect, and strove to pierce the mist with his eyes and ears and nose.

A faint breeze passed over us and twisted the mist into wisps. The next second there came a snort, a plunge, and a rush. We heard much, but we saw nothing. Madada's body relaxed. I sighed, handed him the gun, turned to go back to the *safari,* and bumped into the mule.

The same breeze that had carried our taint to the game bestirred itself and swept off the mist. The sun blazed out, and I gazed on the first of the Plains of Panda; for they are not one, but many, divided from one another by long ridges, low spurs, and slightly arching hills, occasionally thickly forested.

Twenty yards away, on the brim of a rise, was a tree. Madada crawled to it, peeked into the valley beyond from its cover, turned, and grinned. In a moment I was beside him, in another I was gazing upon so calm a pastoral scene that it was hard to believe it was not some meadow

far away home. A herd of half a dozen water-buck were taking their ease at the edge of a vast pan of short-cropped grass fringed with spear-like reeds, parched brown. Three lay on a knoll peacefully chewing their cuds; two grazed, heads down; the sixth stood apart. He was the bull, and had caught a whiff of tainted air.

He stood a quarter of a mile away, and beyond our tree was no possible cover. We withdrew cautiously, and started on a long detour. Half an hour later, using a fringe of reeds for a blind, we drew near—so near that I could see the noble poise of the bull's head as he still gazed away to the spot where he had last sensed danger. I leveled my rifle.

A snort from an unseen cow so near us that it made me jump, then a plunge, a scurry, with Madada imploring, "Shoot, *baas!*" the pull of the trigger, the report of the rifle, all happening in a single second of time. I had aimed for the shoulder of the bull and missed. I had seen the bullet strike far beyond, throwing up a puff of dust; but the bull did not run.

We rushed forward out of the screen of reeds into the open. Again I fired, again the puff of dust far beyond; but the bull sank to his knees.

"Chahile! Chahile stalecka!" yelled Madada. "Hit and hard hit!" He stood, puzzled, for it is by the ear, and almost never by the eye, that the native passes verdict on a shot.

The five cows had scattered, and were galloping awkwardly in various directions, one of them bearing to the left in a half-circle well within range. Twice the rifle spoke, and twice came back the long *whing* of the bullet that travels on unchecked. Once more I shot, now with the last cartridge in the chamber, and from the far, still distance came back a faint *phut.*

"Chahile!" yelled Madada, this time with no doubt, and I turned to find the cartridge-boy at my elbow dancing a weird step, but holding toward me a fresh load.

It took only a moment to photograph the fallen bull and give him his *coup de grâce.* Then the mystery of those first two shots was explained: they had passed through his neck as though it were nothing, and followed out their range to the ground.

Madada was already cruising for the blood spoor of the wounded cow. As I mounted the mule he found it, and a moment later we were off with diminished forces on the long stern-chase. Here came a test of sportsmanship, the following of blood spoor after a chance shot through long hours of a blazing day, through heat, hunger, thirst, and weariness. If the tracker is strong and greedy, he will tell you that the blood is clotted or that it flows with a pulse and a spurt, and that the game is just beyond the next rise; if he is tired, he sighs, lags, and tells you it 's blood from the stomach or just a flesh wound, and that the game will not stop this side the temperate zone. This is the moment when the sportsman needs a little knowledge of his own and the courage to back it.

On this occasion Madada was fresh and eager. He swept forward with a swift, sure stride, scarcely pausing now and then to snatch up a blood-laden blade of grass. Presently he stopped under a shady tree and squatted. I called for Edie and explanation. Edie interpreted, "Cow go by-by just now," which, being reinterpreted, meant that the wounded game would soon lie down to rest, and would stiffen beyond the power of a sudden rise and a long run.

I dismounted, ate a biscuit, drank the last of the water, and sat down, my back to the trunk of the tree. All about me the boys sprawled, faces down, and slept. I picked up a twig and broke it absently in little pieces. Beyond the rim of shade the hot day glared on the vast parched undulations of the plain. The solitude and the stillness were immense, unbroken by a single spiral of smoke. The mind, freed from the caging thought of any fixed habitation, roved, soared, and settled. Before glazed, half-closed eyes passed the panorama of the day in minute detail up to this pause, this anticlimax looking forward still breathlessly to the epic's final period.

A koodoo cow

It is to such moments as these that the sportsman owes his enduring gratitude, for they engrave on the mind an ineffaceable memory so clear-cut that years after he cannot only relive the hours at will, but can bring to the senses of any kindred spirit the feel of the air, the set of wind and clouds, the smell of dry leaves and dust, the freshening of the spoor, the hot odor of sign, the breathless pause, the shot, and the plunging rush of hard-hit game.

SABLE

Amid the imposing array of major antelopes to which shall be given the title of king? The mild-eyed eland is the largest, but he is as stupid and as gentle as a sleepy ox despite his bulk. If courage were all, one might pick the bushbuck, the only one of the whole class that will attack a man for the fun of the thing; but he is so small that he marks the border-line between major and minor. For sheer majesty, pride of bearing, and rareness, the inyala is unrivaled; but he is monogamous and shy, two serious defects in an Eastern potentate. The wildebeest cannot be spared from his rôle as buffoon of the court, the reedbuck is too intimately associated with the camp larder, the hartbeest is an idiot, the roan a mere poor relative of the sable, the water-buck too cowlike, and the koodoo too gentle and cautious for the glorious trophy that adorns his small head.

There remains the sable antelope, known to the native of the east coast of Africa as the pala-pala. The sable is as big as a good-sized steer, he is noble in appearance and well armed, presents himself boldly to the public view, counts his wives by the dozen, and has a high vindictive courage once he is wounded. He is more stolid, more established, than the inyala, and almost as swift, almost as handsome. Alone among the antelopes he has a belligerent eye. I take off my hat to him and crown him.

It is the ambition of every trophy-hunter to meet a lone sable bull. The idea is that such bulls are bound to be fully matured. They are scarred warriors too old longer to hold unchallenged sway in the herd, and who have wandered off alone to ruminate over past battles, their triumphant rise, and sickening fall. But I learned that the lone sable is often a dis-

appointment. My friend the doctor secured one veteran whose mask was so marred and horns were so old and corroded that the head was worthless as a trophy. I met two on different days and felled them, only to find that they were relatively young, and wandering alone merely through pique or a love-affair gone wrong.

But the lasting lure of the chase lies in the fact that one literally never knows one's luck. One is seldom "led up" to his finest trophies. It was so with me. On a keen, clear morning I was out for meat. The pot was empty, and the guns were out with orders to kill anything, male or female, from a pig up.

Just as the sun arose we startled a herd of sable, heard them rush away unseen, sighed, and grimly settled down to running up the spoor.

For three weary hours we followed the wide trail of the big herd. Madada never slackened his pace, the mule ambled doggedly and almost slept from the monotony, the boys padded along behind, occasionally scraping the sweat from their brows and switching it off their fingers. The sun was very hot.

A tracker is like a dog, useless when he is too eager. Madada was very hungry and had never in his life heard the old saw about more haste, less speed. He swept around a sparsely wooded point and suddenly stopped, stunned at the magnitude of his stupidity, powerless even to go through the motions of handing me the gun.

The eye is quick, about a million times quicker than the pen. What I saw was this: in a big saucer of flattened grass thirty sable antelopes lying down, packed side by side so closely that their brilliant black-and-white markings were like the stripes of a single rug. Their arching horns seemed all to point one way, like a forest of black reeds bent double by the wind. Then the whole rug rose as by a single impulse, shot forward, and swept suddenly from sight, snatched from vision as quickly, as miraculously, as the magic carpet of Arabian lore.

I turned on Madada and raised clenched fists on high.

"*Gashly!*" I yelled. "How often have I told you, '*Gashly!*' Slow! Slow! You animal! You numskull! Tracker? You ought to go to your kraal and help the women pound corn!"

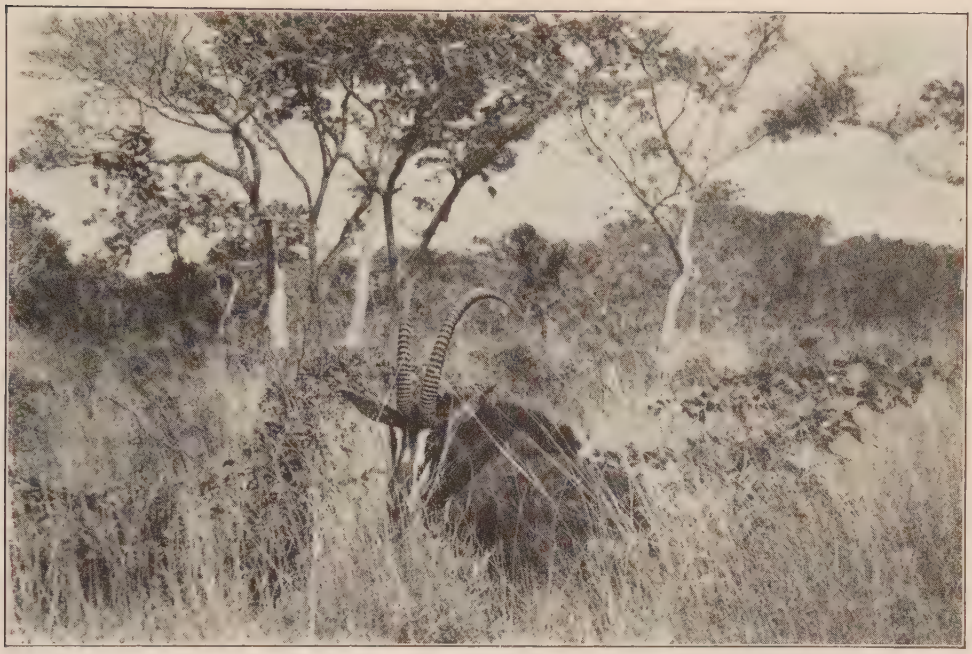
Madada could not blush, for he was as black as a pickled walnut, but his six feet of glistening bronze stood very tense under the grinning jeers of the rest of the boys. It was useless to follow the frightened herd at once, so we called a halt. During the siesta I had time to realize that the tracker had some excuse. There had been nothing in the spoor to show that the sables were about to lie down. They must have doubled on their own track.

When we started again I abandoned the mule and carried my gun. I was taking no more risks. To Madada this was an added reproof that put him more than ever on the alert. We put mile after mile behind us at a steady swing, but approached every bit of screening cover with the utmost caution. What was our chagrin to hear the low whistle that means "Game in sight" come from one of the boys in the rear.

At the signal every one squatted as suddenly as though one wire controlled the underpinning of the lot of us. Sheltered by the two-foot grass of the plain, an excited porter crawled to the front of the line on his belly. He whispered to the tracker. Madada's head rose slowly, turned, and slowly sank. He tapped his rump, a signal for me to follow, and crawled first to one distant tree and then to another.

From the cover of the tree I gazed out in a direction at right angles to the spoor we had been following for hours. Far away across an open plain a dark mass was slowly moving. It was a troop of grazing sables. Two big trees stood between us and the herd, and there was no other cover save the sparse grass. Have you ever gone three hundred yards without raising any part of your body two feet from the ground? Try it.

When I reached the second tree I



A young bull sable found wandering alone, though still in full vigor

thought the palms of my hands must be bleeding, but they were n't; they only felt like it. I lay still for a moment, and looked around. Far back stood the lonely mule, lazily feeding. There was no sign of the boys. Then I stood up. Over two hundred and fifty yards away the sable still browsed peacefully. It was long range for a near-sighted man, but there was no help for it. I raised the rifle, slipped it through a crotch of the tree, aimed it.

Just as I was about to pull the trigger an agonized whisper sounded in my ear:

"Ikona, baas! Not that one. The bull. The big bull!" I shifted the rifle one beast to the left. *"Ya, baas!"* gasped Madada. *"Mculo staleka!* He 's a whale!"

"Ping!" went the rifle, and I thought I had missed, but Madada knew better. *"Chahile!"* he yelled, and plunged forward at a dead run.

The sables were sweeping across the plain in the tornado rush that is one of the finest sights known to man. They ran in a compact mass, but gradually a single bull began to fall behind, and suddenly swerved from the common course. It was for this moment that Madada was tearing ahead, to mark the point of divergence and save time in getting promptly on the blood spoor.

He found it and waited for me. We took up the trail, which almost immediately led us to a region dotted with clumps of trees. From one and then another we flushed the sable without the chance of a shot; then we came upon him. Mortally wounded, he hurled himself forward in one last desperate rush, clawing for every inch of life before he fell to two shots at the shoulder and bit the dust.

His was a head! No mere trophy this, but a gem. Girth, length, symmetry, vigor were there, coupled with a size that, while not a record, was still well into the class for honorable mention. I dared not leave the prize behind, though fifteen miles divided me from camp, a bath, a drink, and lunch, dinner, and supper in one. An hour later, the local guide and another boy carrying the head strung on a pole, the indispensable Edie, the mule, and I struck out for home, leaving the rest of the company to bring in the meat, no light load for six men.

The sun sank to level rays; a sudden chill filtered through the balmy air. I put

on my thick tweed jacket and buttoned it up, filled my pipe and lighted it. Before me bobbed the boys carrying the swaying trophy. The down-curving sweep of the splendid horns brushed the grass. Behind me Edie crooned a monotonous Swahili song. It was the one sound that could not mar the evening hour; by it one took the measure of the illimitable silence.

WILDEBEEST

WHO can pass over the Plains of Panda and say no word for the wildebeest, the buffoon of all horned animals? Not I. In Panda he generally runs in herds of from thirty to forty head, but occasionally breaks away to feed or roam alone. At first sight a troop of him looks like a herd of bison in the old days on our own prairies, for he is high at the shoulder, hangs at the head, and peters off at the flanks; but on nearer view one sees that he is only a sickly caricature.

He does the funniest things without the slightest provocation, teeters like a see-saw, waves his hind legs in a Highland fling, and makes a pinwheel of his tail, which is a cross between that of a mule and a horse. Even when he is wounded he occasionally stops in his flight to go through his ludicrous repertory.

One afternoon, armed with a shot-gun, I was out for guinea-fowl with which to pamper overfed appetites. Edie followed, carrying a tiny high-powered .22-caliber rifle, apparently a boudoir toy. "Master," he whispered, "look!"

Over two hundred yards away stood a lone wildebeest staring at us with silly curiosity. We were in the middle of an open plain, and between us and the bull was a single tree. Instinctively I put the tree in the way of his line of vision, and turned on Edie. He held out the little rifle with a glitter in his eye and said he was hungry. I yielded to temptation, took the rifle, and we walked rapidly toward the wildebeest, but always keeping the tree in line. The chances were nine out of ten that he could not tear himself away before he saw what came out from behind that tree.

I stepped out from ambush and threw up the little rifle, as light as a plaything. The wildebeest stood almost facing me at 120 yards, squatting to grip the ground for his first plunge. I aimed for the shoulder, fired, missed by an inch, but lost nothing, for the tiny bullet caught his hip-bone and crushed it to a pulp. He sank to the ground in his tracks.

THE FOREST

THE mild-eyed eland loves the forest, its cathedral trees, long vistas, and tapestried mosses, and I felt grateful for his choice of haunts when one morning I abandoned the mule and took up the spoor of a mighty bull. It was like following the footprints of a big horse with split hoofs.

The trail led us due west hour after hour, up and down dale, with never a stop. The eland was not feeding that day; he evidently had an appointment. We never caught up with him, never even freshened his spoor, which was only two hours old when we found it; but just as the back of the day was breaking we flushed a covey of the weirdest animals I had ever seen. At the first glimpse they looked like imitation camels. One galloped awkwardly into range, and instinctively I stopped it with a bullet.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Koodoo cow," replied Edie, his mouth watering. I blushed with shame, looked into the koodoo's wondering eyes, and felt pity.

LION

I KNOW the chagrin that a reader feels at following a hunt that does not lead to a kill, but I cannot skip my lone experience with lion without leaving certain valuable psychological observations to weigh indefinitely on my chest.

I went out one morning determined to wipe out the stain of having killed a koodoo cow without knowing it by bringing in the head of a koodoo bull, a trophy unexcelled for sheer beauty. With an eye to rapid and silent manœuvering I had with me only Madada, the local guide, the horse-boy, and two carriers. We took

Madada seated on the rump of the elephant

only one gun, my favorite, a single-barreled .318 express, one shot in the chamber, five more in the magazine.

At about eight oclock in the morning, as we were traveling in sparsely wooded country, Madada suddenly stopped, examined a faint cross spoor, stood up, and grinned.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Lion," said Madada and started on.

"Wait a minute," I called and dismounted.

"How many and when did they pass?"

"Three," said Madada. "A male and two females. They passed two hours ago." He showed me the time by the sun.

Lions in Panda seldom travel in daylight. If these had passed at six o'clock, they were making for cover in which to lie through the day. I motioned to Madada to take up the spoor. He stared at me, and I stared at him. I do not know what he was thinking, but I was remembering that only three days before this same Madada had implored me not to photograph a wounded wildebeest, and when I persisted, had thrown my gun at me and run.

As soon as he saw that I was not bluffing he grinned and set to work. I followed close on his heels; the mule and the four boys trailed after. In twenty minutes we came to the edge of a dense thicket that looked from where we stood as though it might be two miles in circumference.

Now comes the psychology, and we flush two vital truths. If, in the calm of the camp, any one had said that I would crawl into that thicket on my belly, with a single-barreled rifle, no supporting gun, and a handful of naked natives absolutely unarmed, I would have resented it just as one always resents being described as an idiot. Here are the truths: courage gets a man into a hole; he does not need it to help him out, for, once in, its work is done. In other words, fear is entirely anticipatory and is generally a symptom of indigestion.

At the edge of the thicket the spoor grew clearer. I motioned to Madada to fall behind. But it was not only my blood that was up. He gave me one pitying look, dropped the last vestige of a garment he had on, and, stark naked and with

empty hands, writhed his way on all fours into the bush. I followed slowly and painfully, for he had not put me to the test by offering to carry the gun. By the time we had gone five yards I had lost my hat, but I did not miss it even though the sun was already high. Rarely did one of its rays penetrate to the floor of the thicket, so densely were its contorted growths intertwined.

Madada often had to wait for me, but he did not waste such moments. I can see him now, crouched like some runner on his marks, as immobile as any bronze, but straining eyes, ears, and nose to their utmost range. Half an hour passed. We had covered only a hundred yards, but even so I had had no time, no inclination, to think. One can't think while one's pulse is racing. Suddenly, when we were in a veritable tunnel, I saw Madada shrink into himself and begin to crawl backward. With a lump in my throat, hands, arms, and legs trembling, but by no means paralyzed, I crawled by him, looked out, and saw—nothing.

He showed me where they had lain, the three of them, the male and the two lionesses. It was only a bare ten paces from where he had sighted them. I slowly realized that ten paces was the maximum range to be expected in this matted growth, and tried to take the lead, this time with no question of Madada's steadfastness, but despairing of a shot if I were not the first to spy the quarry. But Madada had small faith in my knowledge of woodcraft, of the little things that tell more than the mere spoor.

He glided on. Half an hour passed. Then in bush so thick that there was no chance of passing he again shrank into himself and suddenly lay flat. No mistaking that signal. I slid headlong over his naked body. I heard a faint, catlike padding of feet, the swish of a bent twig returning to rest. Gun-butt to cheek, I looked up, saw the lean, hind quarters of a lion moving at right angles to me not fifteen feet away. I guessed at where his shoulder would be, aimed, and fired.

The *"Whoomph!"* that came in answer was so deep, so reverberant, so awe-demanding that it brought me back to the verge of sanity. A tiny thin voice in the rear of consciousness cried out:

"What are you doing, you fool, you trifling fool! What are you playing with?" Then Madada whispered soundlessly in my ear:

"Chahile! Wounded!" and grinned.

We waited a breathless moment. All was silence. We went to the spot where the lion had been. Before hitting him the soft-nosed bullet had bored its way through the dead center of a two-inch tree. The lion had been merely scratched by the spent ball.

From the moment of the shot he traveled alone. Six times in six hours of that memorable day we came upon his bed, but he was not receiving callers. Every time, before composing himself for a nap, he would turn down-wind far enough to smell us before we got to the front door, thus giving himself time to clear. We never saw him again.

A thousand times, with cold sweat on my brow, I have wondered what would have happened if that shot of folly "into the brown" had gone one inch to the left or one inch to the right. The doctor says:

"I would n't worry—now. Even if it had, you would never have known;—you would n't have had time. Think it out."

And I answer him:

"Well, it was worth while. Six hours made up of unforgetable minutes, each one of them carrying a year's emotion and laughing under the load."

ELEPHANT

For many reasons the chase of the elephant stands at the apex of sport. As a man-killer in open combat he ranks with the lion and the African buffalo. He is the only beast that fears no other. While he will almost invariably run from the scent of man, he is as invariably ready to attack on the slightest provocation. Fear does not exist for him. His overwhelming bulk, power, speed, and intelligence make him supreme beyond the range of rivalry.

Local guide, tracker, and Edie (in the middle) holding tusks freshly chopped out

As though this were not enough to establish his preëminence, he alone carries a trophy which is one of the staple products of the industrial world. The value of ivory rises; it never fluctuates. Nor is this all. In the mind of the East the elephant is intimately associated with dignity, pomp, pageantry, and kingship; but in the mind of the native African he *is* king—a king in his own right.

In this regard let it be affirmed that no elephant born in Africa has ever docilely paced a hippodromed stage, trundled a circus wagon, or taken children for a ride in the park. Those sleep-walking cattle known to the American public as elephants come from India, and are mere bastard cousins to the king. You may have seen the African elephant in captivity, but never in subjection. Chain him to the floor behind iron bars, and after ten years he is still quick to throw muck in the face of the man that jeers at him.

We arrived in elephant country late in the afternoon. Immediately the local chief and all the huntsmen in the district, young and old, were called in for a conference. There is no space here to describe the interminable powwow that followed, a ceremony familiar to every African sportsman. In the end runners were sent out, and we settled down to wait a night, a day, a week, if necessary, for news of fresh bull spoor.

It came the next morning, but very late. I had got out on the wrong side of bed and felt pessimistic; it seemed foolish to start after elephant at nine o'clock in the day. The doctor, always patient when I was impatient, tried to soothe me. He suggested that we shoot together for a change, not because either of us was unwilling to stand up to elephant alone, but because the long rides home day after day, with no one to talk to, were absolute boredom to him.

We came to the spoor the runners had marked, and after one glance at it the experts declared with disgust that the tracks were those of two cows and a youngster of undetermined sex. It was the last straw. We raged at the runners, cursed them for taking us for greenhorns, raved at each other and at the universe in general, quarreled with the healthy sledge-hammer remarks of old friends, and sepa-

rated for the day. The doctor won the toss, and picked his direction. I waited for a few minutes, and then followed his trail to reach a point where I could cross a swamp which barred my way to the south.

We had gone scarcely fifty paces when Madada stopped, and began to study a spoor of elephant. The spoor crossed the doctor's trail, and as his tracker had twice the experience of mine, I was sure we were wasting time. I told Madada to go on, that if his betters had left the spoor, it was because it was a cow's. He paid no attention save to raise his bare shoulders just to show he was listening. He wandered thoughtfully along the spoor, occasionally measuring a print with his two feet set heel to toe. Finally he turned, and motioned to me to follow.

"It is the spoor of a full-grown bull," he affirmed, and no argument of mine could move him from that stand.

No hunting requires more care and attention to detail than the tracking of elephant. Endless are the things to be taken into account and from two points of view. The native wants elephant meat at any price; the white man wants ivory, and incidentally knows that the fine for killing a cow is four hundred dollars. In following a herd it is the duty of the tracker to put his employer within range of sight and smell; once there, it is up to the white man to pick his bull and manœuver for one of the three possible killing shots, no easy task in thick forest where it takes five minutes to move a yard.

I have met elephant in varying circumstances and run the full gamut of sensations that attend the chase, but on the day in Panda of which I am writing the thrills were all anticipatory to the actual kill. But I did not know while I was feeling them that they were a false alarm. All I knew was that I was presumably on the track of a solitary bull, probably a belligerent rogue elephant, and every advance on the spoor keyed me to a finer edge.

There is no spoor like the spoor of elephant to lead you up and up by steady gradations to an inevitable climax. It is tracking in the terms of an epic, with crash and thunder at the end and man hurling the thunderbolt of Jove from the double mouth of an express-rifle.

Follow the spoor with Madada's eyes. First just the footprints, mighty, wrinkled splotches in the sand, over four feet in circumference, leading away from the swamp-land in a steady, winding ascent through open forest. Then the black mark that two hours ago was a puddle. It was too dry to mean anything beyond assurance that the spoor was of to-day. Next came a sign, like a large loaf of bread made of straw. Madada broke it open with his toe. Big black beetles scurried out of it; but it, too, meant little, for it was already cold.

We came upon a broken branch and farther on a half-chewed twig. This was better; the elephant was not in a hurry; he was taking time to feed. An hour passed. Again a puddle-mark; but this time there was still a moist gleam on its surface. Madada smiled, his pace grew tense, eager, but slackened in speed. Again a sign. Into it he thrust his toes. It was still warm. He told me so with a grin and wide eyes.

The open forest died away; there was a clearing, and beyond it a vast sea of matted saplings rarely over twelve feet high. Here and there rose the dome of a big tree. This was the elephant bush, a growth quite different from the lion thicket, absolutely impenetrable except in the wake of the ponderous beast that had gone before, but open to the sky. The scattered big trees that arose in it were the shelters under one of which the elephant would pass the heat of the day. Once in that bush, there were no cross-cuts. To find the right tree, one must plod in the steps of one's prey.

I dismounted and left the mule behind. The day was terrifically hot. In the midst of the sapling forest there was never a sign of shade. Madada carried the double-barreled elephant gun, a weight of eleven pounds, though it was only a .450. I followed him, erect, for all the wire-like vines that matted the small trees together

had been snapped by the elephant as he plowed unconsciously along. Edie, as silent as a ghost, was at my back, carrying the second gun. Sweat dripped from my bare forearms, held up to ward off swinging branches, dropped from my eyebrows, and trickled down my neck from under the aching rim of my soft hat. My mouth felt dry, full of cotton, but I dared not spit.

Madada stopped at a fresh sign; it was still steaming faintly. A stillness that seemed to transcend the absolute invested his naked body. It was an active stillness. It beat in on the brain. The rise and fall of my chest became a noise. A faint wisp of moving air touched our sweating cheeks. With it came an odor—an odor that had traveled to us from far away. Madada's quivering nostrils dilated to huge proportions. It was the smell of elephant.

We moved on, carrying silence with us as though it were a cloak. The spoor began to wander in short turns; it made a circle, unfailing signal that the elephant was about to stop in the shade for the midday rest. Madada stretched to his full height, looking for the domes of big trees. There were several in sight. Then a ghost of thunder troubled the stillness, a sound that just spent itself and died as it reached the ear. Madada read it: it was the rumbling in the stomach of the elephant.

Instinctively I half reached out for the gun, but Madada raised a restraining hand and smiled. Cautiously he advanced on the spoor. For twenty minutes we meandered; our pace was that of a snail. The domes of three trees loomed up before us, two to the right, one a hundred yards to the left. The spoor gave a turn, headed toward the two trees. Madada stopped; his shoulders drooped; his whole body seemed to wilt. On those two trees we could not move undiscovered, for the wind was wrong.

There is no helplessness like the helplessness of such a moment. How make a detour in bush so thick that if you hurled yourself headlong into it, you would scarcely bury the half of your body? There were two courses to follow. Either wait in the broiling sun for a change of wind, running every moment the risk that a puff of air might carry a taint to the game, or walk on and take equal risks of quite another kind. I decided on the latter.

We had gone only twenty paces when in the twitching muscles of Madada's body I visualized a sudden change as from a dirge to a pæan of joy. He cast one glad look over his shoulder. The spoor had taken a sudden turn, and was bending away toward the lone tree on the left. The wind was for us, after all. I needed no one to tell me so, for an odor hung in the air like a heavy cloud—the odor that whispers, "Elephant!" whether you 've ever smelled it before or not.

Madada stole on along the winding alley. His head was up; his eyes seemed fixed to the front, yet never did his silent feet fall on a twig or a crackling leaf. Where he stepped I stepped. So close was I upon him that when he suddenly stopped, our bodies touched in a soft collision. He turned his face. His mouth was open in a mighty, silent laugh. He lay his head on his hand. I read the gesture. The elephant was lying down, asleep.

Astounding news, for I had been taught with a million others that elephants never lie down. But no time, this, for academic speculation, and I took the big gun. Edie glided to my side. One step forward, and I passed the curtain of brush. Before me, its head not ten paces away, lay a mountain of flesh.

My rifle was up for the shot, but I paused. I was in a ludicrous quandary. There are only three recognized killing shots for elephant, the heart, the temple, and the crown of the brow. For either of the first two I would have to toss a rope in the air and climb it; for the third I would have to plow ten feet into impenetrable bush.

I decided to wake the elephant. A generous, but ignorant, sportsman might have done this by tossing a stick at him, and never lived to tell the tale, for a startled elephant invariably charges in the direction in which he happens to be headed. I

woke him with a shock equal to two tons of falling brick—a shot from the double-barreled .450 parallel to his right tusk. He raised his head in apparent mild surprise. I planted a bullet in his left temple. He lay down again, dead. In the language of Broadway, but literally, he never knew what hit him.

A week later, in the club at Lorenzo Marques, "Do elephants lie down?" became the question of the day. The head of the Sabie Reserve, the greatest authority on the habits of South African game, was appealed to. Major Hamilton replied, "Elephants never lie down." I found myself going bankrupt in paying for drinks every time any one said "Elephant." Then came the welcome book of James Sutherland, the professional hunter who counts the elephants he has slain by hundreds, whose amazing total three years ago was just short of the half-century mark. In six pages he says that there is still an idiotic legend that elephants do not lie down; that he has seen at least twenty taking their ease, and that they both lie down and get up as easily as cats.

Sitting here, half-way between the grind of Broadway and the whir of Fifth Avenue, I try to realize that the Plains of Panda are ten thousand miles away, and cannot. I hear only the rumbling in the bellies of elephant, a sound as of some cathedral organ gone wrong. The haze of cigarette smoke hanging gray-blue on the bastard mahogany-trees, the solitudes of vast unpeopled plains, the tonal painting of the distant temba-forest against the setting sun, the swift death of a day of days, crowd to my mind and bear it far away. To kill or not to kill; let others wage the long polemic. For myself, I only know that my barbarism has given me wings.

New Dreams for Old

By CALE YOUNG RICE

IS there no voice in the world to come crying,
"New dreams for old!
New for old!"
Many have long in my heart been lying,
Faded, weary, and cold.
All of them, all, would I give for a new one.
Is there no seeker
Of dreams that were?
Nor would I ask if the new were a true one:
Only for new dreams!
New for old!

For I am here, half-way of my journey,
Here with the old!
All so old!
And the best heart with death is at tourney,
If naught new it is told.
Will there no voice, then, come, or a vision,
Come with the beauty
That ever blows
Out of the lands that are called Elysian?
I must have new dreams!
New for old!

Veiled Island

By MARJORY MORTEN

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

I LOOK back now at those curious days of my visit with Caroline as if I had been out of the picture, watching the others framed by their common interest, living and functioning independently on different strata of intelligence, speaking the same dialect while thinking in a language foreign to each other, and yet, in defiance of all accepted precepts, building out of their varying qualities a remarkably comfortable domicile to house them all.

When I left, Caroline said that although I had not done much work, she hoped I had stored away mental notes for future pictures, and that possibly I might even be able to make little portrait sketches of them all from memory. But despite the fact that I 'm a painter, busy with surfaces,—or perhaps because I am for that reason familiar with the masks people wear,—I preferred to trust my ears rather than my eyes, and I was taking away three thumb-sketch talks to add to my collection of what I call my auricular portraits. Sometimes a single phrase, casually dropped, is as definite a clue to individuality as a finger-print; and here I had had on three successive days fragmentary, but significant, glimpses of the three of them, Caroline, her Millicent, and Caroline and Millicent's Arnold. I had almost forgotten Jetur Gates; but I had him, too, without any words at all. The three glimpses were characteristic to the point of caricature, and the first one was Millicent.

The day after my arrival, taking my sketch-box, I had climbed a little hill topping the island, and there, with nothing on earth to distract me but sea and sky, I had felt no inclination to paint. I preferred to lie flat on my back in the heather under a sky lumpy with clouds, and mauve-blue, like the inside of a mussel-shell.

Middle age hates to be caught napping,

and I opened my eyes briskly at the *chuck-chuck* of a motor-boat. That would be Millicent coming back from the mainland with the mail. I lay watching the little boat bounce across the bay,—an old sail-boat fitted with a one-cylinder motor,—a noisy, unpleasant little tub I had found it when Millicent fetched me from the train. She was running the thing herself and as she turned in, abruptly skirting the shore below me, I wondered indifferently enough what large, dark object she had in the stern of the boat. She appeared to be leaning against it, and black across her green coat was something that suggested an encircling arm.

It was indeed an arm, I realized sharply. Millicent was carrying a passenger, was, in fact, kissing him. A remarkably deliberate kiss it seemed as I watched them disappear around an elbow of the island. They had not even at that distance the look of two people who had lost their heads. The boat was not veering from its course, and there was about them an air of watchfulness, caution, and alertness. They had not, of course, bargained for the protective coloring of my heather-brown figure on the hilltop. Millicent had left me knitting in the veranda with her mother.

Now, your onlooker, in the presence of the lawbreaker, maintains a distinctly violable and elastic sense of responsibility. His righteous reactions are for the most part caused by discomfort or anger. Poaching is only a heinous offense when our own preserves are threatened, and a stolen kiss outrages us when it makes us either jealous or fearful. This was no concern of mine, and it was really not the kiss itself that so greatly astonished me as the fact that there was a young man at all. Caroline spent her summers on her fog-shrouded island, cut off from the world to the point of insulation, that she might literally keep young Millicent under her wing; and in the light of Caroline's complacency nothing certainly that Milly might do could surprise me so much as what she herself was.

I had been totally unprepared for this girl who had met me at the station the day before. This lean and agile young person, wearing a poisonous-looking, mineral-green jersey, her brown head tied up in a striped handkerchief, was indeed a surprising offshoot of my reactionary Caroline. She had bold eyes, discreet lids, and a very charming, deferential manner. Carrie clearly was responsible for the manner and for nothing else, and I wondered with an unexpected twinge of curiosity what incongruous mating had produced this strange child. I remembered Caroline's marriage, sudden and unheralded, her prolonged honeymoon abroad. I had not been in touch with her at the time, had never seen her husband, and had not heard of his tragic death in Florence until long afterward, when Carrie brought the baby home and established herself in a small, ugly, and exceptionally comfortable house in Yonkers.

We had known each other, Carrie and I, at boarding-school in our early teens, and she had for all these years tenaciously held the thin thread of our friendship. She had not the gift of making friends,—that requires a touch of prodigality,—but she fastened upon those with whom she rubbed elbows on the way. Children she had played with, girls she had known at school, her husband's friends and family connections, her own relatives and their intimates—all these were grist to her mill.

In much the same fashion she had acquired her views of life. She had never definitely formed an opinion for herself, but she had treasured the ideas imposed upon her in malleable years. These she kept, if not intact; at any rate in a remarkable state of preservation, and as she never listened to anything that threatened the integrity of this collection, she had in her stock virtually all of the Victorian principles that have survived the weaning of feminism. Despite the rough-and-tumble tossing that passes nowadays for conversation, Caroline was rarely hit. She had the safeguard of perfect complacency. She presented to the world a smooth, egg-like surface, and few are curious or hardy

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"'I was scared for a minute, Miss Cutter. I thought you might tell mother. But you 're not the sort of person who tells things for the joy of telling, and you 're too wise, are n't you, to think it would do any good? So it 's all right'"

enough to break such a shell and take the consequences. Such was Caroline.

I had not seen her child for years. Now, confronted with Millicent, the minx, I groped confusedly for certain bland phrases in my friend's letter inviting me to visit.

. . . I am, you know, an old-fashioned mother. . . . Milly's life has been very sheltered—her winters at Miss Apthorpe's admirable school, her summers here quite alone with me . . . seems happy with her books and wholesome outdoor life. Arnold Blake comes often for the week-end—much

older, of course, but such a *sound* man . . . not wealthy, but very comfortably off. . . . I shall, if all goes well, gladly give my little girl into his keeping.

A decided discrepancy here! And I realized that instead of the relaxing glimpses of old-fashioned domesticity that I expected, I had fallen into a prickly bed of small intrigue. It 's a curious fact that flagrant acts are apt to pass unchallenged. If I had seen the girl walking demurely on the beach with her young man I should have frankly questioned her; but even with the advantage of my eminent maturity I could not say, "Millicent, I saw you kissing a strange person at three o'clock this afternoon."

I determined to stay where I was on the hilltop until tea-time; then Milly would be sent to fetch me. She would find me facing the bay, with my horn-rimmed spectacles on my nose, and if the astonishing creature chose to think me blind, she would also find me dumb as far as her doings were concerned.

Play of cloud and cloud-shadow and the amiable twittering of sandpipers engrossed me until Millicent's voice shrilled:

"O-h-h, Miss Cutter! Oh, *there* you are! I 've been looking for you everywhere. Tea 's ready." Charmingly wind-blown, confidently smiling, she faced me. "Been here all afternoon?"

I nodded.

"Been napping or painting or admiring the view?"

"Mostly that—admiring the view."

"See anything interesting?"

"Well—yes."

At that her smile widened, her lids narrowed, and she gave me for one long moment a searching look at once anxious and bold. In that moment she considered flight, defiance, evasion, while I continued to eye her placidly over the top of my spectacles. Then she sighed, relaxed, and dropped cross-legged in the sand beside me.

"I was scared for a minute, Miss Cutter. I thought you might tell mother. But you 're not the sort of person who tells things for the joy of telling, and you 're too wise, are n't you, to think it would do any good? So it 's all right."

"Oh, is it?"

"Well, I mean I 'll tell you about it. It did n't occur to me to-day that you might be on this side of the island. That boy in the boat with me was Jetur Gates; his father is captain of the life-saving crew. I think you saw him last night when he brought the crabs?"

"Oh!"

"That 'oh' of yours, Miss Cutter, holds all the accumulated prejudice of the ages. If I 'd said he was Percival Holloway, who had come down to write about crustaceans, you would n't be shocked."

"Keep to the point," I interrupted dryly. "What is it you 're going to tell me? I know what you 're doing: you 're flirting with some one who brings the crabs, and who, nevertheless, may be an extremely nice boy, and you are virtually engaged to Arnold Blake. Can you by any chance tell me what you *are?*"

"I 'm not a silly girl, and I 'm not a blind tool of nature, Miss Cutter. I 've got a free mind and I use it. We go in for all the new ideas at school—genetics, eugenics, and everything."

"Well, this is hardly—"

"No, it 's not eugenics," she broke in blithely; "but I mean we know what every one is doing and thinking nowadays, and Miss Apthorpe is a feminist—"

"And what do you mean by feminism, Millicent?"

"Oh, well, it amounts to getting out of our coops and scratching about to see what we can find. We 're all so fed up with doing what we 've been told to do—you know we are. Naturally we 'll get into scrapes and follow blind alleys sometimes, because we have n't got any maps. But that 's the way maps are made, is n't it? There 'll be squealers who 'll run back home shrieking: 'Lock the door quick! I nearly got my head bitten off by a monster!' And of course mothers and aunts will gnash; but that 's got to be. Look at history. All the people who 've done anything on their own have made their fami-

"'Tell me something about your life abroad with Herbert Oglesby,' I urged, watching a bubble of rose madder break and spread and shiver as it met and merged into a splash of cobalt blue. 'You were very happy together?'"

lies miserable. Jeanne d'Arc's mother probably threatened to lock her up and send for the parish priest."

I said at that:

"O Millicent, where 's your sense of humor? You 're a silly child, nibbling at food hardly fit for grown-ups, and whether it gives you a bad pain, or you happen in some way to thrive on it, is n't going to matter to any one."

"Well, it matters to me," Milly replied, with a reluctant grin. "I 'm an individualist, I am."

"You think," I ventured after a pause, "that because you are, as you say, an individualist, that you must work out a new code of morality?"

"Ellen Key says—"

I interrupted crossly:

"If you pick bits here and there from books, you can find anything you like."

"Well, don't we all do that, even with

the Bible? Every sect and cult chooses the parts that justify its beliefs. You probably like the Book of Job; mother 's keen on St. Paul; I like the Songs of Solomon. I think it 's the most beautiful love-poem in the world. We can get from books only what we 're keyed to get."

"Have you ever tried to discuss these things with your mother?" I asked, fully aware of the futility of my question.

Millicent threw up her hands.

"Mother? My blessed mother! Why, she 's on the other side of the wall altogether. She 's in the garden; I 'm on the highroad. I listen to what she says, but it does n't fit *me*. She said the other day, 'Remember, dear, that no nice girl ever kisses a man unless she 's engaged to him.' And when I insisted, 'But, Mama, how is one to know whether one wants to be engaged unless—' she said: 'How crude innocence is, dear child! You will learn to love after marriage, not before.' Now, I ask you, Miss Cutter, what can a girl do but dope it out her own way when she 's got a darling mother like that?"

"But, Millicent," I protested, with one despairing glance over the dunes in the direction of the cottage where Caroline sat at her knitting in a rocking-chair, "has n't your dear mother ever for one moment recognized the charming little viper she has nourished for eighteen years?"

Milly's habitual small smile widened.

"Oh, no, Miss Cutter. Mother 's perfectly safe. She sees only what she expects to see; she 's closed to other things. We 're all like that, I think, unless we consciously keep ourselves pried open. Perception is like a wound that wants to heal—you keep yours open, don't you, dear Miss Cutter? It must hurt sometimes, does n't it?"

"There must also be a great deal of deliberate deceit on your part," I returned sharply.

Milly sighed.

"Mother 's unfortunately the sort of person one tells big lies to while being very honest about small things; the big lies are n't called for very often because she 's usually intent on details. If I tell her that I 've been in swimming and got my hair wet and saw a black snake on the beach, it naturally does n't occur to her to ask if any one kissed me."

There was in her tone no flavor of her usual deference. She conveyed, together with an affectionate impatience, an air of understanding that made it difficult for me not to feel like a fellow-conspirator. It was with a distinct sense of guilt that I murmured:

"Tell me about Jetur Gates."

Millicent began briskly:

"Well, we used to go swimming together—you know, I said good-by to him to-day; we 're not to see each other any more. I 'd go in alone below here, and Jetur would row over in his bathing-suit and meet me. Have you ever kissed anybody under water, Miss Cutter? It 's amusing. We 'd dive, and then come up and tread water, and sink again and open our eyes. I shall always remember Jetur as he looked then, green and wavery. It was delicious to be with somebody who did n't add ism to any words. He has very wonderful eyes: they look as if he 'd never read anything in his life. Do look at his eyes particularly when you see him, Miss Cutter."

"What about Arnold's eyes?"

"Oh, he has the usual cooked-looking eye when his glasses are off, but I like him immensely."

"Milly, what, exactly, have you been up to?"

"Well, don't you see, I wanted to find out how important sex attraction was for me—how large a part it would play in my life. Now I know that it does n't weigh nearly as heavily for me as other things. Suppose I had married without knowing anything,—you understand one could n't flirt with Arnold,—I might have let men make love to me out of curiosity. As it is, I shall be altogether too busy with other affairs."

"And you 're determined to marry Arnold?"

"Of course. He 's just right for me. You would n't want me to marry Jetur

Gates, I hope? Mother certainly would n't."

I had not till then thought at all of Jetur Gates's side of the question. It occurred to me that he had some bitter hours ahead. I suggested to Milly that she seemed to be ignoring his feelings entirely. She gave me a round look.

"You don't think he wants me to marry him! Why, what would he do with me? What should I do with him? You don't understand at all, Miss Cutter."

At that I got to my feet, feeling age in every joint, shouldered my easel, and observed that it was long past the tea-hour.

THE next day, driven under cover by a vicious east wind, Caroline and I sat together in a sheltered corner of the veranda. Carrie, quaintly corseted, and enveloped in a spotted silk gown that shrouded her plump figure as a tea-cozy shrouds a tea-pot, was busy with a stocking-bag. Her neat and clumsy clothing always makes me feel vaguely indecent. My frocks are frankly designed with a view to enhancing my meager charms; Caroline is a unique survival of the day when bodice and petticoat, skirt and shawl, layer on layer, were a practical denial of beauty of form within.

It was impossible to be idle in Carrie's house. I sat balancing a drawing-block on my knee, splashing in gouache a sketch of yellow dune spotted with candleberry-bushes. From time to time my friend looked up from her stocking and eyed my drawing apprehensively. My only dissipation—and it is just that—is an effort to outdo the raw colorists of the moment.

"You don't care for the new art, Caroline?"

"Modern paintings are so untidy, my dear!" came Caroline's flat, placid voice. "No smooth edges. They 're so flyaway and loud, and they never seem twice alike when I look at them. They upset me. Is that what you 're trying to do—upset people?"

Then Millicent, dressed for a swim, bounced out of the door, banging the screen behind her.

"Of course that 's it, Mama, and I like to be upset and surprised. Art should n't pat you on the back, should it, Miss Cutter? And I always think when I look at these new men's pictures that they were surprised, too, when they painted them. I like that."

She nodded sharp approval of my sketch, kissed the top of her mother's head, and ran down the path and over the edge of the bluff, pulling over her ears as she ran a rubber cap of the poisonous green she affected.

"Carrie," I said abruptly, clipping my words in an effort to detach her attention from the silk-covered darning-egg in her lap—"Carrie, where did this new generation come from? Is it just a reaction or is it really a new species? It seems as different from the past generation as man is from ape. I have an uneasy feeling that there 's a missing link somehow between the two."

Caroline shirred her lips. Pale, wrinkled lips they are, blurred in outline, but when she shirrs them, pulls them in as if an invisible string were tightened, they become formidably prim.

"I don't know what you mean by a missing link; but I do not at all approve of young people's ways nowadays. My friends think that I have been too strict with Millicent. It was for her own good. Obedience seems to be a dead letter with most mothers, but Millicent has never disobeyed me in her life."

"Oh!"

With a feeling almost of panic I sought to change the subject. Perhaps it was well that Carrie found no fault in her girl; it would indeed have taken a heavier hand than hers to blunt the edge of Millicent's precocity.

"Tell me something about your life abroad with Herbert Oglesby," I urged, watching a bubble of rose madder break and spread and shiver as it met and merged into a splash of cobalt blue. "You were very happy together?"

Carrie fumbled her darning-egg. It was the first hint of uneasiness I had caught.

"Well, he was a wonderful man,—you 've seen his portrait,—very handsome! And he adored me. But, you see, I never somehow felt as if we were *married;* it seemed all the time as if I were doing something scandalous, we flew about so and ate at such queer hours, and never asked prices or remembered the time. I used to beg Herbert to come home and settle down; but he always shivered, and said that made him think of rich, hot gravy settling into cold mutton fat. It did n't last long, you know—eleven months. Poor Herbert! I met him here the summer before we married. It was foggier than usual that year, I remember, but he loved the fog—he named the place Veiled Island. He said that all women were lovely in the fog, especially American women, whose outlines are too sharp. But I knew I looked my worst, because my hair would n't stay in curl for even an hour."

"Is Millicent like her father?"

"She *looks* like him, has just his coloring; but in character and disposition she is like me, I think."

This silenced me for some moments. Then I brought out with seeming irrelevance:

"Caroline, are you an anti-suffragist?"

"Oh, no; no, indeed! I have attended one or two of their meetings; but they seem so unwomanly, so combative, though I 'm sure they mean well, and I really have n't time for *anything* outside of my home."

I had a glimmer of admiration for Caroline at that moment. Here was, by the grace of God, a clubless woman, here was a hint of force; for it takes a prodigious amount of will power nowadays to keep out of clubs and off committees.

Most of us take the line of least resistance in joining organizations, not so much deliberately seeking an outlet for energy as allowing ourselves to be swept along by the collective activity of the moment. I had then in my eye a grotesque image of Caroline holding fast to a dead log caught in the middle of a lively stream, her wide petticoats ballooning about her, making the best of her uncertain footing, deaf to the rush of rapids on every side. And I came back to tell her through the screen-door, after I had washed my dear brushes, that she was indeed unique; but she was already hurrying down the steps, carrying a large woolen shawl in which to wrap Millicent after her swim.

THE next day Arnold Blake arrived, bearing the week-end quota of magazines and sweets, and we sat down to dinner that evening with the informal gaiety of a family party. I am not a portrait-painter, and I have no feeling for genre, but I wanted then to make a study of this little group in the candle-light. Arnold, at my left, sleek, well groomed, his figure held forcibly in trim, his scant dark hair etched precisely on the top of his head; genial, bland, fond of his food, exacting about his tobacco, with an affable and appraising, albeit somewhat weary, eye for woman, kind, and in his smooth face the amusing combination of shrewdness and stupidity so common in American business men.

Millicent, across the table, charming in a simple, but rather wonderful, little dress that glittered with the subdued iridescence of a beetle's back. She has not the kind of beauty that leaves the eye free to follow its inward vision; she arrests you, piques you, bothers your eye. You look away, thinking her lips too red, her eyebrows too agile; but you look back again and again, finding always fresh sources of pleasant irritation.

The physical sophistication of our young girls offends me more than their sophisticated minds. They even rather horribly seem aware of their youth as an asset. Millicent's clothes and gestures revealed a shrewd consciousness of every seductive point, and the most décolleté extreme could not so much have shocked me as did the demure way she contrived by turned-up hair and turned-down collar to show the golden nape of her thin neck. And between these two, like the blind mother of a pair of changelings, sat Caroline, in her spotted gown, smiling vaguely,

"The physical sophistication of our young girls offends me more than their sophisticated minds. They even rather horribly seem aware of their youth as an asset"

following the orderly progress of the meal with the detached, half-anxious look of the conscientious housewife.

I saw that each of them was amply protected from the other by selfishness, and I realized then that selfish people can be very happy together. It 's the combination of selfish and unselfish that is disastrous. Selfishness is quite another matter, though the distinction is n't often recognized.

Milly would have no romantic regrets for Jetur Gates. Jetur himself would turn with relief to the relaxing ties of his own kind. Arnold's complacency was inviolable, and Caroline would remain forever sealed.

THE next morning I found myself alone with Arnold in the boat-house. We had been watching Millicent make some rather spectacular dives, and as she ran up the steps to the house to dress, enchantingly slim and agile in her swimming-tunic, Arnold had sent after her a look of such proprietary pride that my gorge rose. All morning I had longed to disturb his satisfaction; now I 'd got him for the moment at my mercy.

"She 's a charming creature, is n't she?" I said.

"An adorable child," he returned, looking at me absently, the image of Millicent still before his eyes.

I remembered Milly's saying: "Arnold would n't want to marry me if I were twenty-eight instead of eighteen. His sort of man likes girls. They are n't awfully keen about women; they 're afraid of 'em."

"What is it exactly that attracts men of your age and type to girls like Millicent?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," he said. He gave me a glance, a look that carried a distinct appeal.

"We 're rather trying, are n't we, Mr. Blake—we outspoken spinsters?"

"You 're awfully clever," he assured me, smiling. "The world 's full of clever women nowadays."

"You don't really like us, do you?"

"I give you credit for great sincerity and determination."

"And sincerity is n't seductive? We 're in a graceless state, you see: we 've outgrown our ancient charms, and no new ones have been allotted to us. But who knows, perhaps before long men will think courage and candor lovable qualities, who knows?"

His blandness gave place to a look of tedium politely borne; so I returned to Millicent.

"Are you aware that this young girl of ours has an uncannily active brain, and that she is full of half-baked and rather dangerous notions?"

"Oh, she reads a lot—picks things up, I dare say; but I think she wears her opinions loosely for decorative effect—a sort of wreath of them without roots or stems. She 'll discard 'em fast enough if I tell her they 're not becoming."

He seemed rather pleased at the way he had put this, and I observed with some irritation:

"There 's, after all, nothing so distasteful to men as a woman with deep-rooted convictions."

"Well, Millicent 's too young to have any, and she 's very plastic," he declared, springing to his feet at the sound of the luncheon-gong.

"Plastic! You 've got an interesting time ahead of you molding Milly!"

But he had for me as we climbed the steps to the bluff only a brisk and almost truculent assurance that very shortly the beastly fog would drive us all back to town.

One more incident marked that day. We were sitting in the veranda in the late afternoon waiting for tea and watching Millicent.

In the self-toned pattern of the landscape, gray sand, gray sea, gray screen of mist, the patch of green grass before the cottage lay like a bright carpet, and with a view to an appreciative audience and an instinctive eye for effect, Milly chose this spot for her playground.

There every day after her swim she sat cross-legged, drying her hair; there when the sun shone she sprawled, petting a reluctant kitten; and there that day she tossed a red rubber ball, throwing it high and catching it with charming artlessness. I wanted to paint her so—arms upstretched, thin back arched. Then out of the fog came Jetur Gates, carrying a string of striped bass, bareheaded, brown-throated, tall and straight, and grave with the gravity of self-conscious youth. Caroline called out, speaking with the exaggerated kindliness she reserved for her inferiors:

"Oh, Jetur, may we have one? How nice! Will you leave it on the back porch?"

Jetur turned in at the kitchen path, smiling a little, reddening a little.

"A handsome string of fish," said Caroline, settling back in her chair.

"Say, rather, a handsome chap," Arnold boomed resonantly.

Carrie shirred her lips.

"Why, he 's a very nice, well-mannered boy. I never think of people of that class being handsome."

"No, I suppose women don't," he assented easily; "but the rule does n't work both ways. Kings admire beggar maids and that sort of thing."

Millicent paused, with head thrown back and arms flung wide, in the lovely pose of Nausicaa playing at ball.

"There is n't any rule that does n't work both ways," she said.

They smiled indulgently at that. I smiled, too.

I left the next day, and Arnold and Millicent took me to the train. After we had made our good-bys through the car-window, I heard Milly say:

"Don't let 's come down here after we 're married, Arnold, please. I 've finished with it, really."

Gallipoli

The Adventures of a Survivor

By A. JOHN GALLISHAW

Lance-corporal of the First Newfoundland Regiment

MR. GALLISHAW is a Newfoundlander by birth, and was for a time private secretary to two members of the Canadian cabinet. When the call for colonial troops went out in the autumn of 1914, he was a special student at Harvard, but gave up his course there to join the First Newfoundland Regiment. When the training period in Scotland was over, Mr. Gallishaw was dismayed to hear that instead of accompanying his friends to the Mediterranean, he was to remain in London and keep the records of the regiment for the War Office. The record-keeper is always selected from among the members of a regiment, and Mr. Gallishaw was better educated for the task than any other man in it.

This appointment being galling to an able-bodied young man who had enlisted to fight, not to do clerical work in London, when the time came for the regiment to embark, Mr. Gallishaw obtained permission to see it off, and, picking up a passable-looking kit, smuggled himself aboard the transport. The stewards, not knowing that he did not belong on board, gave him tickets for a state-room and for meals, and he remained in hiding in his state-room, his presence known to all the men, but unknown to the officers, until the boat had left Malta and there was no chance for him to be put off until they reached the Dardanelles. Then coming out of concealment, he was pardoned and reinstated.

He went through three months of the terrible Gallipoli fighting, and is now back at Harvard again, discharged on account of wounds received in active service. The following is his own story of that disastrous campaign in which the men from Newfoundland greatly distinguished themselves.—THE EDITOR.

HUSKY, steel-muscled lumbermen; brawny, callouse-handed fishermen; loose-jointed, easy-swinging trappers; athletes from the city foot-ball and hockey teams; and gawky, long-armed farmers joined the First Newfoundland Regiment at the outbreak of war. A rigid medical examination sorted out the best of them, and ten months of bayonet-fighting, physical drill, and twenty-mile route marches over Scottish hills had molded these into trim, erect, bronzed soldiers. They were garrisoning Edinburgh Castle when word came of the landing of the Australians and New-Zealanders at Gallipoli. At Ypres the Canadians had just then recaptured their guns and made for themselves a deathless name.

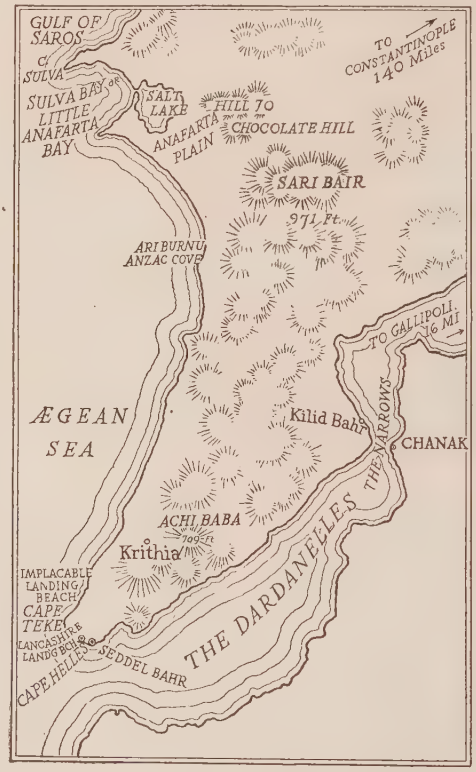
So the Newfoundlanders felt that as colonials they had been overlooked. They were not militaristic and hated the ordinary routine of army life, but they wanted to do their share. That was the spirit all through the regiment. It was the spirit that possessed them on the long-waited-for day at Aldershot when Kitchener himself pronounced them "just the men I want for the Dardanelles." That day at Aldershot every man was given a chance to go back to Newfoundland. They had enlisted for one year only, and any man that wished to could demand to be sent home at the end of the year; and when Kitchener reviewed them ten months of that year had gone.

With the chance to go home in his grasp, every man of the first battalion re-enlisted for the duration of war. And it is on record, to their eternal honor, that during the week preceding their departure from Aldershot breaches of discipline were unknown, for over their heads hung

the fear that they would be punished by being kept back from active service. To break a rule that week carried with it the suspicion of cowardice. This was the more remarkable because many of the men were fishermen, trappers, hunters, and lumbermen who until their enlistment had said "Sir" to no man, and who gloried in the reputation given them by one inspecting officer as "the most undisciplined lot he had ever seen." From the day the Canadians left Salisbury Plain to take their places in the trenches in Flanders the Newfoundlanders were obsessed by one idea: they had to get to the front.

So it was with eleven hundred of such eager spirits that I lined up, on a Sunday evening early in August of last year, on the deck of the troop-ship in Mudros Harbor, which is the center of the historic island of Lemnos, about fifty miles from Gallipoli. Around us lay all sorts of ships, from ocean leviathans to tiny launches and row-boats. There were gray-and-black-painted troopers, their rails lined with soldiers; immense four-funneled men-of-war; and brightly lighted, white hospital-ships, with their red crosses outlined in electric lights. The landing-officer left us in a little motor-boat. We watched him glide slowly shoreward, where we could faintly discern through the dusk the white of the tents that were the headquarters for the people at Lemnos; to the right of the tents we could see the hospital for wounded Australians and New-Zealanders. A French battle-ship dipped its flag as it passed, and our boys sang "The Marseillaise."

A mail that had come that day was being sorted. While we waited, each man was served with his "iron ration." This consisted of a one-pound tin of pressed corned beef,—the much-hated and much-maligned "bully beef,"—a bag of biscuits, and a small tin that held two tubes of Oxo, with tea and sugar in specially constructed air- and damp-proof envelops. This was an emergency ration, to be kept in case of direst need, and to be used only to ward off actual starvation. After that we were given our ammunition, two hundred and fifty rounds to each man.



The Gallipoli peninsula

Landing on the west coast, the British struggled for months to gain Achi Baba, Sari Bair, and the other heights commanding the Dardanelles. The Newfoundlanders were intrenched near the foot of Hill 70

But what brought home to me most the seriousness of our venture was the solitary sheet of letter-paper, with its envelop, that was given to every man to be used for a parting letter home. For some poor chaps it was indeed the last letter. Then we went over the side and aboard the destroyer that was to take us to Suvla Bay.

The night had been well chosen for a surprise landing. There was no moon, but after a little while the stars came out. Away on the port bow we could see the dusky outline of land, and once, when we were about half-way, an airship soared phantomlike out of the night, poised over us a short time, then ducked out of sight. At first the word ran along the line that

The landing at Anzac

it was a hostile airship, but a few inquiries soon reassured us.

Suddenly we changed our direction. We were near Cape Hellas, which is the lowest point of the peninsula of Gallipoli. Under Sir Ian Hamilton's scheme it was here that a decoy-party of French and British troops were to be landed to draw the Turks from Anzac. Simultaneously an overwhelming British force was to land at Suvla Bay and Anzac to make a surprise attack on the Turks' right flank. Presently we were going up-shore past the wrecked steamer *River Clyde,* the famous "Ship of Troy" from the side of which the Australians had issued after the ship had been beached on the shore hitherto nameless, but now known as Anzac. Australian New Zealand Army Corps those five letters stand for; but to those of us who have been on Gallipoli they stand for a great deal more: they represent the achievement of the impossible. They are a glorious record of sacrifice, reckless devotion, and unselfish courage; to put each letter there cost the men from Australasia ten thousand of their best soldiers.

And so we edged our way along, fearing mines or, even more disastrous than mines, discovery by the enemy. From the Australasians over at Anzac we could hear desultory rifle-fire. Once we heard the boom of some big guns that seemed almost alongside the ship. Four hours it took us to go fifty miles in a destroyer that could make thirty-two knots easily. By one o'clock the stars had disappeared, and for perhaps three quarters of an hour we nosed our way through pitch darkness. Gradually we slowed down until we had almost stopped. Something scraped along our side. Somebody said it was a floating mine, but it turned out to be a buoy that had been put there by the navy to mark the channel.

Out of the gloom directly in front some one hailed, and our people answered.

"Who have you on board?" we heard a casual English voice say, and then came the reply from our colonel:

"Newfoundlanders." There was to me something very reassuring about that cool, self-contained voice out of the night. It made me feel that we were being expected and looked after.

"Move up those boats," I heard the English voice say, and from right under our bow a naval launch with a middy in charge swerved alongside. In a little

while it, with its string of boats, was securely fastened.

Just before we went into the boats the adjutant passed me.

"Well," he said, "you 've got your wish. In a few minutes you 'll be ashore. Let me know how you like it when you 're there a little while."

"Yes, sir," I said. But I never had a chance to tell him. The first shrapnel-shell fired at the Newfoundlanders burst near him, and he had scarcely landed when he was taken off the peninsula, seriously wounded.

In a short time we had all filed into the boats. There was no noise, no excitement; just now and then a whispered command. I was in a tug with about twenty others who formed the rear-guard. The wind had freshened considerably, and was now blowing so hard that our unwieldy tug dared not risk a landing. We came in near enough to watch the other boats. About twenty yards from shore they grounded. We could see the boys jump over the side and wade ashore. Through the half-darkness we could barely distinguish them forming up on the beach. Soon they were lost to sight.

During the Turkish summer dawn comes early. We transhipped from our tug to a lighter. When it grounded on the beach day was just breaking. Daylight disclosed a steeply sloping beach, scarred with ravines. The place where we landed ran between sheer cliffs. A short distance up the hill we could see our battalion digging themselves in. To the left I could see the boats of another battalion. Even as I watched, the enemy's artillery located them. It was the first shell I had ever heard. It came over the hill close to me, screeching through the air like an express-train going over a bridge at night. Just above the boat I was watching it exploded. A few of the soldiers slipped quietly from their seats to the bottom of the boat. At first I did not realize that any one had been hit. There was no sign of anything having happened out of the ordinary, no confusion. As soon as the boat touched the beach the wounded men were carried by their mates up the hill to a temporary dressing-station.

The first shell was the beginning of a bombardment. Beachy Bill, a battery that we were to become better acquainted with, was in excellent shape. Every few minutes a shell burst close to us. Shrapnel-bullets and fragments of shell-casing forced us to huddle under the baggage for protection. A little to the left some Australians were severely punished. Shell after shell burst among them. A regiment of Sikh troops, mule-drivers, and transport-men were caught half-way up the beach. Above the din of falling shrapnel and the shriek of flying shells rose the piercing scream of wounded mules. The Newfoundlanders did not escape. That morning Beachy Bill's gunners played no favorites. On all sides the shrapnel came in a shower. Less often, a cloud of thick, black smoke and a hole twenty feet deep showed the landing-place of a high-explosive shell. The most amazing thing was the coolness of the men. The Newfoundlanders might have been practising trench-digging in camp in Scotland. When a man was hit some one gave him first aid, directed the stretcher-bearers where to find him, and coolly resumed digging. In two hours our position had become untenable. We had been subjected to a merciless and devastating shelling, and our first experience of war had cost us sixty-five men. In a new and safer position we dug ourselves in.

No move could be made in daylight. That evening we received our ration of rum, and under cover of darkness moved in open order across the Salt Lake for about a mile, then through three miles of knee-high, prickly underbrush, to where our division was intrenched. Our orders were to reinforce the Irish. The Irish sadly needed reinforcing. Some of them had been on the peninsula for months. Many of them are still there. From the beach to the firing-line is not over four miles, but it is a ghastly four miles of graveyard. Everywhere along the route are small, rude wooden crosses, mute rec-

The shore at Gallipoli, showing the general character of the country

ord of advances. Where the crosses are thickest there the fighting was fiercest, and where the fighting was fiercest there were the Irish. On every cross, besides a man's name and the date of his death, is the name of his regiment. No other regiments have so many crosses as the Dublins and the Munsters. And where the shrapnel flew so fast that bodies mangled beyond hope of identity were buried in a common grave, there also are the Dublins and Munsters; and the cross over them reads "In Memory of Unknown Comrades."

The line on the left was held by the Twenty-ninth Division; the Dublins, the Munsters, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and the Newfoundlanders made up the 88th Brigade. The Newfoundlanders were reinforcements. From the very first days of the Gallipoli campaign the other three regiments had formed part of what General Sir Ian Hamilton in his report calls the "incomparable Twenty-ninth Division." When the first landing was made, this division, with the New-Zealanders, penetrated to the top of a hill that commanded the Narrows. For forty-eight hours the result was in doubt. The British attacked with bayonet and bombs, were driven back, and repeatedly re-attacked. The New-Zealanders finally succeeded in reaching the top, followed by the 88th Brigade. The Irish fought on the tracks of a railroad that leads into Constantinople. At the end of forty-eight hours of attacks and counter-attacks the position was considered secure. The worn-out soldiers were relieved and went into dug-outs. Then the relieving troops were attacked by an overwhelming hostile force, and the hill was lost. A battery placed on that hill could have shelled the Narrows and opened to our ships the way to Constantinople. The hill was never retaken. When reinforcements came up it was too late. The reinforcements lost their way. In his report General Hamilton attributes our defeat to "fatal inertia." Just how fatal was that inertia is known only to those who formed some of the burial-parties.

After the first forty-eight hours we settled down to regular trench warfare. The routine was four days in the trenches, eight days in rest dug-outs, four in the trenches again, and so forth, although two or three months later our ranks were so depleted that we stayed in eight days and rested only four. We had expected four days' rest after our first trip to the firing-line, but at the end of two days came

word of a determined advance of the enemy. We arrived just in time to beat it off. Our trenches, instead of being at the top, were at the foot of the hill that meant so much to us.

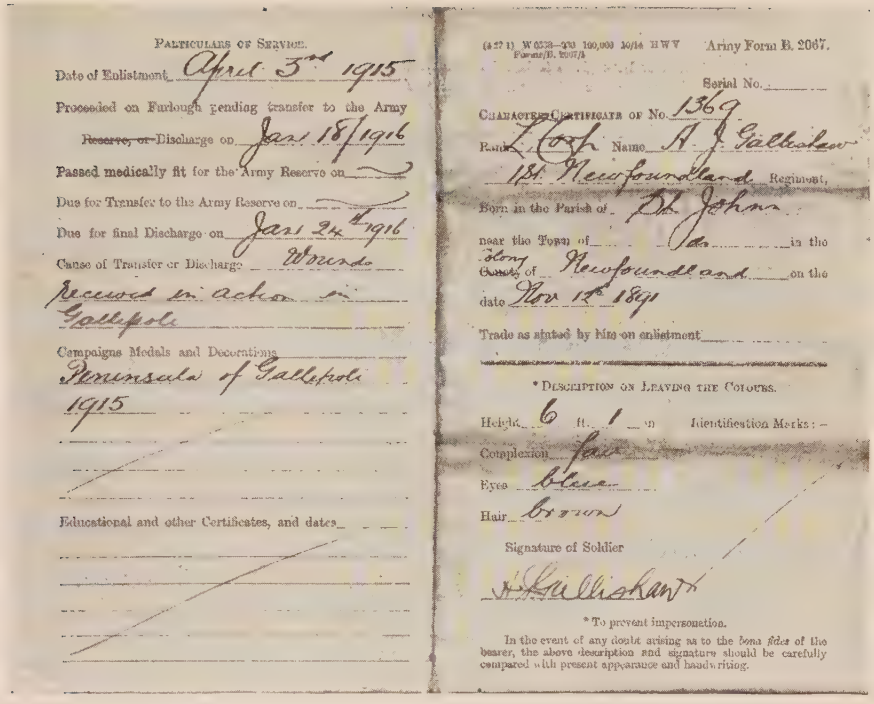
The ground here was a series of four or five hogback ridges about a hundred yards apart. Behind these towered the hill that was our objective. From the nearest ridge, about seven hundred yards in front of us, the Turks had all that day constantly issued in mass formation. During that attack we were repaid for the havoc wrought by Beachy Bill. As soon as the Turks topped the crest they were subjected to a demoralizing rain of shell from the navy and the artillery. Against the hazy blue of the sky-line we could see the dark mass clearly silhouetted. Every few seconds, when a shell landed in the middle of the approaching columns, the sides of the column would bulge outward for an instant, then close in again. Meanwhile every man in our trenches stood on the firing-platform, head and shoulders above the parapet, with fixed bayonet and loaded rifle, waiting for the order to begin firing. Still the Turks came on, big, black, bewhiskered six-footers, reforming ranks and filling up their gaps with fresh men. Now they were only six hundred yards away, but still there was no order to open fire. It was uncanny. At five hundred yards our fire was still withheld. When the order came, "At four hundred yards, rapid fire," everybody was tingling with excitement. Still the Turks came on, magnificently determined. But it was too desperate a venture. The chances against them were too great, our artillery and machine-gun fire too destructively accurate. Some few Turks reached almost to our trenches, only to be stopped by rifle-bullets. "Allah! Allah!" yelled the Turks as they came on. A sweating, grimly happy machine-gun sergeant between orders was shouting to the Turkish army in general, " 'T is not a damn' bit of good to yell to Allah now." Our artillery opened huge gaps in their lines; our machine-guns piled them dead in the ranks where they stood. Our own casualties were very slight, but of the waves of Turks that surged over the crest all that day only a mere shattered remnant ever straggled back to their own lines.

That was the last big attack the Turks made. From that time on it was virtually two armies in a state of siege. Every night at dark we stood to arms for an hour. Every man fixed his bayonet and prepared to repulse any attack of the enemy. After that sentry groups were formed, three reliefs of two men each. Two men stood with their heads over the parapet watching for any movement in the no-man's-land between the lines. That accounts for the surprisingly large number of men one sees wounded in the head.

At daylight every morning came "Stand to arms" again. Then day duties began. In the daytime, by using a periscope, an arrangement of double mirrors, a sentry can keep his head below the parapet while he watches the ground in front. Sometimes a bullet struck one of the mirrors, and the splintered glass blinded the sentry. It was a common thing to see a man go to hospital with his face badly lacerated by periscope glass.

Ordinarily a man is much safer on the firing-line than in the rest dug-outs. Trenches are so constructed that even if a shell drops right in the traverse where men are, only half a dozen or so suffer. In open or slightly protected ground where the dug-outs are the burst of a shrapnel-shell covers an area twenty-five by two hundred yards in extent.

A shell can be heard coming. Experts claim to identify the caliber of a gun by the sound the shell makes. Few live long enough to become such experts. In Gallipoli the average length of life was three weeks. In dug-outs we always ate our meals, such as they were, to the accompaniment of "Turkish Delight," the Newfoundlanders' name for shrapnel. We had become accustomed to rifle-bullets. When you hear the *zing* of a spent bullet or the sharp crack of an explosive you know it has passed you. The one that hits you you never hear. At first we dodged at



PARTICULARS OF SERVICE.

Date of Enlistment April 3rd 1915

Proceeded on Furlough pending transfer to the Army

~~Reserve, or~~ Discharge on Jan 18/1916

Passed medically fit for the Army Reserve on

Due for Transfer to the Army Reserve on

Due for final Discharge on Jan 24th 1916

Cause of Transfer or Discharge Wounds

Received in action in Gallipoli

Campaigns Medals and Decorations

Peninsula of Gallipoli

1915

Educational and other Certificates, and dates

(4571) W 0538—470 100,000 10/15 HWV Army Form B. 2067.

Forms/B. 2067/3

Serial No.

CHARACTER CERTIFICATE OF No. 1369

Rank L Corpl Name A J Gallichan

1st Newfoundland Regiment, Regiment,

Born in the Parish of St Johns

near the Town of do in the

Colony of Newfoundland on the

date Nov 15th 1891

Trade as stated by him on enlistment

* DESCRIPTION ON LEAVING THE COLOURS.

Height 6 ft. 1 in Identification Marks:—

Complexion fair

Eyes blue

Hair brown

Signature of Soldier

A J Gallichan

* To prevent impersonation.

In the event of any doubt arising as to the *bona fides* of the bearer, the above description and signature should be carefully compared with present appearance and handwriting.

The Character here given is based on continuous records of the holder's conduct and employment throughout his military career.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that No. 1369 Rank L Corpl Name A J Gallichan

has served with the Colours in the 1st Newfoundland Regt for 301 Days ~~years~~

Military Character Very Good

Character awarded in accordance with King's Regs.

"A good man in civil or military occupation"

NEWFOUNDLAND CONTINGENT

Signature H A Timewell Capt

Commanding

Date Jan 9th 1916

If further particulars as to his character and record of service are required within three years of above date, apply to

where he is registered for civil employment,

afterwards to the Officer in Charge of Records, Capt H A Timewell 58 Victoria St London S.W.

* This space is intended to be filled in by any organization which has registered the man's name and is prepared to supply further information.

The character-certificate given a British soldier upon his discharge

the sound of a passing bullet, but soon we came actually to believe the superstition that a bullet would not hit a man unless it had on it his regimental number and his name. Then, too, a bullet leaves a clean wound, and a man hit by it drops out quietly. The shrapnel makes nasty, jagged, hideous wounds, the horrible recollection of which lingers for days. It is little wonder that we preferred the firing-line.

Most of our work was done at night. When we wished to advance our line, we sent forward a platoon of men the desired distance. Every man carried with him three empty sand-bags and his intrenching-tool. Temporary protection is secured at short notice by having every man dig a hole in the ground that is large and deep enough to allow him to lie flat in it. The intrenching-tool is a miniature pickax, one end of which resembles a large-bladed hoe with a sharpened and tempered edge. The pick end is used to loosen hard material and to break up large lumps; the other end is used as a shovel to throw up the dirt. When used in this fashion the wooden handle is laid aside, the pick end becomes a handle, and the intrenching-tool is used in the same manner as a trowel.

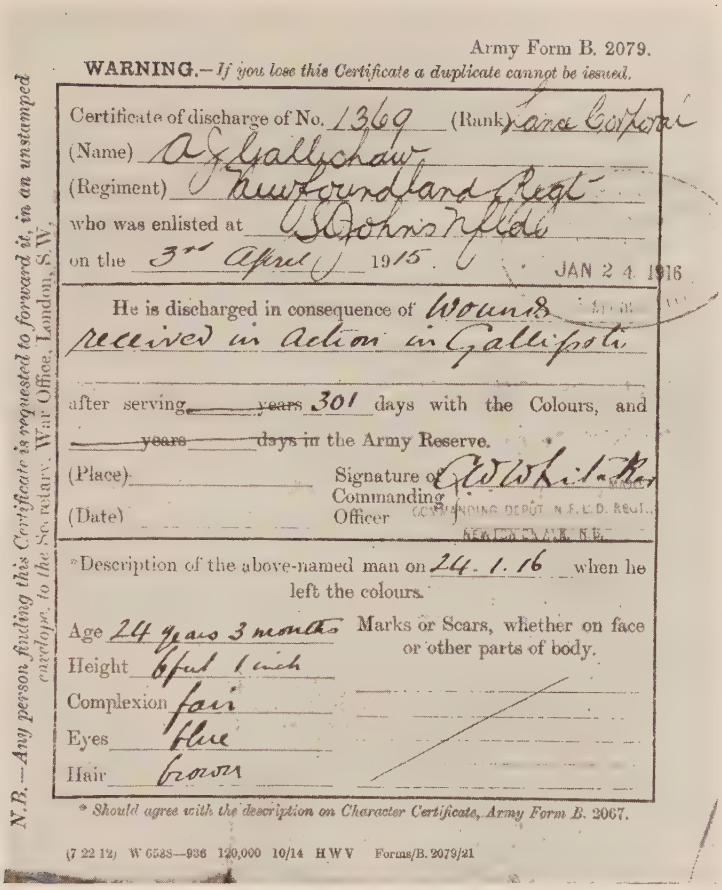
Lying on our stomachs, our rifles close at hand, we dug furiously. First we loosened up enough earth in front of our heads to fill a sand-bag. This sand-bag we placed beside our heads on the side nearest the enemy. Out in no-man's-land, with bullets and machine-gun balls pattering about us, we did fast work. As soon as we had filled the second and third sand-bags we placed them on top of the first. In Gallipoli every other military necessity was subordinated to concealment. Often we could complete a trench and occupy it before the enemy knew of it.

Sometimes while we were digging the Turks surprised us by sending up star-shells. They burst like rockets high overhead. Everything was outlined in a strange, uncanny way that gave the effect of stage-fire. At first when a man saw a star-shell he dropped flat on his face; but after a good many men had been riddled by bullets, we saw our mistake. The sudden blinding glare makes it impossible to identify objects before the light fades. Star-shells show only movement. The first stir between the lines becomes the target for both sides. So after that, even when a man was standing upright, he simply stood still.

Every afternoon from just behind our lines an aëroplane buzzed up. At the tremendous height it looked like an immense blue-bottle fly. At first the enemy's aëroplanes came out to meet ours, but a few encounters with our men soon convinced them of the futility of this. After that they relied on their artillery. In the air all around the tiny speck we could see white puffs of smoke where their shrapnel was exploding. Sometimes those puffs were perilously close to it; at such times our hearts were in our mouths. Everybody in the trench craned his neck to see. When our aëroplane manœuvered clear you could hear a sigh of relief run along the trench.

One of our air-men, Samson, captured a German Taube that he used for daily reconnaissance. Every day we watched him hover over the Turkish lines, circle clear of their bursting shrapnel, and return to our artillery with his report. One day we watched two hostile planes chase him back right to our trench. When they came near us we opened rapid fire that forced them to turn; but before Samson reached his landing-place at Salt Lake we could see that he was in trouble; one of the wings of the machine was drooping badly. We watched him land in safety, saw him jump out of his seat, and walk about ten yards to a waiting motor-ambulance. The ambulance had just turned when a shell hit the aëroplane. A second shell blew it to pieces.

But Samson had completed his mission. About half an hour later the navy in the bay and our artillery began a bombardment. From our trenches, looking through ravines, we could see the men-of-war lined up pouring broadsides over our heads into the Turkish lines. From our



Army Form B. 2079.

WARNING.—*If you lose this Certificate a duplicate cannot be issued.*

Certificate of discharge of No. 1369 (Rank) Lance Corporal

(Name) A. J. Gallishaw

(Regiment) Newfoundland Regt

who was enlisted at St Johns Nfld

on the 3rd April 1915.

JAN 24 1916

He is discharged in consequence of Wounds received in Action in Gallipoli

after serving ~~years~~ 301 days with the Colours, and ~~years~~ ~~days~~ in the Army Reserve.

(Place)

(Date)

Signature of Commanding Officer

COMMANDING DEPOT N.F.L.D. REGT.

*Description of the above-named man on 24. 1. 16 when he left the colours.

Age 24 years 3 months

Height 6 feet 1 inch

Complexion fair

Eyes blue

Hair brown

Marks or Scars, whether on face or other parts of body.

* *Should agree with the description on Character Certificate, Army Form B. 2067.*

(7 22 12) W 6538—936 120,000 10/14 HWV Forms/B. 2079/21

N.B.—Any person finding this Certificate is requested to forward it, in an unstamped cover, to the Secretary, War Office, London, S.W.

Corporal Gallishaw's certificate of discharge

position in the valley we watched our shells demolish the enemy's front-line trenches on the hill well to our left. Through field-glasses we could see the communication-trenches choked with fleeing Turks. Some of our artillery concentrated on the support-trenches, preventing reinforcements from coming up. A mule-train of supplies was caught in the curtain of fire. The Turks, caught between two fires, could not escape. In a few minutes all that was left of the scientifically constructed intrenchments was a conglomerate heap of sand-bags, equipments, and machine-guns; and on top of it all lay the mangled bodies of men and mules.

All through the bombardment we had hoped for the order to go over the parapet, but for the Worcesters on our left was reserved the distinction of making the charge. High explosives cleared the way for their advance, and cheering and yelling they went over the parapet. The Turks in the front-line trenches, completely demoralized, fled to the rear. A few, too weak or too sorely wounded to run, surrendered.

Prisoners taken in this engagement told us that the Turkish rank and file heartily hated their German officers. One prisoner said that he had been an officer, but since the outbreak of this war had been replaced by a German. At present the Turks are officered entirely by Germans.

With the monotony varied occasionally by some local engagement like this we dragged through the hot, fly-pestered days and cold, drafty, vermin-infested nights

of September and early October. By the middle of October disease and scarcity of water had depleted our ranks; instead of having four days on the firing-line and eight days' rest, we were holding the firing-line eight days and resting only four. In my platoon, of the six non-commissioned officers who started with us, only two corporals were left, I and one other. For a week after he had been ordered by the doctor to leave the peninsula the other chap hung on, pluckily determined not to leave me alone, although staying meant keeping awake nearly all night. By this time dysentery and enteric had taken toll of more men than bullets. These diseases became epidemic until the clearing-stations and the beaches were choked with sick. The time we should have been sleeping was spent in digging, but still the men worked uncomplainingly. Some, too game to quit, would not report to the doctor, working on courageously until they dropped, although down in the bay beckoned the Red Cross of the hospital-ship, with its assurance of safety, rest, and cleanliness. By sickness and snipers' bullets we lost thirty men a day. Every day the sun poured down relentlessly, adding to the torment of parched throats and tongues. Every night, doubly cold in comparison with the day's burning heat, found us chilled and shivering.

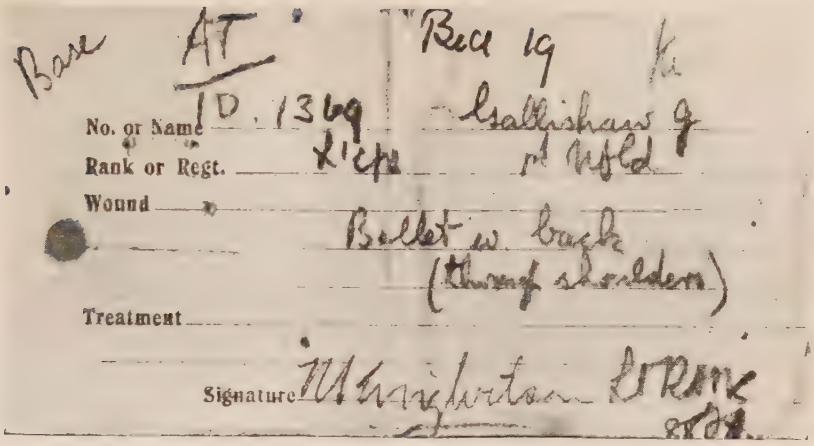
Nobody in the front-line trenches or on the shell-swept area behind ever expected to leave the peninsula alive. Their one hope was to get off wounded. Every night men leaving the trenches to bring up rations from the beach shook hands with their comrades. From every ration party of twenty men we always counted on losing two. Those who were wounded were looked on as lucky. The best thing we could wish a man was a "cushy wound," one that would not prove fatal. But no one wanted to quit. Every day rumors flew through the trenches that in four days all the Turks would surrender. Men dying from dysentery and enteric lingered to see it, but the surrender never materialized.

We knew that in the particular section of trench held by us an advance was hopeless. Still, we thought that some other parts of the line might advance. There was always faith in the invincible Australasians. Early in October had come the news of the British advance at Loos. The report that reached us said that the enemy on the entire Western front had begun to retreat. The Australians, catching the Turks napping, took two lines of trenches.

By the time I left, the sordid monotony had begun to tell on the men. Every day officers were besieged with requests for permission to go out between the lines to locate snipers. When men were wanted for night patrol every one volunteered. Ration parties, which had formerly been a dread, were now an eagerly sought variation. Any change was welcome. The thought of being killed had lost its fear. Daily intercourse with death had robbed it of its horror. One chap had his leg blown off from standing on a bomb. Later, in hospital, he told me that he felt satisfied. He had always wondered what would happen if a man stood on a bomb; now he knew. It illustrates how the men hated the deadly sameness. Anything was better than waiting in the trenches, better than being killed without a chance to struggle.

The men our regiment lost, although they gladly fought a hopeless fight, have not died in vain; the foremost advance on the Suvla Bay front, Donnelly's Post on Caribou Ridge, was made by Newfoundlanders. It is called Donnelly's Post because it is here that Lieutenant Donnelly won his military cross. The hitherto nameless ridge from which the Turkish machine-guns poured their concentrated death into our trenches stands as a monument to the initiative of the Newfoundlanders. It is now Caribou Ridge as a recognition of the men who wear the deer's-head badge.

From Caribou Ridge the Turks could enfilade parts of our firing-line. For weeks they had continued to pick off our men one by one. You could almost tell when your turn was coming. I know, be-



Corporal Gallishaw's wounded tag. Every seriously wounded soldier is tagged so that the doctors may know how he is hurt without disturbing him

cause from Caribou Ridge came the bullet that sent me off the peninsula. The machine-guns on Caribou Ridge not only swept parts of our trench, but commanded all of the intervening ground. Several attempts had been made to rush those guns. All had failed, held up by the murderous machine-gun fire. Under cover of darkness, Lieutenant Donnelly, with only eight men, surprised the Turks in the post that now bears his name. The captured machine-gun he used to repulse constantly launched bomb and rifle attacks.

Just at dusk one evening Donnelly stole out to Caribou Ridge and surprised the Turks. All night the Turks strove to recover their lost ground. Darkness was the Newfoundlanders' ally. When reinforcements arrived, Donnelly's eight men were reduced to two. Dawn showed the havoc wrought by the gallant little group. The ground in front of the post was a shambles of piled-up Turkish corpses. But daylight showed something more to the credit of the Newfoundlanders than the mere taking of the ridge. It showed one of Donnelly's men, Jack Hynes, who had crawled away from his companion to a point about two hundred yards to the left. From here he had all alone kept up through the whole night a rapid fire on the enemy's flank that duped them into believing that we had men there in force. It showed Hynes purposely falling back over exposed ground to draw the enemy's attention from Sergeant Greene, who was coolly making trip after trip between the ridge and our lines, carrying a wounded man in his arms every time until all our wounded were in safety. Hynes and Greene were each given a distinguished-conduct medal. None was ever more nobly earned.

One Saturday morning near the end of October, the brigade major passed through our lines. Before we took over the trench the occupants of the firing-line threw their refuse over the parapet into the short underbrush. Since coming in we had made a dump for it. I was sent out with five men to remove the rubbish from the underbrush to the dump, and this despite the fact that a short distance to our right we had just lost two men sent over the parapet in broad daylight to pick up some cans.

About nine in the morning we started. It was about half-an-hour's work. There was no cover for men standing. The small bushes hid men lying or sitting. Every little while I gave the men a rest, making them sit in the shelter of the underbrush. We had almost finished when the snipers somewhere on our left began to bang at us. I ordered the men to cover, and was just pointing out a likely place to young Hynes when I felt a dull thud in the left shoulder-blade and a sharp pain

in my chest. Then came a drowsy, languid feeling, and I sank down first on my knees, then my head dropped over on my chest, and down I went like a Mohammedan saying his prayers. Connecting the hit in the back with the pain in my chest, I concluded that I was done for, and can distinctly remember thinking quite calmly that I was indeed fortunate to be conscious long enough to tell them what to do about my will and so forth. I tried to say, "I 'm hit," and must have succeeded, because immediately I heard my henchman Hynes yell with a frenzied oath: "The corporal 's struck! Can't you see the corporal 's struck?" and heard him curse the Turk. Then I heard the others say, "We must get him in out of this." After that I was quite clear-headed, and when three or four of the finest boys that ever stepped risked their lives to come out over the parapet under fire, I was able to tell them how to lift me, and when the stretcher-bearers arrived to give me first aid I was conscious enough to tell them where to look for the wound. Also I became angry at the crowd who gathered around to watch the dressing and make remarks about the amount of blood. I asked them if they thought it was a nickel-show. This when I felt almost certain I was dying. I don't remember even feeling relieved when they told me the bullet had not gone through my heart.

That night I was put on board a hospital-ship, and a few days later I was in hospital at Alexandria.

THE night the First Newfoundland Regiment landed in Suvla Bay there were about eleven hundred of us. In December, when the British forces evacuated Gallipoli, to the remnant of our regiment fell the honor of fighting the rear-guard action. This is the highest recognition a regiment can receive; for the duty of the rear-guard in a retreat is to keep the enemy from reaching the main body of troops, even if this means annihilation for itself. At Lemnos island the next day, when the roll was called, of the eleven hundred men who landed when I did, only one hundred and seventy-one answered "Here."

Mr. Gallishaw in uniform

In the Home Stretch

By ROBERT FROST

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

SHE stood against the kitchen sink, and looked
Over the sink out through a dusty window
At weeds the water from the sink made tall.
She wore her cape; her hat was in her hand.
Behind her was confusion in the room,
Of chairs turned upside down to sit like people
In other chairs, and something, come to look,
For every room a house has—parlor, bedroom,
And dining-room—thrown pell-mell in the kitchen.
And now and then a smudged, infernal face
Looked in a door behind her and addressed
Her back. She always answered without turning.

"Where will I put this walnut bureau, lady?"

"Put it on top of something that 's on top
Of something else," she laughed. "Oh, put it where
You can to-night, and go. It 's almost dark;
You must be getting started back to town."
Another blackened face thrust in and looked
And smiled, and when she did not turn, spoke gently,
"What are you seeing out the window, *lady?*"

"Never was I beladied so before.
Would evidence of having been called lady
More than so many times make me a lady
In common law, I wonder."
"But I ask,
What are you seeing out the window, lady?"

"What I 'll be seeing more of in the years
To come as here I stand and go the round
Of many plates with towels many times."

"And what is that? You only put me off."

"Rank weeds that love the water from the dish-pan
More than some women like the dish-pan, Joe;
A little stretch of mowing-field for you;
Not much of that until I come to woods
That end all. And it 's scarce enough to call
A view."
"And yet you think you like it, dear?"

"That 's what you 're so concerned to know! You hope
I like it. Bang goes something big away
Off there up-stairs. The very tread of men
As great as those is shattering to the frame
Of such a little house. Once left alone,
You and I, dear, will go with softer steps
Up and down stairs and through the rooms, and none
But sudden winds that snatch them from our hands
Will ever slam the doors."
"I think you see
More than you like to own to out that window."

"No; for beside the things I tell you of,
I only see the years. They come and go
In alternation with the weeds, the field,
The wood."
"What kind of years?"
"Why, latter years—
Different from early years."
"I see them, too.

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"'Where will I put this walnut bureau, lady?'"

You did n't count them?"

"No, the further off
So ran together that I did n't try to.
It can scarce be that they would be in number
We 'd care to know, for we are not young now.
And bang goes something else away off there.
It sounds as if it were the men gone down,
And every crash meant one less to return
To lighted city streets we, too, have known,
But now are giving up for country darkness."

"Come from that window where you see too much for me,
And take a livelier view of things from here.
They 're going. Watch this husky swarming up
Over the wheel into the sky-high seat,
Lighting his pipe now, squinting down his nose
At the flame burning downward as he sucks it."

"See how it makes his nose-side bright, a proof
How dark it 's getting. Can you tell what time
It is by that? Or by the moon? The new moon!
What shoulder did I see her over? Neither.
A wire she is of silver, as new as we
To everything. Her light won't last us long.

It 's something, though, to know we 're going to have her
Night after night and stronger every night
To see us through our first two weeks. But, Joe,
The stove! Before they go! Knock on the window;
Ask them to help you get it on its feet.
We stand here dreaming. Hurry! Call them back!"

"They 're not gone yet."
"We 've got to have the stove,
Whatever else we want for. And a light.
Have we a piece of candle if the lamp
And oil are buried out of reach?"
Again
The house was full of trampling, and the dark,
Door-filling men burst in and seized the stove.
A cannon-mouth-like hole was in the wall,
To which they set it true by eye; and then
Came up the jointed stovepipe in their hands,
So much too light and airy for their strength
It almost seemed to come ballooning up,
Slipping from clumsy clutches toward the ceiling.
"A fit!" said one and banged a stovepipe shoulder.
"It 's good luck when you move in to begin
With good luck with your stovepipe. Never mind,
It 's not so bad in the country, settled down,
When people 're getting on in life. You 'll like it."

Joe said: "You big boys ought to find a farm,
And make good farmers, and leave other fellows
The city work to do. There 's not enough
For everybody as it is in there."

"God!" one said wildly, and, when no one spoke:
"Say that to Jimmy here. He needs a farm."
But Jimmy only made his jaw recede
Fool-like, and rolled his eyes as if to say
He saw himself a farmer. Then there was a French boy
Who said with seriousness that made them laugh,
"Ma friend, you ain't know what it is you 're ask."
He doffed his cap, and held it with both hands
Across his chest to make as 't were a speech,
"We 're giving you our chances on de farm."
And then they all turned to with deafening boots
And put each other bodily out of the house.

"Good-by to them! We puzzle them. They think—
I don't know what they think we see in what
They leave us to. That pasture slope that seems
The back some farm presents us; and your woods
To northward from your window at the sink,

Waiting to steal a step on us whenever
We drop our eyes or turn to other things,
As in the game 'Ten-step' the children play."

"Good boys they seemed, and let them love the city.
All they could say was 'God!' when you proposed
Their coming out and making useful farmers."

"Did they make something lonesome go through you?
It would take more than them to sicken you—
Us of our bargain. But they left us so
As to our fate, like fools past reasoning with.
They almost shook *me*."
"It 's all so much
What we have always wanted, I confess
Its seeming bad for a moment makes it seem
Even worse still, and so on down, down, down.
It 's nothing; it 's their leaving us at dusk.
I never bore it well when people went.
The first night after guests have gone, the house
Seems haunted or exposed. I always take
A personal interest in the locking up
At bedtime; but the strangeness soon wears off."

He fetched a dingy lantern from behind
A door. "There 's that we did n't lose! And these!"
Some matches he unpocketed. "For food—
The meals we 've had no one can take from us.
I wish that everything on earth were just
As certain as the meals we 've had. I wish
The meals we have n't had were, anyway.
What have you you know where to lay your hands on?"

"The bread we bought in passing at the store.
There 's butter somewhere; too."
"Let 's rend the bread.
I 'll light the fire for company for you;
You 'll not have any other company
Till Ed begins to get out on a Sunday
To look us over and give us his idea
Of what wants pruning, shingling, breaking up.
He 'll know what he would do if he were we,
And all at once. He 'll plan for us and plan
To help us, but he 'll take it out in planning.
Well, you can set the table with the loaf.
Let 's see you find your loaf. I 'll light the fire.
I like chairs occupying other chairs
Not offering a lady—"
"There again, Joe!

You 're tired."

"I 'm drunk-nonsensical tired out;
Don't mind a word I say. It 's a day's work
To empty one house of all household goods
And fill another with 'em fifteen miles away,
Although you do no more than dump them down."

"Dumped down in paradise we are and happy."

"It 's all so much what I have always wanted,
I can't believe it 's what you wanted, too."

"Should n't you like to know?"

"I 'd like to know
If it is what you wanted, then how much
You wanted it for me."

"A troubled conscience!
You don't want me to tell if *I* don't know."

"I don't want to find out what can't be known.
But who first said the word to come?"

"'It would take me forever to recite
All that 's not new in where we find ourselves'"

"My dear,
It 's who first thought the thought. You 're searching, Joe,
For things that don't exist; I mean beginnings.
Ends and beginnings—there are no such things.
There are only middles."
"What is this?"
"This life?
Our sitting here by lantern-light together
Amid the wreckage of a former home?
You won't deny the lantern is n't new.
The stove is not, and you are not to me,
Nor I to you."
"Perhaps you never were?"

"It would take me forever to recite
All that 's not new in where we find ourselves.
New is a word for fools in towns who think
Style upon style in dress, and thought at last
Must get somewhere. I 've heard you say as much.
No, this is no beginning."
"Then an end?"

"End is a gloomy word."
"Is it too late
To drag you out for just a good-night call
On the old peach-trees on the knoll to grope
By starlight in the grass for a last peach
The neighbors may not have taken as their right
When the house was n't lived in? I 've been looking:
I doubt if they have left us many grapes.
Before we set ourselves to right the house,
The first thing in the morning, out we go
And go the round of apple, cherry, peach,
Pine, alder, pasture, mowing, well, and brook.
All of a farm it is."
"I know this much:
I 'm going to put you in your bed, if first
I have to make you build it. Come, the light."

When there was no more lantern in the kitchen,
Out got the fire through crannies in the stove
And danced in yellow wrigglers on the ceiling,
As much at home as if they 'd always danced there.

Burney's Laugh

By STACY AUMONIER

Author of "The Friends," etc.

AFTER breakfast was a good time. Throughout the day there was no moment when his vitality rose to such heights as it did during the first puffs of that early cigar. He would stroll out then into the conservatory, and the bright color of the azaleas would produce in him a strange excitement. His senses would seem sharpened, and he would move quickly between the flowers, and would discuss minor details of their culture with Benyon, the gardener. Then he would stroll through the great spaces of his reception-rooms with his head bent forward. The huge Ming pot on its ebony stand would seem to him companionable and splendid, the Majolica placques which he had bought at Padua would glow serenely. He would go up and feast his eyes on the Chinese lacquer cabinet on its finely wrought gilt base, and his lips would quiver with a tense enjoyment as he lingered by the little carved Japanese ivories in the recess. Above all, he liked to stand near the wall and gaze at the Vandyke above the fireplace. It looked well in the early morning light, dignified and impressive.

All these things were his. He had fought for them in the arena of the commercial world. He had bought them in the teeth of opposition. And they expressed *him,* his sense of taste, his courage, his power, his relentless tenacity, the qualities that had raised him above his fellows to the position he held. The contemplation of them produced in him a curious, vibrant exhilaration. Especially was this so in the morning when he rose from the breakfast-table and lighted his first cigar.

The great hall, too, satisfied his quivering senses. The walnut paneling shone serenely, and brass and pewter bore evidence that the silent staff whom his housekeeper controlled had done their work efficiently. It was early, barely nine o'clock, but he knew that in the library Crevace and Dilgerson, his private secretaries, would be fidgeting with papers and expecting him. He would keep them waiting another ten minutes while he gratified this clamorous proprietary sense. He would linger in the drawing-room, with its long, gray panels and splendid damask hangings, and touch caressingly the little groups of statuary. The unpolished satinwood furniture appealed to some special esthetic appetite. It was an idea of his own. It seemed at once graceful and distinguished.

He seemed to have so little time during the rest of the day to feel these things. And if he had the time, the satisfaction did not seem the same, for this was the hour when he felt most virile.

In the library the exultation that he had derived from these esthetic pleasures would gradually diminish. It is true that Dilgerson had prepared the rough draft of his amendment to the new Peasant Allotment Bill, and it was an amendment that he was intensely interested in, for if it passed, it might lead to the overthrow of Chattisworth, and that would be a very desirable thing; but nevertheless his interests would flag.

He had a fleeting vision of a great triumph in the House, and himself the central figure. He settled down to discuss the details with Dilgerson. Dilgerson was a very remarkable person. He had a genius for putting his finger on the vital spot of a bill, and he had, moreover, an unfathomable memory. But gradually the discussion of involved financial details with Dilgerson would tire him. He would get restless and say:

"Yes, yes. All right, Dilgerson; put it your own way."

He turned aside to the table where Crevace, coughing nervously, was preparing some sixty-odd letters for him to sign. A

charming young man Crevace, with gentle manners and a great fund of concentration. He was the second son of Emma, Countess of Waddes. He had not the great ability of Dilgerson, but he was conscientious, untiring, and very useful.

He discussed the letters and a few social matters with Crevace, while Dilgerson prepared the despatch-case for the cabinet meeting at twelve o'clock.

At half-past eleven a maid entered and brought him a raw egg beaten up with a little neat brandy, in accordance with custom.

He told her that Hervieu, the chauffeur, need not come for him. He would walk over to Downing Street with Mr. Dilgerson. As a matter of fact, there was still one or two points upon which he was not quite clear about the rights of rural committees. Dilgerson had made a special study of these questions. It was a great temptation to rely more and more on Dilgerson.

He enjoyed a cabinet meeting. He felt more at home there than in the House. He liked the mixture of formality and urbanity with which the most important affairs were discussed. He liked to sit there and watch the faces of his fellow-ministers. They were clever, hard-headed men —men who, like himself, had climbed and climbed and climbed. They shared in common certain broad political principles, but he did not know what was at the back of any one of their minds. It amused him to listen to Brodray elaborating his theories about the Peasant Allotment Bill, and enunciating commendable altruistic principles. He knew Brodray well. He was a good fellow, but he did not really believe what he was saying. He had another ax to grind, and he was using the Peasant Allotment Bill as a medium. The divagations of "procedure" were absorbing. It was on the broad back of "procedure" that the interests of all were struggling to find a place. It was the old parliamentary hand who stood the best chance of finding a corner for his wares, the man who knew the ropes. He, too, had certain ambitions.

It seemed strange to look back on. He had been in political affairs longer than he dared contemplate—two distinct decades. He had seen much happen. He had seen youth and ambition ground to powder in the parliamentary machine. He had seen careers cut short by death or violent social scandal. Some men were very foolish—foolish and lacking in moral fiber. That must be it. Moral fiber, the strength not to overstep the bounds, to keep passion and prejudice in restraint, like hounds upon a leash, until their veins became dried and atrophied, and they lacked the desire to race before the wind.

He had done that. And now he sat there in the somber room, among the rustling papers, and the greatest minister of them all was speaking to him, asking his opinion, and listening attentively to his answers. He forced himself to a tense concentration on the issue. He spoke quietly, but well. He remembered all the points that the excellent Dilgerson had coached him in. He was aware of the room listening to him attentively. He knew they held the opinion that he was safe, that he would do the best thing in the interest of the party.

O'Bayne spoke after that, floridly, with wild dashes of Celtic fun; and they listened to him, and were amused, but not impressed. O'Bayne, too, had an ax to grind, but he showed his hand too consciously. He did not know the ropes.

As the meeting broke up, Brodray came up to him and said:

"Oh, by the way, you know I 'm dining with you to-night. May I bring my young nephew with me? He 's a sub, in town on a few days' leave."

Of course he smiled and said it would be delightful. What else was it possible to say?

As a matter of fact, he would rather not have had the young sub. He had arranged a small bachelors' dinner,—just eight of them,—and he flattered himself that he had arranged it rather skilfully. There was to be Brodray; and Nielson, the director of the biggest agricultural instrument works in the country; Lanyon,

the K. C.; Lord Bowel of the Board of Trade; Tippins, a big landowner from the North; Sir Andrew Griggs, the greatest living authority on the land laws (he had also written a book on "artificial manures"); and Sir Gregory Caste, director of the Museum of Applied Arts.

The latter he felt would perhaps be a little out of it with the rest, but he would help to emphasize his own aspect of social life, its irreproachable taste, and patronage of the arts. It would be a very eclectic dinner-party, and one in which the fusion of the agricultural interests might tend to produce certain opinions and information of use in conducting the Peasant Allotment Bill, and a red-faced young sub dumped into the middle of it would be neither appropriate nor desirable. There was, however, nothing to be done. He and Brodray had always been great friends; that is to say, they had always worked hand in hand.

He rested in the afternoon, for, as the years advanced, he found this more and more essential. There were the strictest instructions left that in no circumstances was he to be disturbed till half-past four. In the meanwhile the egregious Dilgerson would cope with his affairs.

At half-past four he rose, bathed his face, and, after drinking a cup of tea, rejoined his secretaries in the library. In his absence many matters had developed. There was a further accumulation of correspondence, and a neat type-written list of telephone-messages and applications for appointments. There was no flurry about Dilgerson; everything was in order, and the papers arranged with methodical precision.

He lighted his second cigar of the day and sat down. The graceful head of Crevace was inclined over the papers, and the suave voice of Dilgerson was saying:

"I see, sir, that Chattisworth has been speaking up in Gaysfield. Our agent has written; he thinks it might be advisable for you to go up north and explain to your constituents our attitude toward the bill. They must not be—er—neglected for long in these restless times."

Yes, there was something satisfying in this. The sense of power, or, rather, the sense of being within the power focus, the person who understood, who knew what power meant, and yet was great enough to live outside it. Strange why to-day he should be so introspective, why things should appear so abstract! He had a curious feeling as though everything were slipping away, or as though he were seeing himself and his setting from a distance.

He gazed at Dilgerson, with his square chin and his neat mustache, deftly stowing papers into a file while he spoke. He momentarily envied Dilgerson, with his singular grip on life. He was so intense, so sure.

"Yes, yes," he said after a time, "we 'd better go up there, Dilgerson. As you say, they get restless. You might draft me a rough summary of Chattisworth's points. Let me know what you would suggest—precedents, historical parallels, and so on. It is true; they soon get restless."

A feeling of apathy came to him after a time, and he left his secretaries and strolled out into the Mall. A fine rain was drifting from the south, and the tops of the winter trees seemed like a band of gauze veiling the buildings of Whitehall. He went into St. James's Park, and watched the pale lights from the government buildings. Some soldiers passed him, and a policeman touched his hat.

Usually these things moved him with a strange delight. They were the instruments of power, the symbols of the world he believed in. But to-night the vision of them only filled him with an unaccountable melancholy. He suddenly remembered a day when he had strolled here with his wife twenty-five years ago.

He passed his hand across his brow and tried to brush back a certain memory; but it would not be denied. It was a gray day like this. She had made some remark, something sentimental and entirely meretricious. He remembered vividly that he had chided her at the time. One must not think like that; one must restrain and control these emotional impulses. They are retrograde, destroying. He had succeeded,

risen to the position he held, because he had always been master of himself.

After his wife's death it had been easier to do this. His two daughters had married well, one to the Bishop of St. Lubin, and the other to Viscount Chesslebeach, a venerable, but well-informed, gentleman who had been loyal to the party. His son was now in India, holding a position of considerable responsibility. He was free—free to live and struggle for his great ambitions. He was fortunate in that respect; in fact, he had always been fortunate.

He made his way back across the muddy pathway of the Mall imbued with a sudden uncontrollable desire for light and warmth.

Gales met him in the hall and relieved him of his coat. There was an undeniable sense of comfort and security about Gales. He glanced furtively at the ponderous figure of his head-man, who had been with him now longer than he could remember. He muttered something about the inclemency of the weather, and it soothed him to note the ingratiating acquiescence of the servant, as though by addressing him he had conferred a great benefit upon him. He heard the heavy breathing of Gales as he bustled away with his hat and coat, and then he warmed his hands by the fire, and strolled up-stairs to dress.

As he entered his bedroom an indefinable feeling of dreariness came over him again. It was very silent there, and the well-modulated lights above the dressing-table revealed his gleaming silver brushes and the solid properties of the mahogany bed. He looked at the fire and lighted a cigarette, a very unusual habit for him. Then he went into his dressing-room, and noted his clothes all neatly laid out for him and the brass can of hot water wrapped in the folds of a rough towel. The door, half open, revealed the silver rails and taps in the bath-room, and a very low hum of sound suggested a distant power-station or the well-oiled machinery of a lift. It was all wonderfully ordered, wonderfully coördinated.

He strolled from one room to the other on the thick-pile carpet, trying to thrust back the waves of dejection that threatened to envelop him.

At last he threw his cigarette away, and, disrobing himself, washed and dressed.

He felt better then, a little more alert and interested. He turned down the light and went down-stairs. He felt suddenly curiously nervous and apprehensive about the dinner-party. He went into the dining-room and found Gales instructing a new butler in the subtleties of his profession. The table was laid for nine, and indeed looked worthy of Gales and of himself. There was a certain austerity and distinction about the three bowls of red tulips that were placed at intervals along it, and the old silver and the Nuremburg glasses and the cunning arrangements of concealed lights emphasized his own sure taste and discrimination. Nevertheless, he felt nervous. He fussed about the table, and took the champagne-bottles from their ice beds to satisfy himself that Gales had brought up the right year. He fidgeted with one of the type-written menu-cards, and told Gales that on a previous occasion Fouchet had overdone the chopped olives in the Hollandaise. He must speak to him. He was not sure that Fouchet was not going off. His eyesight was failing, or he was becoming careless. The straw potatoes served with the pheasant had been cut too thick, and the savories were apt to be too dry. Gales listened to these criticisms with a lugubrious sympathy, and, bowing, left the room to convey them to the chef.

After that he retired to the small Japanese room on the ground floor. When he had a bachelor party he preferred to receive his guests there. There was something about the black walls and the grotesquely carved fireplace and the heavily timbered ceiling, also carved, and painted dark red, that appealed to his sense of appropriateness in a man's dinner-party. It was essentially a man's room, a little foreboding and bizarre. It symbolized also his appreciation of a race who were above all things clever, clever and patient, industrious, esthetic, with some quality that ex-

cited the mystic tendencies of the cultivated Westerner.

He had not long to wait before two of his guests arrived, Sir Gregory Caste and Lanyon the K. C. They had met in the cloak-room, and, having previously made each other's acquaintance at an hotel at Baden-Baden, were discussing the medical values of rival Bavarian springs. It was a subject on which he himself was no mean authority. The conversation had not progressed far before Lord Bowel was shown in. He was a very big man, with a heavy dome of a head, large, pathetic eyes, and a thick, gray beard. He shook hands solemnly without any gleam of welcome, and immediately gave an account of an incurable disease from which his sister was suffering.

Tippins then arrived, a square-headed North-countryman, who did not speak all the evening except in self-defense, and he was followed by Sir Andrew Griggs and Nielson. Sir Andrew was well into the eighties, and Nielson was a thin, keen-faced man with very thick glasses. There was a considerable interval before Brodray arrived with his nephew. They were at least ten minutes late, and Brodray was very profuse with apologies.

It was curious that the young man was almost precisely as he had pictured him. He was just a red-faced boy in khaki. He fancied that Brodray introduced him as "Lieutenant Burney," but he was not sure. It was, in any case, some such name, something ordinary and insignificant.

They then all adjourned to the dining-room without breaking the general level of their conversation, and sat down.

On his right he had Lord Bowel, and on his left Sir Andrew Griggs. Brodray faced him, with Sir Gregory Caste on his right and his nephew on the left. Lanyon sat next to the lieutenant and Nielson and Tippins occupied the intervening spaces. He had thought this arrangement out with considerable care.

It was not until the sherry and caviar had fulfilled their destiny that Lord Bowel managed to complete the full description of his sister's disease. He spoke very slowly and laboriously, and moved his beard with a curious rotary movement as he masticated his food.

Sir Andrew Griggs then managed to break into the conversation with a dissertation on the horrors of being ill in a foreign hotel. He had once been suddenly seized with a serious internal trouble and had had to undergo an operation in an hotel in Zermatt. It was very trying, and the hotel people were very unreasonable.

Brodray sang the praises of a new American osteopathist during the removal of the soup-plates, and the salmon found the director of the National Museum of Applied Arts dilating upon the virtues of grape-fruit as a breakfast food.

The host was in no hurry. He knew that the course of events would be bound to draw the conversation into channels connected with matters that were of moment to the construction of the Peasant Allotment Bill.

What more natural than that the virtues of grape-fruit should lead to the virtues of fresh air and exercise, and then obviously to horse-flesh. At the first glass of champagne the company was already in the country. Horses and dogs! Ah, how difficult to eliminate them from the conversation of a party of representative Englishmen!

Lord Bowel was the first to express his views upon the bill. The conversation led to it quite naturally at the arrival of the pheasant. They were better cooked to-night, and the potatoes were thinner, more refined.

He watched the curious movement of Lord Bowel's beard as he bit the pheasant and said in his sepulchral voice:

"The Groynes amendment will, in my opinion, inflict a grave injustice on the agricultural classes. You may remember that in Gangway's Rural Housings Bill, in eighteen-ninety-five, Lord Pennefy, who was then on the treasury bench, said—"

The ball had started. He had a curious feeling that he wished Dilgerson were there. Dilgerson had such a remarkable memory. He particularly wanted to get

Lanyon's views. Lanyon had a great reputation among the people he knew. Unfortunately, he was not a good party man. They said of him that he had a mind like a double-edged sword. He was keen, analytical, and recondite, and he did not mind whom he struck. The lawyer was intently listening to Lord Bowel. His skin was dry and cracked into a thousand little crevices, his cheek-bones stood out, and his cold, abstract eyes were gazing through his rimless pince-nez at his empty glass, for he did not drink.

Lord Bowel dwelt at great length on the bill's unfortunate attitude toward the agricultural laborer, and at even greater length on the probable result of that attitude upon the agricultural laborer at the polls. When he mentioned the party he sank his voice to a lower key, and spoke almost humanly.

The pheasants had disappeared, and little quails in aspic had quivered tremulously in the center of large plates, surrounded by a vegetable salad the secret of which he himself had discovered when living in Vienna, before Lanyon entered the arena with a cryptic utterance, quoting from an Act of James II. He spoke harshly and incisively, like a judge arraigning a criminal. It was very interesting, for the host became aware that as Lanyon proceeded he was not speaking from conviction. He had heard that Lanyon had ambitions of a certain legal position. The bill would not affect it one way or the other, but his reputation as a dialectician must be established beyond question. He had his game to play, too.

Nielson broke in, and seemed to the host to agree with Lord Bowel in an almost extravagant manner. He, too, spoke feelingly when the party was the theme. It was said that Lord Bowel was the power behind the chief. He certainly exerted a great influence in the selection of office-holders. Men whose political reputation was not made invariably agreed with Lord Bowel, in any case before his face.

The game pursued its normal course; the even tenor of the men's voices sounded one long drone of abstract, passionless sound. Under the influence of the good wine and the solemn procession of cunningly arranged foods, they sank into a detached unity of expression. They looked at one another tolerantly, listening for signs and omens, and measuring the value of one another's remarks. There was no enthusiasm, no passion, nothing to belie the suave and cultivated accents of their voices. They seemed, perhaps, unreal to one another, merely a segregation of ideas meeting in a mirage, without prejudice or bias or any great desire for personal expression.

It was as the savory was being removed that young Burney laughed. The host did not catch what it was that made him laugh, neither did he ever know. It was probably some mildly humorous remark of Tippins. But it came crashing through the room like the reel of pipes in a desert. It was not a boisterously loud laugh, but it was loud enough to rise above the general din. It was the quality of it that seemed to rend the air like an electric thrill. It was clear, mellow, vibrant, and amazingly free. It rang out with an unrestrained vibrato of enjoyment. It hung in the air and satisfied its purpose; it seemed to lash the walls of the room and hurl its message defiantly at the ceiling. It could not be subdued, and it could never be forgotten. It was an amazing laugh. It was like the wind on the moors or the crash of great, high waves breaking on a rock, something that had been imprisoned and suddenly breaks free and rides serenely to its end.

And the saintly Cybeline—

It was curious. Why, immediately he heard the young man's laugh, did this line occur to him? Gales was standing by the sideboard looking flustered and perturbed. People did not laugh in the presence of Gales. He had a faculty of discouraging any flippant digressions from the dignity of politics or dinner. Lanyon was looking in the young man's direction, his keen eyes surveying the wine-glasses set there.

Old Sir Andrew looked at him also and smiled dimly; but, surprisingly enough, the others hardly seemed to have noticed the laugh.

Lord Bowel was saying:

"If, therefore, we are prepared to accept this crisis which the opposition, with a singular lack of insight, in my opinion, seem disposed to precipitate upon the country, we shall be—er—lacking in loyalty not only to the—er—Constitution, but to ourselves, and I said to the chief on Wednesday—"

And the saintly Cybeline—

What on earth did it mean? What was Lord Bowel talking about? Why did the young man's laugh still seem to be ringing round the room? He looked at him; the boy was talking animatedly to Brodray and grinning; he thought he caught something about "we did n't sleep under cover for a fortnight." He had not been drinking, certainly not to excess. No one had had sherry except the silent Tippins. He might have had three glasses of champagne. It certainly did n't account for the laugh; besides, it was not that sort of laugh.

There was something, something something,
And the something will entwine,
And the something, something, something
With the saintly Cybeline.

A shadowy vision glimmered past the finger-bowl in front of him. He remembered now: it was in Frodsee's room at Magdalen. There was a tall chap, with curly, dark hair sitting on Frodsee's table, swinging his legs. He was in "shorts," and his bare knees and stockings were splashed with mud. Frodsee himself was standing by the window declaiming his ridiculous jingle. And there was a third boy there who was laughing uncontrollably.

With the saintly Cybeline.

He wished he could remember the rest of the words. The sun was streaming through the window, and the young willows were whispering above the river. The jingle finished, and they all laughed, and one laugh rang out above the rest. Strange that it should all come rushing back to him at that moment—the free ring of his own laughter across the years! He had something then, he could n't think what it was—something that he had since lost.

"Even if in the end we have to sacrifice some of these minor principles, I am inclined to think, sir, that the broader issues will be better served. The interests of the party are interdependent—"

Nielson was speaking, nervously twisting the cigar in his mouth.

He made a desperate plunge to find his place in the flow of this desultory discussion. He mumbled some inchoate remark upon the land laws. It was not in any way germane to what had just been said, and he knew it; only he wanted them to draw him back among them, to protect him from the flood of perverse memories that strove to increase his melancholy.

But the memory of that laugh unnerved him. He could not concentrate. He longed once more for Dilgerson, or for some power that would give him a grip upon his concrete existence. He rose from the table, and led his guests back into the Japanese room. He lighted a cigar and, contrary to his custom, he indulged in a liqueur. His guests formed themselves into little groups, and he hovered between them, afraid to remain with either long in case they should discover his horror, that in that hour, all through a boy's laugh, he had lost the power to concentrate.

Perhaps something in his manner conveyed itself to his guests, for they broke up early, first old Griggs, then Nielson, then Brodray and the boy. He shook the boy's hand, but made no comment.

Lanyon took his departure alone, and Tippins followed. Lord Bowel seemed the only one disposed to remain. He sank back in an easy-chair and talked interminably, unaware of any psychologic change in the atmosphere of the room. He found a patient listener in Gregory Caste, to

whom the discussions of a government official were as balm.

The host moved restlessly, blinking at his two remaining guests. Sometimes he would sit furtively on the edge of a chair and listen and nod his head and say: "Yes, yes; I quite agree. Yes; that is so."

Then he would rise and walk to the fireplace and move some object an inch or two from the position in which it was placed and then move it back again. He drank a glass of lemon-water, a row of which were placed on a silver tray by the wall, and smoked another cigarette. Then the instinct of common courtesy prompted him once more to join his two remaining guests. He looked closely at Lord Bowel's heavy cheeks, and a curious feeling of disgust came over him. The voice of the board of trade official boomed on luxuriously about the arts of Eastern people, about ceramics, about the diseases of bees, the iniquity of licensing restrictions, the influence of Chaldean teaching on modern theology, on the best hotel in Paris, on the vacillating character of the principal leaders of the opposition. There seemed no end to the variety of theme, and no break in the dull monotony of voice.

It must have been well after midnight that Lord Bowel suddenly sighed heavily and rose. He took his host's hand and said gloomily:

"It has been a most delightful evening."

He watched the two men pass out into the hall, and saw Gales come ponderously forward and help them with their coats. Then he drew back and looked into the fire. He pressed his hand to his brow. He had not a headache, but he felt peculiarly exhausted, as though he had been through some great strain. In the fire he saw again the nodding heads of willows and the young clouds scudding before the wind. He started. He could not understand; he could have sworn that at that moment he again heard some one laugh. He looked round to convince himself that he was alone in the room. He shivered and stood up. He was not well. He was getting old. A time comes to all men—anyway, he had not been a failure. He had succeeded, in fact, beyond his wildest dreams. His name was known to every one in England. His features even graced the pages of the satiric journals. He was the "safe" man of the party. One paper had nicknamed him "Trumps," the safest card in the pack. It was something to have achieved this, even if he had sacrificed things, impulses, convictions, passions, the fierce joy of expressing his primitive self. Perhaps in the process he had lost something.

Ah, God! He wished the young man had not laughed.

There was a gentle tap on the door, and Gales came in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," he murmured softly.

"It 's all right. I 'm going to bed."

He rose weakly from the chair and went up-stairs. Once more in the bedroom, the silence tormented him. The furniture seemed no longer his own, no longer an expression of himself, but a cold, frigid statement of dead conformity. He touched the bed, and then walked up and down. What could he do? He had no power to combat the strange terrors of remorse that flooded him. He sat there silently waiting for the mood to pass. He knew that if he struggled it *would* pass. He would be himself again. It was all so foolish, so unworthy of him. He kept saying that to himself, but underneath it all something else seemed stirring—something that went to the roots of his being and shook him violently.

He waited there a long time till the house seemed given over to the embraces of the night, then he stealthily crept down-stairs again. It was all in darkness. He turned on the light in the hall and dining-room. He wandered to his accustomed chair at the dining-table and huddled into it. He struggled to piece together the memories of days of freedom and splendor when he had sacrificed nothing, when life was an open book.

He visualized little incidents of his childhood and school-days, but they seemed trivial and without significance or humor.

Ah, God! if he could laugh!

He started suddenly at the sound of some one moving in the hall. He knew instinctively it would be Gales. He jumped up. He did not want his loyal retainer to think him a fool. It would be the most terrible thing of all to appear ridiculous to Gales. He walked round the room, nervously peering at the floor.

Gales blinked at him. He was in a dressing-gown, and he mumbled:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

He glanced at Gales, but said nothing. He continued searching the floor. Gales advanced into the room and coughed and looked at him curiously. He had never known Gales to look at him before in quite that way. He felt suddenly angry with the servant and wanted to get rid of him, but at the same time he was self-conscious and afraid. He was aware of the level tones of Gales's voice murmuring:

"Excuse me, sir, may I help you? Have you lost anything? Can I—"

The horror came home to him with increased violence as he glanced at the puffy cheeks of the butler. He felt that he could not endure him for another moment. He almost ran to the door, calling out in a harsh voice as he did so:

"Yes, yes; I 've lost something."

He brushed past the butler, his cheeks hot and dry, and his eyes blazing with an unforgiving anger. He did not turn again, but hurried away like an animal that is ashamed to be seen, and ran whimpering up-stairs to his bedroom.

Toys

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

SHE loves the flowers, the wind that bends the fir;
When the spring comes she dances; and her mirth
Comes always when the water laughs to her.
She holds the little daily sweets of earth
On high, and pleasures in them; words that sing,
Clear music, lovely faces—all delight.
We others pass, use-dulled, unnoticing,
The sunrise and the sunset, day and night.

Yet somehow all her woven joys endure,
Too perfect, too well-shapen, to have rayed
Light-heartedly on her. Oh, I am sure
That once upon a time we do not know
God took away from her—once long ago—
All life's real, rugged things, too sharp for joys,
And—for she looked at Him still unafraid—
He laid within her hands instead these toys.

Oh, on the gentle day when she goes hence
I hope that for her gay obedience
He has reward for her: that when she dies
He will not send her straight to paradise.
She knows enough of paradisal mirth.
Oh, surely He will give her back the earth,
And all its living that He made her miss,
Locked close to life by its most burning kiss,
Clutching decisions, terror-haunted breath,
Great grief, great raptures, passion, birth, and death.

Sir Douglas Haig

Sir Douglas Haig

By A. G. GARDINER

Author of "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," etc.

THERE is a story which is popular in English circles to the effect that Mr. Asquith, during one of his visits to France, observed to a distinguished French general that it was remarkable that the war had not thrown up any great commander, and that the general genially replied, "No; nor any great statesman." The story is of course an invention. Mr. Asquith is brusk, but never gauche; direct, but not clumsy. Nor is it his habit to indulge in large and unfortified generalizations on subjects about which his knowledge is vague and necessarily incomplete. No one knows better than he does that it is impossible in the midst of the war to form any just estimate of personal values. We must wait for the end of the trial before we give our verdict. Any departure from that sound maxim is likely to suffer the fate of Jeffrey's "This will never do," on Wordsworth. The one conspicuous departure from that maxim during the war has served to illustrate the danger of erecting statues to what one may call interim heroes. It is not without significance that it is in Germany and nowhere else that the popular mind has

betrayed this weakness, and already the colossal wooden statue of Hindenburg has become a European jest.

But though Mr. Asquith may be acquitted of responsibility for the story, the remark attributed to him undoubtedly represents the prevalent feeling in regard to the war. There is no military figure that has emerged from the vast welter to a decisive and unchallengeable preëminence. Many men have caught the limelight momentarily, and in each case the world has been ready to cry, "This is he." But almost before the acclamation was uttered he has faded into the background. For one brief month Kluck overshadowed all other names, but in a military sense he perished at the Marne and has hardly been heard of since. The kaiser's military prestige ended with the failure of the attack at Ypres, and Moltke was offered as a sacrifice for that failure. Hindenburg's great, but quite episodic, achievement at Tannenberg made him for six months the outstanding figure of the war, but the long and futile struggle on the Dwina has quenched his glory, and those who look to Germany for the military hero of the war are now studying the campaigns of Mackensen and the politico-military strategy of Falkenhayn. The Russian reputations have been equally fleeting. Ruzsky had an hour of splendor at Lemberg, then suffered eclipse; emerged again on the Dwina, and now seems to have finally vanished from the stage. The Grand Duke Nicholas rose like a colossus on the crest of the Carpathians, and sank from sight in the heart of Russia, to reappear ultimately out of the Caucasus with the dazzling triumph of Erzerum. The most static reputation of the war has been that of General Joffre. It has been singularly free both from sensation and from the swift alternations which have marked other personal valuations. In the judgment of the world he stands very much as he stood in the autumn of 1914—a stout-hearted, phlegmatic, cautious soldier; silent, remorseless; representing not the brilliant, imaginative tradition of French generalship, but the modern conception of war as a vast piece of engineering to be achieved by processes as practical as those of a plumber. He may in the end emerge as the supreme military figure of the war, but judgment is in suspense, and all that can be said is that he has neither advanced nor retreated in the estimate of contemporary criticism.

The challenge to his claim so far has certainly not come from the British army. The appointment of Sir Douglas Haig to the command of the British forces in France and Flanders is the confession that England is still seeking for a man equal to the occasion. The achievements of British generalship have so far been undeniably disappointing. There were two outstanding figures in active service at the beginning of the war, Lord Kitchener and Sir John French. Their reputations were very dissimilar in character. That of Lord Kitchener was the reputation of the organizer of war, that of Sir John French was the reputation of the brilliant commander in the field. Lord Kitchener's successes were founded on the slow and patient processes of the engineer, a railway driven through the desert, a system of block-houses constructed on the veldt. Sir John French's successes were the daring exploits by which he relieved Kimberley and cut off Cronje's retreat at Koodoosrand Drift, and the more definitely strategic skill with which for three months he held a much superior force in check at Colesberg. From the point of view of experience it might have been assumed that the British started with an indisputable advantage in the matter of generalship. At the outbreak of the war there were only two countries which had had large and recent acquaintance with actual warfare. In the case of Russia that experience had served only to discover the incapacity of its generals. No reputation survived the Russo-Japanese War, and the only general engaged in that war who was given a considerable command in August, 1914, General Rennenkampf, promptly disappeared as the result of two disastrous failures.

The case was otherwise with the Brit-

ish. Their officers had seen fighting in many fields, and had had victory in all of them. But it may be doubted whether their experience of war was not a loss rather than a gain. It tended to make them shape their methods according to the teaching of that experience, and to assume that the European War was only different in scale from that in which they had learned their lessons. But it was not a difference of scale only or even chiefly; it was a difference of character. It was a warfare that had no points of similarity to the rounding up of dervishes in the desert or of Boer farmers on the veldt. It is not without significance that it was in the first three months, while the war in the West was in a fluid state, that the British achieved their really striking successes; that is to say, it was while the operations bore some resemblance to those with which our army had been familiar in the past that it proved its decisive superiority. This was no doubt due largely to the fact that the original army, though small, consisted of the most-seasoned soldiers in Europe; but it was due also to the fact that the demands on our generalship were demands with which that generalship was familiar. It is probable that history will find in the part which the little British army played in the retreat to the Marne the most momentous single fact of the war. The kaiser, for military, political, and personal considerations alike, flung the spear-head of his army at the British. The attack failed despite its overwhelming mass and impetus, and it failed not only because of the hard stuff of which the British army was composed, but because in that phase of the struggle Sir John French, Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien were greater masters of the craft of war than the generals opposed to them. That wonderful apprenticeship at Colesberg, which General French and General Haig had served together, the one as commander, the other as chief of staff, had prepared them perfectly for such an emergency as this, and it is no extravagant claim to say that it played a governing part in saving the liberties of Europe in the moment of supreme crisis. And hardly less momentous and triumphant was the inspiration of Sir John French which led him to transfer his army from the Aisne to Flanders in the nick of time, and that daring which permitted him to spread out his line so thin that, as one may say, one could see the rents in it. The risk was as great as any ever taken by a general in the field; but it saved Calais and much more than Calais. Few know how narrow the margin was, how near at the end of the ten-days' struggle before Ypres the power of resistance had approached exhaustion, how in that supreme moment the dauntless courage of General French inspired men and officers alike to "hold on" until the surging tide of the German attack fell back shattered and despairing.

If the story of 1915 fell tragically below the high-water mark of the first battle of Ypres, it was because the war had assumed a character with which British generalship was unfamiliar, called for an equipment which the Germans had foreseen and the British had not, demanded methods which had been studied by the German general staff and ignored by British military thought. Criticism on this phase of the war is a delicate task. It is difficult to disentangle the causes of failure and distribute their burden to the right shoulders. Who was it who was responsible for the belated appreciation of the fact that in trench warfare shrapnel was no match for high-explosive shells? British generalship cannot be blamed for the deficiency of guns and equipment in the early stages of the war. That was the natural consequence of the fact that Germany had prepared for the war and the British had not conceived of the possibility of fighting on the Continent with an army of Continental magnitude. But there was clearly a most disastrous failure to understand the lessons of the trench warfare. While the destructive power of the German high-explosive shells was apparent day by day, British military thought, dominated by the memories of the South African War, still obstinately

clung to its faith in shrapnel, and it was not until the intervention of the politicians both in England and France that the importance of the big gun and the explosive shell was thoroughly seized. The prevailing opinion is that in the conflict on the subject which is generally supposed to have taken place between Sir John French and Lord Kitchener it was the latter whose belief in shrapnel survived quite decisive evidence to the contrary. But these and similar points of controversy cannot be decided in the present obscure state of knowledge on the subject.

And without that knowledge it is impossible to say how far the failures of 1915 are attributable to General French. The two great events of that period, Neuve Chapelle and Loos, were very similar in their broad features. They were successful beyond all expectations in their first phase and broke down completely in their second phase. Inadequate artillery preparation was undoubtedly a main cause of failure at Neuve Chapelle, but in the case of Loos the causes were more complex and more sinister. The attack, successful to a quite unexpected degree, outran its power of consolidating itself, and its supports were not only hopelessly in the rear, but were delayed by the chaotic condition of the roads. The long and unexplained interval between the British attack, which began at six in the morning, and the French attack on the right, which did not begin until noon, was also a contributory cause of the failure. It was obvious after Loos that a change in the command would be made. Sir John French's success in all the phases of mobile warfare had been indisputable, but in the static warfare of the trenches and the organization of an attack on a wide intrenched front he could not escape criticism, and his retirement was a matter of course.

If the appointment of Sir Douglas Haig was also a matter of course, the fact cannot be said to be due to any conclusive evidence that he was the man for so onerous a task. The utmost that could be claimed for him was that of the men in the running, he alone had survived as a thinkable substitute. Sir Ian Hamilton's reputation had been eclipsed by the tragic episode of the Dardanelles, and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, whose handling of the Second Army Corps in the retreat to the Marne had been the most brilliant feature of that great incident, had been removed to a home command as the result of a collision of temperament as well as of opinion with his chief. Sir William Robertson, the chief of the general staff, and in many ways the most interesting figure in the army, was felt to be more adapted to the work of initiating the strategy of the war than to executive command in the field. He had risen from the ranks by sheer force of intellect to the position of head of the Staff College at Camberley, an achievement the magnitude of which can be appreciated only by those who understand the enormous part which social considerations play in the British army. It has been suggested that his origin stood in the way of his selection for the supreme command, and it is probable that he would have had to meet a considerable amount of prejudice that would have made his task difficult. No one who has moved among the higher ranks of the army will doubt that. But I do not think that this consideration was really the cause of the choice not falling on him. His career had been almost exclusively associated with the thinking branch of the army, and even in the South African War he had played little or no part in the field. His removal to the position of head of the general staff in London was the obviously right application of his genius to the purposes of the war, and no one appreciated the importance of that fact more than Sir Douglas Haig. "This war," he has said, "will be won in London by those whose thinking is the spring of our action here." There were several men who had come into prominence among the younger officers, most conspicuously General John Gough, a man of really brilliant parts who was widely spoken of as "the brain of the army," but who was unfortunately killed at Neuve Chapelle.

But there was no one who really chal-

Sir Douglas Haig and General Joffre leaving headquarters in northern France

lenged the claim of Sir Douglas Haig as the successor to Sir John French. There was, it was true, a suspicion that he was something of a favorite of fortune, and his career had certainly been one of unusual advancement. He had been exceptionally late in entering the army, for he had not only taken a public-school course, but had then gone to Oxford, and it was not until 1885 that he joined the 7th Hussars. His career as a soldier was threatened at the outset by the refusal of the medical board to admit him to the Staff College on the ground that he was color-blind; but this decision was overruled by the Duke of Cambridge, then commander-in-chief, who, having investigated the case, nominated him personally for admission.

Thenceforward his path was one of uninterrupted success. He first saw active service in the Nile Expedition, and was present at the battles of Atbara and Khartum, receiving his brevet majority, and in the South African War he was General French's right-hand man, serving as his chief of staff in the series of minor, but brilliant, operations about Colesberg which prepared the way for Lord Roberts's advance, continuing his association with General French in the work of the cavalry division when that advance began, and becoming ultimately deputy-assistant

adjutant-general. But it was with the close of the South African War that his pace of advancement became noticeable. He went to the War Office as director of military training, was then appointed chief of the general staff in India, and in 1911, while still well under fifty, was brought home to fill the coveted Aldershot command. There was an undercurrent of complaint in the service at this rapid progress. "It is questionable," said one critic, "whether the plan of switching officers about from one important appointment to another long before their allotted time in posts has expired is advantageous to the military machine." There were not wanting suggestions that court influences were at work in his favor, suggestions which had their root in the fact that he had married the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, who had been maid of honor to Queen Alexandra. No one with any knowledge of English public life will suppose that the fact was a hindrance to Sir Douglas.

But personal contact with him and a study of his career will at least disabuse the mind of the idea that his progress has been a matter of mere social fortune. The impression he creates is singularly unlike the traditional conception of the man of war. I have seen him described as "a rough-hewn soldier," who, like Kléber, makes you feel brave to look at him. If you meet him with that picture in your mind you have a shock of surprise. It is true that his bearing is gallant and soldierly, and that he conveys the sense of a man entirely master of himself and of his task. He is one of the youngest generals in the British army, but he is young-looking even for his years. This suggestion of youth is due not only to the rapid movements of the stalwart frame, but more definitely to the smooth, untroubled face. In profile it slants forward from the retreating brow to the adventurous nose and the big, strong chin. Seen in front, the face is square and massive, the mouth broad and decisive, the blue-gray eyes are calm and direct. But in his manner, speech, and habit of mind there is no trace of the "rough-hewn soldier." He is as remote as anything that can be imagined from suggesting the hard, merciless features of the typical Prussian, Mackensen or Falkenhayn, for example. Despite his uniform, he suggests Oxford more than the barrack-room, and one feels that he would be charming and reassuring by the bedside whether as the rector or the doctor. He irradiates a certain atmosphere of what I may call benevolent alertness. His mingled gravity and gentleness set the note of bearing and conversation. One cannot doubt the will power imaged in the firm mouth and the thrust of the bold chin, but still less can one resist the frankness and courtesy of the direct, but kindly, glance. He wins one's confidence by the obvious sincerity and candor of his speech, is tolerant of a contrary opinion, and listens with respect to anything that deserves respect. But overemphasis, cock-sureness, dogmatism have short shrift from him. It is not that he rebukes them by word, but that he makes them seem false and crude by contrast with his own serene and governed manner. He is like the skilful horseman who rules his steed not by the whip and the spur, but by the subtle authority of a superior will conveyed through hints that are at once gentle and indisputable. In the midst of his staff his mastery is obvious without being demonstrative. It has the art of evoking the maximum of thought and directing it into the right channels without surrendering any element of respect. It is the art of the judge who encourages the counsel to enlighten him, but preserves his right of judgment.

This impression, of course, is of Sir Douglas in the normal surroundings of his headquarters. I am told that you will have an impression of another sort on the field of action. Here around the table the placid eye and the quiet, assured manner are the key-notes of the man, and it is hard to associate with him the idea of any fierce passion, certainly not the meaner passions of revenge or fear. But in action that formidable chin, as it were, takes the helm, and the fundamental masterfulness

of the man, which wears so polite a mask in ordinary circumstances, comes into action stripped of all disguise. The bedside manner has vanished before the fierce breath of the battle-field. He is not, I am informed, so easy to live with in those circumstances.

This genius for action has been emphasized throughout the war. Behind the scenes there has been much whispering, certainly exaggerated, of the conflict between Lord Kitchener and Sir John French as to the merits of officers. This man, it was suggested, was a favorite of Sir John, that man a favorite of Lord Kitchener. All wars produce this sort of suspicious gossip. Doubtless there is truth in it in the sense that two men will never have quite the same estimates of their subordinates. There is no doubt that the high opinion which Sir John French had of Sir Douglas as the result of their coöperation in South Africa became strengthened as the war proceeded. Other men won passing praises in his despatches, but his admiration for the qualities of Sir Douglas remained the most constant theme. In the retreat from Mons it was "the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night" that won his praise. At the Aisne on September 14, 1914, "The action of the First Corps on this day, under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig, was of so skilful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river." In the first battle of Ypres the chief honors of victory were again awarded to Sir Douglas: "Throughout this trying period, Sir Douglas Haig, aided by his divisional commanders and his brigade commanders, held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage. Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable service they have

The past and present leaders of the British army, Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig

rendered." When the first forward move was attempted at Neuve Chapelle the First Army Corps was moved southward for the task, and it was Sir Douglas to whom was again committed the executive command in the field. It was an ill-fated venture despite the apparent, but superficial and costly, success, but its failure must be attributed mainly to the then apparently unrealized insufficiency of our artillery preparation. Sir John declared that in this engagement "the energy and vigor with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power." Finally, at Loos, Sir Douglas was again in command of the attack. I have reason to know something of the measure of his confidence in the result of that attack, something also of the extraordinary completeness of the preparation, of the minuteness of the knowledge of the enemy's line, of the groundwork of careful study upon which that confidence was built. I can conceive something also of his disappointment at the limited achievement. It left not merely Lille, but La Bassée still in the hands of the enemy, and the enemy line only dented with a new salient of questionable value. The main cause of the failure was the fact which has governed the whole story of the siege-warfare—the overwhelming advantage which the defense has over the attack. On the Aisne, at Ypres, on the Yser, at Souchez, in Champagne, at Verdun the story has always been the same, and at the time of writing it would almost seem that the forecast of Bloch had been absolutely fulfilled and that in modern trench war, where the foes were reasonably matched, a decision could not be reached on the battle-field. But there were circumstances in connection with Loos which gravely reflected on the leadership, especially on the divisional staff work and the organization. The early success of the movement exceeded all expectations, and I am told that wireless messages of the Germans ordering the evacuation of La Bassée and Lens were intercepted. But the very success was disastrous. The advance outran its power of control, and the fatal confusion in the rear prevented the blow from being driven home. It was the latter fact which was the decisive element of failure, and with that element Sir Douglas Haig was not concerned.

When the change in the supreme command was made he was, so far as the public estimate of the possibilities was concerned, the obvious and indeed the only choice. But it was felt to be still an experiment. His record had been one of conspicuous success within certain limits. It had revealed in him many of the qualities of great generalship, caution in preparing his stroke, ingenuity in extricating himself from difficulties, constancy of mind, a temperament of instructed confidence, power of commanding the affections as well as the obedience of subordinates, resolution and impetus in action. There was no other personality in high command for whom the possession of so many of the essentials could be claimed. But it had to be seen in his case, as in the case of General French, whether his various accomplishments included the larger qualities called for in the command of an army of unprecedented magnitude, engaged in a war far remote in character from that with which his chief successes had been won. He went out to Flanders eighteen months ago in command of an army corps: he is to-day in command of an army of not fewer than a million men, probably of not far short of a million and a half men. In this great task the faculties that he revealed in the retreat from Mons, at the Aisne, at Ypres, and at Neuve Chapelle will be valuable, and the experience he gained in those fields will be even more valuable.

But with all this there remains to be proved whether he possesses that large synthesis of war which the occasion demands, the power of piercing through the encumbering perplexities of a vast field of operations to the central fact, the imaginative insight into the purposes of the enemy, the coördination of the myriad parts of his system to the needs of one clearly apprehended purpose. This can

be discovered only by events, and with these events impending it would be foolish to forecast its future. He has had many successes and no real failure. He possesses beyond doubt all the calculable parts of generalship, in temper, mind, and character. He possesses them, so far as one can judge, in that balance and equipoise without which their worth is negligible. But whether he fuses them with the spark of genius remains to be proved. I should hesitate to say that he does. I should expect to find that extreme competence rather than great original power is his total quality, and that while he might be relied on to make no blunders that careful knowledge, a cautious temper, and a discriminating judgment could avoid, he would not display those incalculable inspirations which are the mark of great genius. But in the absence of superlative genius he is the best that the British army has to offer.

And that fact brings me to what should be the real test of his fitness for the task. Will he have the courage to go to the root of the evil in that army? Will he, defiant of hoary tradition, sweep out inefficiency wherever he finds it, and give brains their chance in this great struggle? The relative failure of the British army has not been due to the failure of the material of which it is composed. There is no better material in Europe. But the officering has been lamentably inadequate. The reason is apparent. The army before the war was a small machine, a trifle in relation to the total of the nation. It drew its officers from a narrow class of society. They were not merely quantitively, but also qualitatively, unrepresentative of the nation. They were a social caste, trained in a tradition of grotesque conservatism and exclusiveness. In the crack regiments no man could hold a commission who was not a man of fortune. The war came, and suddenly the army expanded from a hundred and fifty thousand to a million, two millions, three millions, four millions. The struggle developed phases of warfare which had not only not been studied, but not even seriously considered—the aërial conflict, the use of weapons hitherto undreamed of, the application of science to the necessities of war, and so on. But with all this expansion in size and change in requirement, the control remained the same. Hundreds and thousands of brilliant young men from the professions, the universities, the business world entered the army. The very cream of the nation is in the trenches, but at the top all is as before. "Buggins' turn," to use Lord Fisher's phrase, still governs the army. Buggins may be a fool, may be known to be a fool, but he has grown old in the service; he is popular with the mess, he has strong social connections, it would be a scandal not to give him his turn. The story of the Dardanelles reeked with this disease of Buggins. The story of France and Flanders is not much better. Men may be proved incompetent, but they do not disappear. They are not cashiered; they are even promoted. The railways are controlled by soldiers, the air service is largely run by men who do not fly; nowhere does the mere professional give place to the expert, or the decorated antiquity to the man of brains. It is as though a body of parish councilors have suddenly been called upon to administer an empire in the midst of an earthquake, and are imperiling that empire by their insistence on their professional precedence. The question that men are asking in connection with Sir Douglas Haig is whether he is a big enough man to attack this disease and to bring to the army the service of the best brains at his command, regardless of whether they are the brains of Buggins or of Buggins's coachman. I doubt whether he is the man for that heroic work; but I am certain that his success depends upon the ruthlessness with which he uses the surgeon's knife in what is notoriously the diseased tissue of the British army.

Neighbors

By EUGENE WOOD

Author of "In Our Town," etc.

YOU say to your wife, coming back from seeing Uncle Zenas and Aunt Polly safely on their train:

"Well, I guess they had a pretty good time."

"Aw my! Indeed they did. Aunt Polly enjoyed every minute of her visit. So she told me, and so did Uncle Zenas. Salt of the earth, both of them."

"They 'll have something to talk about when they get back home."

"Last 'em the rest of their lives."

"I only hope it won't make them discontented with Bloomfield Center."

To which your wife responds with that funny little short laugh women have,—"Ha-a-a-a-a!"—which means, "Don't you fool yourself."

They did have a grand good time as far as you were able to give it to them. They took in Grant's Tomb; and Fifth Avenue, where the bigbugs live; and the Statue of Liberty,—"Well, ma'am," said Uncle Zenas, looking up reproachfully when he had reached earth again, "next time I 'll write instid o' comin' to see you"; and Ellis Island, where the ignorant foreigners come in; and the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and the ditto Tower; and the ditto Opera; and the bridges; and the subway; and the East Side—all the things they came to see, and more also that you were too tuckered to take 'em to, but which they sallied out for on their own hook, and got back alive the same day, to the surprise of all. But if you think that they consider life in New York superior to life in Bloomfield Center, why, you 're mighty much mistaken.

He waited till the train got clear out of the station, and then he said, Uncle Zenas did:

"Well, sir, I would n't *live* in New York, not if you was to *give* it to me."

And Aunt Polly answered:

"No; nor me."

And that 's a blessed good thing. If they were going back to Bloomfield Center all out of conceit with it, and they expecting to spend the remainder of their days there, it would be terrible. Not that such a thing would be possible. It is mercifully provided that when folks get to be the age of Aunt Polly and Uncle Zenas it is virtually impossible to make them discontented with anything they 've been used to all their lives.

Aunt Polly thought housekeeping arrangements in your apartment were just too cute: no trotting up and down stairs; no running out to the pump in all weathers; not even to have to think to put the dish-water on; no ashes to take up, and no lamps to clean. But that 's just it; it was *too* cute. She could never reconcile it with her conscience to have her work as easy as all that. It 'd be too much like play, which softens the moral fiber to a kind of jell.

Uncle Zenas did say something, you recollect, about the wicked waste of buying everything by dribs and drabs, running out for every little handful instead of keeping it down cellar; but what really horrified them they never opened their heads about till they got home.

He was going to, but Aunt Polly caught his eye, and gave him that look which forty-seven years of married life have taught him means: "Danger! Keep still!" You see, she 'd already made one break herself. You remember when she looked out upon the white clothes fluttering from the roof of an apartment-house, and said so innocently, "The woman that lives there has put out a washing every day I been here." Well, she did n't want Zenas laughed at, even in secret.

He was as near as anything to blatting it right out that day he saw a black-and-purple streamer floating from the bell-handle of one of the few remaining "pri-

vate" houses across the way. "Who is it 's dead over yan there?" he asked. "Must be a grown person; it 'd be a white one if it was a child. Sick long?"

You did n't know.

You did n't know? Did n't you know who lived there or what their name was or how many in family or anything at all about them? Well, did n't you expect to go over and see if there was n't something you could do?

He saw the smile you did your best to hide as you thought how embarrassing it would be to all concerned if you did make bold to step across and offer your services. He saw that it had n't even occurred to you to do that. You did n't care *that* about your neighbors, whether they lived or died, no more than if it was a dog. He opened his mouth to say what kind of a way that was to live, and Aunt Polly gave him that look, and he shut it again, but with an expression round it that said as plain as words, "Well, that ain't human."

Perhaps it had n't struck you in that light before, but *is* it human not to know or care what the man in the third flat west works at; and how much he gets; whether this is his first or second wife, and if she 's his second, is the first one dead or divorced; and where did they use to live at before they came to New York? Uncle Zenas knows by the end of the second day. By the end of the third day Aunt Polly is making doll-clothes for the little girl across the hall, and can give full particulars of all the operations the little girl's ma has had. If Aunt Polly and Uncle Zenas stay more than a week, people you don't know from Adam are greeting them with a cheery, and even affectionate, "How de do?" Only the other day the grocer on the corner surprised you by inquiring after the old gentleman that used to come in the store with you, and asked you to send his best regards next time you wrote. He would himself, only he can't so goot English.

They can be neighbors with your neighbors, it seems, and why can't you? Have you lost something they still have?

When Uncle Zenas looked as if he 'd like to say, "Well, that ain't human," he probably was thinking how it would be if it was for him the black-and-purple streamer floated, and folks in Bloomfield Center as hard-hearted as folks in New York. It 's getting along about the time for him and Aunt Polly to consider such matters. It won't be a great while now before they who have had hold of each other's hands so many years must part, and one be left all alone. He is hoping, Uncle Zenas is, that he will be the first to go. Polly could get along better without him than he without her. A woman can kind o' bear up more under affliction. He 's hoping that when it does come time for him to go that he will fall asleep, say, sitting in the rocking-chair some day after dinner, and—and not wake up. It will be consid'able of a shock, no doubt, to Polly to come in to the sitting-room after she gets the dishes washed and put away, and find him there—no, not there; gone. But, even so, it would be lots easier on her than for him to linger along for weeks and weeks, a bother to himself and everybody, and wear her out, and run up a big doctor's bill. Still, we 're in the hands of the Good Man, and if it is His will that we should lie extended on the bed of pain, why, that 's the way it 'll have to be, that 's all.

It is a satisfaction to Uncle Zenas to know that, in that case, he and Aunt Polly have neighbors, real, human neighbors. They 'll turn in and help, so 's it won't be quite so hard for Polly. They 'll do the feeding, and milk Lady and attend to the milk. They will cut stove-wood, and carry in the water for her. The women-folks will take hold and do up the housework for her, and fetch over things that they have baked. They will all do things which flatly contradict the doctrine of total depravity, "whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." Dave Lumbart will forget his rheumatism and go out and shoot a brace of quail to tempt the sick man's appetite, and Jake Huber will stop in every morning on his way to work and ask Aunt

Polly if there is any errand he can do for her down-street—"W'y, no trouble at all; on'y too glad."

They 'll all be interested to know how he is this morning. Even more comforting than the bodily acts of kindness will be the sympathetic attention they will give to Aunt Polly's narrative of the sick-room, full of the minutest details of every little thing—how along about two o'clock he kind o' roused up and wanted a drink of water. When there is some one to receive the accumulated watchings of the lonesome hours, it takes such a burden off a person! After the doctor says they must n't come in the room where he is, it might distress him, the neighbors will peek in through the partly opened door at him, and talk in whispers and walk about on tiptoe.

They won't be like the folks in New York, not caring whether you live or die, no more 'n if you were a dog. Not as much. Nights the Odd Fellows 'll take turns sitting up with the sick man, so 's Aunt Polly can get her rest. It won't be like there was a hireling about, a trained nurse so bossy and dictatorial, and making Aunt Polly wait on her hand and foot; they will be brothers in F. L. and T., who will give his languid hand the secret grip when they approach his bedside the first time each night.

And when at last, in a manner of speaking, the tired laborer shall put off the overalls of the flesh and go home, when the black-and-purple streamer shall fawn upon the air in graceful curvings, the people across the way will not need the prompting, "Are n't you going to ask if there is n't something you can do?" They won't need to be told; they 're neighbors. They will miss him leading Lady to pasture, and pottering around in his yard.

Uncle Zenas, planning it all out, will reflect with satisfaction that his funeral will be by daylight, in the afternoon. In New York—why, sir, that time Polly and he were in New York visiting Ed and his wife, there was a death across the road, and the funeral was at night! It 's a positive fact. They held the funeral in the evening after supper, so 's the friends and relatives could come to it without losing any time off.

D' you call that human?

II

But talk to Uncle Zenas in a less melting mood, and you will learn that to find Arcadia it is not enough to leave New York and come to Bloomfield Center. They are n't as neighborly even there as they once were. There is not the frank democracy there used to be in his young days. Too much of what he scornfully calls "codfish aristocracy" has come in and split the happy united village into what he calls "clicks." They don't have the good times nowadays like they did when they got up apple-cuttings and corn-huskings, barn-raisings, and all the devices by which what was hard labor for one lone family was turned into a frolic for the whole settlement. Everybody knew everybody, and winter nights a whole parcel of 'em would pile into sleds and come bu'stin' in on some family. Maybe they were getting ready for bed, but the old man 'd get up and put his pants on and take down the fiddle, and they 'd move the chairs and things out and have a dance; stay up till all hours, and get home about time to feed the stock. Ah, dear! they were neighbors in those days!

And, even so, that did n't come up to what he 'd heard tell about of the heroic period of this country, the romantic age, the log-cabin days, when they were all poor and struggling, but happy in their poverty, when the latch-string was always out, and they would share their last pint of corn-meal with the wayfarer, not knowing where the next was to come from, but sure they would make out somehow. Uncle Zenas shakes his head; does n't know what the country 's coming to.

One wonders who could have listened to the old-time circuit-riders when they called not righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Seemingly we have lost something —something very precious.

Yet Aunt Polly knows, if Uncle Zenas does n't, that for every light there has to be a shadow. The very ones who will do

these helpful, kindly acts will be the very ones to watch like hawks for something they can run and tell. Not a chipped plate will escape their notice while they are doing up the housework for her, not a "devil's wig" of fluff under the bed her broom has missed. The woman who will lend her the mourning-bonnet that has gloomed at every funeral on the hill for, lo! these many years will be there with her ear hung out to catch each one of poor Aunt Polly's sobs and sighs, and she will have her say to say, whether Polly "took on" too much to be sincere or so little as to make folks think that, after all, she was kind o' glad to get shut of him.

Uncle Zenas is the salt of the earth,—as salt of the earth goes, you understand,—but during a lifetime residence in Bloomfield Center he has had various dealings with various people in which he has n't always got the worst of it. There have been two or three law-suits and some few horse-trades in which he has n't got the worst of it, strictly speaking. Also, though he was very patient about it, and told them time and time again to keep 'em shut up, there have been neighbors' chickens that got into his garden and never got out alive. And one thing and another, one thing and another. So perhaps it 's just as well the old gentleman does n't know what 's said about him around the grocery stove after he 's gone.

When you have neighbors of the old-time sort, it 's just a lifelong struggle to keep your own affairs to yourself. If there 's anything you 'd just a little rather were not published all abroad, whether it be that you gave your poor old mother an overdose of morphine to hurry her out of the world, or that you have overdrawn your bank-account a dollar eighty, you 've got to watch your every word, and even the expression of your countenance, or they will pick your guilty secret from you bit by bit.

A lifelong struggle and a hopeless one. What they can't find out they guess at, and so wildly sometimes that you are tempted to tell it all; maybe they 'll get it somewhere near straight then.

There are many reasons why people forsake life in Bloomfield Center to choose life in New York, and one of these reasons often is that in New York they think there won't be any neighbors. They 're glad enough *not* to have them. The man who first invented cities was also the man who first asked the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Fellow by the name of Cain.

Only, when you come out of the Grand Central or the Pennsylvania Station with your telescope banging your legs, you have n't got away from neighbors. It just looks at first as if you had. People across the hall or across the street don't fix up and come to call on you just because you 've moved in near them. Oh, the grocery-boy calls as soon as he sees the van arrive with your goods, and for a while it seems as if he was the only one you 'd ever get acquainted with. You might attend church till you were black in the face, and none of them would ever come a-near, especially if the music and the preaching there were extra fine.

If you happen to have a dog or a child or anything like that to take out for an airing every day, you often do converse with people who have like encumbrances, and who would all swell up and die if once in a while they could n't talk to somebody about them, and brag how they understand what 's said to them almost the same as a person. They have to talk to somebody and tell all that, and it might as well be you. But you had better be careful about neighboring with such; they may be all right, and again they may not.

You go along that way for a long time, all shut up in your shell like a terrapin, and it begins to come to you that being entirely neighborless is n't what it 's cracked up to be. It seems a little lonesome and depressing. People don't pry into everything you do, it 's true, but that 's because they don't care two pins for you one way or the other. Live or die, it 's all one to them. You might struggle along and not a hand be lifted to help you. Worse. You 'd be glad to give some one a helping hand, but you cannot

because you don't know whom to help. It is worse because it really is more blessed to give than to receive. That is n't just preacher talk; it 's so. Uncle Zenas is right; it is n't a human way to live.

That 's what you think.

And just about the time when you begin to be right homesick for Bloomfield Center and the kindly neighbors there who do such good turns for one another—what difference does it make if they do gossip? They don't do it for meanness, but just because there are only the neighbors to talk about. They don't have armfuls of metropolitan dailies, with news of how the Prince of Weissnichtwo has a hard cold, and what Miss Dusenberry had on when she married young Ishkabibble, son of old man Ishkabibble who has the big factory where they make whistles out of pigs' tails, and the official accounts of breakfast-table squabbles brought out in divorce-court proceedings, and who fell out of an aëroplane, and who got run over by an automobile. They have n't anything like that, you know, the poor things, so can you blame them if they gossip?—just about the time you 've half a mind to pick up and go back to Bloomfield Center to live,—you would, only it would look as if you could n't make a go of it in New York,—just about then it dawns upon you that having neighbors and being neighbors is n't like a suit of clothes that you can put on or off just as you feel like it; it 's part of our nature.

In Bloomfield Center they are neighbors who live near each other; in New York we are neighbors who are in the same line of business. However sparsely scattered, all the practitioners of every way to make a living, from fortune-telling to finance, collogue together, and each separate set is a Bloomfield Center in its own right. We do not chop up stovewood for Aunt Polly or ourselves sit up with Uncle Zenas when he 's sick, but we find ways of doing that for which we have to answer sheepishly: "Oh, that 's all right. Don't thank *me*. I 'm only passing it along. When I was up against it, others came to the front for me."

Yes, and in this tangle of agglomerated Bloomfield Centers we talk about our neighbors just as much as ever they dare do in isolated Bloomfield Centers. What? Would you destroy the greatest moral agency invented?

You have heard so often that New York is the habitation of devils and the cage of every unclean bird that it may take you by surprise, as it did me when I was new to the place, to learn that lots and lots of people there are looking for the chance—*looking* for it—to play the good Samaritan to some wayfarer fallen among thieves. The good Samaritan, you recollect, distinctly did not live next door to the man that he was neighbor to. I 'm glad of that. Partly because there cannot be the least suspicion that the good Samaritan's motive was that the man had done or would do just as much for him some day, but mostly because I like to have a story "come out right," and I 'm afraid that if he had lived next door, he would have remembered all the poor fellow's past performances from boyhood, from taking back gates off their hinges, Hallowe'ens, to marrying when he was only getting eight dollars a week. He might have been tempted to say: "What? That worthless cuss? I 'd see him with his tongue hangin' out before I 'd turn my hand to help him! Ah, 'wife and family,' nothin'! He should 'a' thought o' them before."

But where millions of us swarm together, there are so many past performances that there are n't any; infinity equals zero. Walk through Union Square some frosty night and see, stretched out upon the platform of the Cottage, poor shivering wretches trying to sleep, with bare boards for their mattress and wrapping-paper for their blankets. They may have been idle, wasteful, stupid, drunken; they may have been just unlucky,—we don't know,—but we do know that they are human beings just like us. Every one of them was born into the world by a mother's precious groanings, as we were. For every one of them a mother had high ambitions, as ours had for us. For every

one of them—I do not wish to seem to cant—Christ died. He, too, slept out, like them; He had not where to lay His head.

In Bloomfield Center (to take that as a type and figure of the neighborhood of an elder age), when there was "sorrow, need, sickness or any other adversity," it was exceptional and not the rule. True, the poor they had always with them, but not the same ones year in, year out. Everybody had a hard time getting started, but got over it; everybody had his hard luck, but it came turn and turn about. So that while the old neighborhood never lacked occasion for its gracious exercise, yet for each one the storm passed over, and the sun came out, and he was able to bear another's burden for a while, as others had helped him bear his. We want to do that. It is our nature to. We should not be here at all to-day if it had not been our nature to, if it were not an instinct with us since long before the day when an expert biologist, looking us over, could say, "Ye-e-e-es, I reckon you can call 'em humans."

But in New York, where the old geographic neighborhood has virtually passed away, and the new industrial neighborhood is not yet fully come, we see plainly enough that there are far too many fallen among thieves, stripped of their raiment of hope and self-respect, wounded in mind and body, and left half dead, for us to be the good Samaritan effectively. If we help two or three this frosty night to get a bed, to-morrow night they will be just as badly off. We like the prospect, "the poor ye have always with you," as little as we liked the prospect of having the Isthmus of Panama always with us. It cost too much to sail 'way round the Horn, and we are asking ourselves, "Is it good for business to have so many who cannot buy even shelter from the night, let alone buy what we have to sell,—*must* sell, indeed, or be as miserable as they?"

He was a good Samaritan that helped the luckless traveler, but, it occurs to us, a better Samaritan he would be that cleared the highway of the robber gang.

So wholesale have been the changes wrought in the lifetime of Uncle Zenas by the almost sudden application of steam, electricity, and gasolene to transportation even more than to industrial processes; so ruthlessly have old-time ways of doing things been hurried to the scrap-heap, that sometimes we 're afraid lest in the bustle and confusion the kindly virtues of an antique world may have been thrown out carelessly, like silver spoons in the dish-water.

During the lifetime of Uncle Zenas—no use denying it—something precious has been lost. As a nation we have gained a mastery over Nature's powers as never in the world before. As a nation we have heaped up wealth as never in the world before. Yet what shall all this profit us if, as a nation, we have lost our soul? If we have lost that high idealism that once made "America" the word of hope to all the world's oppressed? If we have lost that faith in the equality of men for which our fathers offered up their lives?

When Uncle Zenas was a youth there happened what was called "The Great Awakening." A Mighty Power descended upon men, convincing them of righteousness and a judgment to come. When they most feared that they had lost their souls, then they were nearest to the kingdom. They gained a new ideal. By its strength they put an end forever to that wicked and cruel institution, slavery. Yet what we see about us every day, what affronts neighborliness, no less by swollen riches than gaunt poverty, is wickeder and crueler by far than slavery.

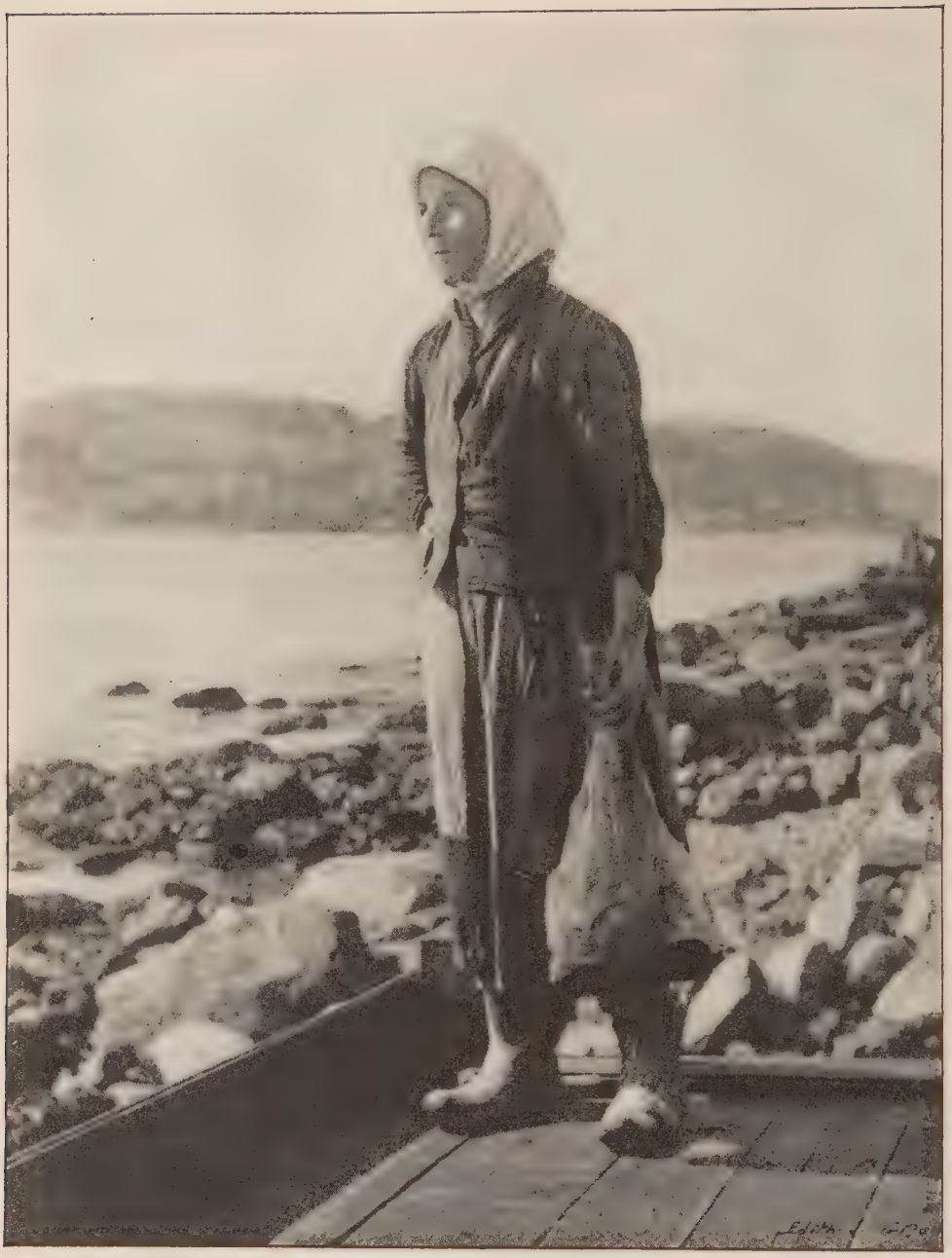
The religion of that elder day we 've also lost, it seems. It is hard for us to speak without a smile of Noah's ark, of Jonah and the whale, of Balaam's ass discoursing with her master. But is that child-like faith so necessary that we cannot have a great awakening in our day, which shall give us, as a nation, a new ideal?

Neighborliness should be a religion all could believe in. "And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy?"

The French peasants of St. Pierre and Miquelon

Four photographs taken on the two tiny islands just off the south coast of Newfoundland which belong to France

By Edith S. Watson



Feminism and Psychology

By GEORGE MALCOLM STRATTON

Author of "Psychology of the Religious Life," etc.

WHEN the Prince Gotama was asked by his disciple Ananda, "How are we to conduct ourselves, Lord, with regard to womankind?" the great teacher answered, "Do not see them, Ananda."

"But if we should see them," continued the disciple, "what are we to do?"

"Abstain from speech, Ananda."

"But if they should speak to us, Lord, what are we to do?"

"Keep wide awake, Ananda."

There can be no doubt that we of the Western World see womankind; indeed, they even address us, attracting our attention by means more effective than that pea-filled bladder with which in the olden tale the philosopher was aroused from his meditation. Consequently there is clear need of vigilance. But there must be no mere waking of wit to guard cleverly some ancient privilege of men, nor even a stir of sympathy alone, making men readier to be just to women. For there are imponderable things beside justice that are at stake in the present time, and among them is the fine and living contrast between men and women which has gradually and in increasing measure enriched the world.

If I shall have much to say of the difference between women's minds and men's, it is with no intent to deny the deep likeness. The contrast must not be overstated, as though men and women by the returns of science were set wholly upon opposite sides of some mental line. Friendship would disprove so complete an opposition—friendship between men and women like Michelangelo and Colonna, not to speak of the affectionate understanding that exists with the lads and lasses of every village and testifies to their common inner life. Nor is there a work however mannish, from raising cattle in Wyoming and exploring in Africa to the leading of French armies and the governing of Britain or Russia, which women have not well performed; even as men can cook, teach toddlers, sing tenor, write verses, and paint, arts which no prophet in the Garden could possibly have foreseen would belong to any but the daughters of Eve.

But for all the men more womenly than women and the women who have outmanned the men, nature has offered the beginnings of a real contrast between them—like two sketches started with a subtle variation in the ground tone, which the artist can either neglect or encourage until he has two works that are of different treatment and are not mere duplicates upon the one theme. So, as the details pass through the circle of our attention, some may appear of slight moment singly, while all together they will be enough, it would seem, to promise two markedly antithetic and supplemental forms of human character. We may begin, then, with facts that are more physical, which will gradually lead like a schoolmaster to things that are indisputably within the province of the mind.

In addition to the contrast directly connected with the bearing and nurture of young, there is a difference of size and strength and fleetness. It is customary to speak of man as stronger, though this is half true, half false; for although he is stronger of frame and muscle and more active, he is of markedly weaker constitution, less resistant to the enemies of life. And this difference seems native and intrinsic, not due to externals or to the chance arrangements of society; for already in infancy the man-child is more open to the attack of mortal disease: where a hundred girl-babies die in the first year of life, our census shows that there die about one hundred and thirty boys.

In the sense-organs there is a difference closer to what we know of mind, and which is not wholly in accord with the

common thought that women are more sensitive than men. They are more delicate of touch, and can perceive certain tastes, notably sweet, at a low degree that escapes the man, although for salt and sour and bitter, as well as for smell in general, the evidence is not so clear. In Miss Nelson's experiments in California the men were able to hear fainter tones, and for all but one of several pure colors of the spectrum the men, contrary to the popular belief, detected the color at a lower intensity than did the women. But beside this difference in the senses when they are normal, serious defects of eye and ear come far more often to the man and to the man-child. Color-blindness, which is usually innate and is therefore not to be ascribed to the manner in which man lives and works, is about tenfold more frequent among men than among women. Blindness pure and simple is also more frequent among men. Of the number reported totally blind in our country, about 20,000 are male and 15,500 are female. As proof that this great excess of the male blind is not due entirely to the greater danger in men's work, there is a great excess of males among those blind at birth. The most serious defects of hearing also occur oftener among men; for of those reported in our census as totally deaf, the males appear in by far the greater number.

Women's greater ease of remembering is shown by a wide variety of experiments, and only recently this has been verified by more than one investigator in California both for longer and shorter times. This very ease of acquisition perhaps also leads women to prefer the work of memory to that of fresh judgment. Where free choice was offered—a choice between reporting merely what had been learned and applying this to some new and untried point—the men among my students have been readier than the women to add some enterprise of judgment to their recollection; a larger proportion of the men have chosen the task which required thought. This accords with evidence gathered elsewhere that men take more kindly to intellectual games, to sheer and useless pitting of their wits against a problem. Yet it is by no means clear that, given full backing and motive from the other sides of character, the average of woman's intellect is not natively as keen and capable as man's. Her logical mechanism, it would seem, however, is less likely to run by a kind of internal combustion; there is less of thought for thought's sake, to which the science as well as the scholasticism of all ages is in such debt.

The emotions of women are more lively, more lightly on the wing. Mr. Chesterton would have us believe in the coldness of Chloe generally, but he is more wrong than right. She is closer to tears, even closer still to laughter. Her emotions can also take the almost negative and unemotional form of endurance, of fortitude. Oftener in sickness, as runs the evidence gathered from hundreds of physicians in Holland, which others might confirm, the women show bravery and patience. These same physicians also testify that after the death of loved ones the men are sooner comforted. The emotions which woman manifests beyond those of man are therefore not merely those that lie upon the surface and are transitory; they, too, are deep and constant, showing her to possess both in serious and in trivial things something of the character which in whimsy lies in that *Mrs. Battles* whom Elia praised for her lasting attachments and antipathies.

And here we come upon a vital point. It is often asked whether man or woman is the more "social" being. My own opinion is that the clash of answer rests on a double meaning of the word: for man is in one sense more social, since he is adept at organizing human life into corporations, into cities and states; he is interested in groups and in masses. But woman is more social in another sense, since she has more of real sympathy with human beings as persons. And this high trait in women helps to explain their suggestibility, in which they seem in general to outdistance men. Yet the experiments do not give testimony that women always and in every field are the more suggestible.

From a wide range of experiments carried on during several years in the laboratory of the University of California it is apparent that men are occasionally as suggestible as women, and in certain directions are more subject to this influence; but in general the women seem to have more open places in their armor.

I have brought suggestion close to social responsiveness; for may we not regard suggestion, in part at least, as announcing fewer barriers between us and other persons? We imitate, we receive suggestion, from those who command our attention, who loom large and impressive. The male wears some curious insulation on his spirit, cutting him off from more personal currents. Thus Starbuck found that of persons converted to religion there were far more men converted in solitude, while the women were more often influenced in some meeting. This response to the presence of others is nothing cheap; it is not unlike friendliness or even motherhood, attenuated and become universal. For unless men also were responsive in some degree, there would be among them neither morals nor religion.

But man is more the egotist. This he shows at times in petty ways—in readiness to talk about himself, to laugh at his own jokes, to take abundant satisfaction in himself generally; this is a common observation now fortified by solemn statistics. But he also shows it in ways of greater consequence—in high self-confidence and courage and in a measureless talent for command and leadership.

For with the male all persons, except himself and a chosen few, count less, and the impersonal "cause" counts more, and so he is fitted with self-assurance, without which no man can guide. For the great leader is always a contradiction, having weak human ties and yet such strength of bond that he feels what will deeply satisfy men's craving. Lincoln, the tender-hearted, was yet inexorably grim in his prosecution of the war. The one who leads must be detached and yet closely bound to men, social and unsocial at once; and in this double character the male excels.

The differences I have mentioned are mostly inbred, I believe, and not parts of mere convention. They run through body and thought, through instinct and emotion, seeming to be part of that natural provision by which in all higher creatures we have not one sex, but two. Yet nature has found a stout ally in human custom and employment. The very contrast in human work which nature has almost prescribed by producing two kinds of persons, with different physical build, with different relations to children, and a different leaning of instinct and emotion—this contrast has been deepened by the very situation to which it has led; somewhat as two groups of college students, not greatly different as they pass into law and medicine, end with manners and interests molded to opposite forms by their work. The domestic, the maternal problems and surroundings are not those of the chase and the war-path, of commerce and of government.

To this unsought difference others have been added by conscious preference and desire. The contrast between men and women has been accepted, and an intentional accent has been given to the difference already there. Dress, with its sharp and broad distinction, may here serve as a symbol of what has been desired within. Largely to make their contrast more patent than even nature and employment had left it, men and women with us use a style of garment distinct in texture, color, cut, and ornament; as they have also developed customs, like the use of tobacco and perfumes, which only the nonconformists of the opposite sex will adopt.

In like manner women in civilized lands have cultivated their natural and acquired sensitiveness, their appreciation of things beautiful, their affection for children, their reverence. The men have aimed to be manly, to suppress weakness and sentiment, to be followers of cold reason, to value mechanism and organization. Men pride themselves, therefore, upon the style of thought and of expression that befits all organized effort, namely, the argument, the chain of impersonal judg-

ments; but when this fails, then the word of authority, of command. All these are now part of the approved masculine technic. The manly ideal and the womanly ideal have been formed not by men alone, as some charge, but by men and women in concert. Historically women have had as great dread of becoming masculine as men have of becoming effeminate. On neither side has there been sheer compulsion from the other, although each group, in accepting its own ideal, has also supported the other group in its purpose to stand apart.

Such are the things wrought in us by the past: a difference due to nature and endowment; a difference not inborn, although unsought, due to the work and the life, and to the work and the life's own promptings and repressions; a difference, finally, neither inborn nor unsought, but aimed at because men and women wished to be unlike.

But no one with faith in will and in deep desire can permit the past wholly to decide the future and the end. The past may offer, but we shall reject or accept, as the offering seems an encumbrance or a heritage. To-day and to-morrow we must choose afresh, since the destiny we call blind peers through her lids and relents when our word and will are rugged. If women's work and manner of life were to become indistinguishable from men's, if the desire for a contrast in temper and play of mind should be imprisoned and starved by some imperious desire, then the mental difference brought by nature to the girl and the boy could be almost masked, and the world would show beings of different voice, perhaps, and with differing need of razor, but otherwise fairly alike. Nature driven out with a pitchfork, as the proverb says, might steal back, but whimpering and submissive.

Despite such gray forecasts, which only to eyes in darkness can seem golden, we may confidently expect the future to fulfil and not destroy the ancient law that men and women shall stand in contrast; that in their aim to enrich our good old world they shall contribute to the common treasury in different ways. If one might sit by the tripod, yet without the sibyl's madness, this would be the prophecy: there will be a difference between men and women, but no longer confused with inferiority. When the future shall have done its perfect work, there will be no domination, no arrogance of claim, no narrow judging of the one group by the ideal of the other.

The modern movement to enlarge the opportunities of women has already brought us far upon the way to this great end. Many a rigid custom devised to express and support man's sense of his superiority is now seen to be without right and warrant. It was entirely unjust that men should prejudge women's intellectual power and exclude them from the universities. It was unjust that in marriage the control of property and of children should be vested solely in the husband. It was unjust that women should by men be excluded from the great professions. It was unjust that women should be denied by men a legal voice in governing. Man has been the administrator, the wielder of state power, and has used his power tyrannically, blind to the natural claim of his associate. These ancient wrongs will inevitably relax their hold and finally expire. For the corollaries of democracy gradually become clear before our astonished eyes, adding to those older things long seen—that color of skin does not make men subject to sale, and that possessions and ancestry confer no right to rule. And to our country which has committed its fortunes to democracy, this strange idea will destroy the conviction that the privileges of ruling are somehow linked with the marks of the male.

And this enfranchisement, which will at first seem to blur the desirable contrast between men and women, is an almost inevitable step toward its deep attainment. For at its best the contrast must be approved and sought by women in all freedom; especially can there be no constraint by men. If in full liberty women and men should later elect to bound their responsibilities and assign all statecraft to the men, women having obtained the fran-

chise and hung it as a trophy, there would be in the arrangement at least no male injustice. But freedom with its symbols must first be conferred by men, and then will come to the women something far weightier than any attainment of the ballot—to decide in what spirit their freedom will be used; what quality of life they will best choose to express for the common good their special genius.

In the first flush of choosing there is sure to be excess. All manner of social novelties, long coveted, will be seized by the victors,—like Morgan's raiders, seen by the dazed dwellers of the North as they dashed by with their crazy booty: here a horseman with a bird-cage slung at his pommel, there a swarthy trooper in the mid-summer sun with half a dozen skates about his neck. But these absurdities were soon cast upon the roadside; and so we may expect with the women. After the clatter and rush, quiet wisdom will be heard, and urgings more in accord with nature; she, too, will freely select, as men do, those rights that most invite her to their exercise. She has already here and there made free acceptance and refusal. In California women have in numbers entered on the practice of medicine; for it has been found to suit their genius and to contribute to the common good. But not so with law. Here no equal fitness has appeared, and but few women are going to this work.

For wherever life is unconfined and fluid, it is guided in its motion by our endowment. Special ability is searched out and put to congenial work. The industries of men and women, their professions, the parts they are to play in lawmaking and in political administration, will be gradually redistributed after due experiment and according to fitness. For in the end we shall never find side by side great classes with different body and spirit, yet doing identical work; nor shall we find all doing a work that can amply be done by a part. Such an adjustment would run counter to the principle of specialized talent and of divided labor, and would violate all spiritual husbandry.

And the very desire to add to the color and grace of life will second the appeal of thrift. For if women should ever adopt the masculine tone, there would be an impoverished effect. The melody of life would be sung in bass and in attempts at bass, and the last tyranny of the male standard would be worse than the first.

Indeed, prudence will lead the women not to duplicate, but to fill the lacks in a universe all masculine in its aims. For we have only to turn an eye upon this man of ours to see his need of check and supplement. How readily he is diverted from his high and human purpose and becomes absorbed in the machinery of accomplishment! His very detachment, his weak emotional hold on persons, on definite and particular persons other than himself, permits his attention to rest contentedly on cogs instead of flesh and blood. He begins with a purpose to have money, in order that he and his wife and babes may have freedom, and he ends a slave, a dollar-grinder. He begins with a generous wonder at nature and a desire to know her intimately, and he ends with enthusiasm not for nature, but for his own tool and instrument, his scientific method. In his longing to know the truth he finds that he must search and doubt, and his own doubt and searching come to be of higher value to him than the truth itself. He organizes men to worship God, and he worships the organization he has produced. He establishes government to give order and opportunity for the many forms of living; he ends by coveting the functions of government more than the life for which it exists: to be high in the offices of state seems to him the one most glorious of destinies.

Now here is women's opportunity. Perhaps partly by sheer balloting, but mainly by means that are less clumsy,—for by what election can we make men less in love with money or with governing and balloting itself?—the women can walk quietly back and forth through these male delusions and dispel them. The masculine genius for organization, the joy in his own business and activity, which the world cannot spare, need to be supple-

mented by woman's dogged attachment to the outcome, to what the activity is about, to the human end. Women can enrich even our political life most if, even while participating in it, they see how external it really is, and that the ills of our institutions will almost cure themselves if we can once become loyal to the heart of things rather than to its trappings. They will have to guard their own perceptions, lest upon them, too, shall steal the male delusion that by voting and legislating we can actually create the riches of life.

Loyalty to the heart of things need mean no narrowed interest, no opposition to the deeper currents of the present, which would make women attentive to what has long been thought man's work. For fidelity to one's own work requires not blindness, but a clear sight of its relation to surroundings. In a sense women should know man's work better than he knows it himself, should see what he has less time to see—its trend, its human success or failure. Even to advance the personal and familiar life and the life of the child, she must keep an eye on the communal life and urge its proper ordering. She must give constant warning that this private life is threatened by its tools and servants, that it is on the eve of an uprising of the slaves. She must examine with interest all with which he is busied, compelling him better to use his fine energies for the human ends which she appreciates.

One should not praise women into complacency. Although attached to personal life, they have too often heeded its surface rather than its depths. For partly because of women's half-loyalty to what is close to her, are we all like that youth portrayed by Henry James, who, it was finally discovered, went completely out of existence whenever he withdrew to his private room. To correct this unhappy state of spiritual poverty, we need neither a duplication of man's work nor an indifferent detachment from it, but a keen concern and scrutiny, urging in season and out of season the ends to which all that he does should lead.

For the great ends of life are living—to be intelligent, to have good-will toward men, to be sensitive to things beautiful, to have friends, to be reverent. Social reform is only an effort to give opportunity for all to possess these goods. Industry and commerce are only to give aid and setting for this secret life. Government is a huge engine to check here, to ease there, smoothing the way at this point, putting up barriers at that; but the substance, the essential life, is human and personal, and not governmental. And to this human and personal life the women daily may well renew their vows, knowing that man's demon urges him to neglect the more delicate, individual relations and to prefer those that are made institutional and governmental, where men can be dealt with like counters and in the mass.

In few lands is a womanly correction more needed than in America. We are a nation of administrators. We are not preeminent in science or in literature or in creative drama or music, or in the central things of religion. We are eminent, rather, where the male traits find exercise, where rapid action and energy and courage give eminence; as in the building of railways, in heaven-defying business and business-buildings, in organizing newspapers and trusts, in a formidable fleet of battle-ships. We amply represent the masculine, the Roman element in to-day's civilization, which should be supplemented by the Hebrew and the Greek.

The call of such an opportunity can hardly go unheard. The rich distinction long granted by nature, with all the elements since added through ages of contrasted life, cannot remain untreasured and unused. The new rivalry of men and women, now freshened by women's freedom, will surely be inspired by a perception of a difference in genius—a perception that men are rare executives and managers, but in need of spiritual direction, and that women must take their own nature and shape it for this work; that women are better prepared than are men to have faith in what cannot be produced in factories or be reckoned among the indemnities of war, but really is the quickening and secret

principle for which and by which all these are moved. To guard the intangible interests, to take up what man is ready to neglect, to stand in the unfilled place—all this is a work the refinement and difficulty of which can well stir the ambition of women. In freely seeking to employ their special genius in this finer rivalry and supplement, women will bring to our common life an unmatched offering.

Symphonie Pathétique

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

THAT woman with the somber eyes
Had come to write and criticize,
But see her now, with ardent face
Transfigured for a little space,
Leaning far forward in her seat,
Wrapped in the rhythm and the beat—
The volume and the surge of it,
The vigor and the urge of it;
The lovely lilt and swell of it;
The rapture and the knell of it;
The rose and gold, the warmth and glow,
The mauve and gray, the ice and snow,
Trembling, swaying,
Pleading, praying,
Spurning, lashing,
Climbing, crashing,
Titanic rage and tenderness,
To hurt, to heal, to curse, to bless.
And now the year 's at June again,
And now the day 's at noon again!
She settles back, and with a sigh
She puts her stubby pencil by.
She will not try to shape and frame,
To pack sensations in a name,
To harness up the cyclone's march,
To reinforce the rainbow's arch,
Stab Pegasus with iron spur,
Use symbols for a tool
To chisel to a granite word
The subtleties she felt and heard,
Nor wind a web of gossamer
Upon a wooden spool.

The king and his daughter

A Family in Belgium

By MRS. ARTHUR GLEASON

THE finest thing about this royal group is that it is a real family. They are not friendly for reasons of state only; they care for one another. They are simple people, with the affection and the strength of simple natures.

In the eyes of the mother there are tears close to the surface. Her own children are still safe, but the peasant children—she knows of their suffering. We have seen her talk with each little tot of a group of fifty, and send him off with a mother's pat and a sweet tucked in his wee hands. Her interests are without end. She visits

Photograph by Brown Brothers

The crown prince of Belgium

a maternity hospital; she helps to arrange a crèche, named after her daughter Marie José, for the tiniest of her people; she is a frequent caller in the hospital wards, and always with that gift of caring for each individual person, pausing at each cot to hearten those broken ones. From a sobbing, wounded peasant she listens to a story. His wife is being carried to her rest without a coffin because he is unable to make it. That coffin is furnished, and the grief of one peasant is lessened. A certain fever patient needs fresh milk. A liter a day reaches him. This gracious lady dislikes publicity; she does all things quietly and without pomp. Sometimes for a few minutes we sat upon a low stone wall listening to the music of a band playing in her garden. When she was walking there with a friend, she would nod and smile across the way to those passing. One day she came unannounced and on foot to my friend's villa. Could one help loving this king and queen and their three children?

The eldest, Leopold, is tall and fair and sensitive, like his father, and one feels that, like his father, he also would wish for his own life. He joined The Twelfth and went into the trenches with the men. We have seen him on the march and we have seen him on horseback. Once he came running with the crowd to examine one of the aëroplanes that used to float down easily upon the beach.

His father goes about as simply as other soldiers, walking with a companion to visit the hospital and to pin a decoration on a shattered boy before he dies. At the end of the hospital hall lay a boy facing the sea. He smiled as we entered. He was not well enough to smile much, but was he not a boy, and did n't he have a secret hidden under his pillow? The blue ribbon on his shirt glistened to be noticed. True, it was on the chest of only part of a boy,—half of his limbs had been blown away,—but the ribbon was new and the lad so proud.

"May I show it to Madame, Émile?" The quick hand of the nurse reached to the very spot under the pillow; it had found the place before. Émile needed to see the silver star and wreath pendant and to touch it more often than he needed fresh dressings. The tall gentleman had pinned it on the day before. He and the boy had enjoyed a talk together, all about how it had happened.

The figure of the tall gentleman is unmistakable. He is straight and fair, with fine blue eyes that look directly at one while he is speaking. His voice is low. He is so shy that the color comes and goes swiftly in his face. On a misty spring day

sixty men in three lines stood facing the sea in front of a plain brick villa. The officers were dressy, the men groomed beyond recognition, with rifles shining and the Yser mud scraped from their uniforms and boots. They waited the coming of the shy gentleman. Soon he came, in dark uniform, gloves, and cap with several bands of gold braid adding inches to it. I watched him pin on each man a decoration, some blue, some garnet, and noticed with what concern and gentleness he talked with each man, asking questions, listening courteously. He is to his people what he is to his children, a father who cares that they suffer. There on the lonely beach of the last strip of his land he paid tribute to his soldiers individually, as man to man.

Photograph by Henri Manuel

The queen of Belgium

The president of France, with his minister of war and a large group of officers, made an inspection of the front and a visit to our hospital one day. In their look around, the doctors and the president, busily talking, had a way of hastening on ahead, going through doorways first, but the tall, shy gentleman followed, always alone. He is the most lonely figure in all that country. Only a simple nature can be so careless of his own dignity. And not only by that prominence is he a leader; he is a soldier-comrade with his people, and always a man.

"'Do you believe he can do a miracle?' 'Well, it would be some fun to see what he would do if he did n't'"

The Leatherwood God

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham," "A Modern Instance," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–X

In the third decade of the nineteenth century Joseph Dylks, who was to become famous in the history of the region as the Leatherwood God, made his spectacular appearance at a camp-meeting on Leatherwood Creek. In their remoteness from the large cities of the country, the people of the region gave to religion their chief interest, and Dylks was received as one sent by God. He passed his first night with David Gillespie, whose sister he had married. He had left her, and in time, thinking him dead, she had married Laban Billings and had come to Leatherwood Creek. Gillespie knew Dylks as a scoundrel, but though he was assured that Dylks would not now trouble her, on religious grounds he demands that his sister send Billings away. Though she is now happy, after years of unhappiness, she yields to the demand.

Having refused to live with her second husband, and permitted her young son by her first marriage to go to hear Dylks preach, Nancy Billings stays that night at her brother's house. He and his daughter Jane are estranged through her desire to become a follower of Dylks. Indeed, the whole neighborhood has become divided. Dylks has gradually reached the point where he claims to be God. Many believe him; a few oppose. Among the latter Matthew Braile, the justice of the peace and a reputed agnostic, is the most important, though his opposition is not active.

Dylks, having promised his followers that he would perform a miracle to prove to unbelievers that he was God, appears at the house of Nancy Billings and asks her to return to him and share his divinity. She scornfully refuses, but pleads with him to spare her niece, who has become one of his most devoted followers. He answers lightly and evasively, and she sends him away, shamed by the thought that for even a moment she could have supposed him capable of a right action.

XI

THE woman stood watching the man as long as she could see him, and long after, with her left hand lifted to the jamb of the door, higher than her head. Then from the distance, where he passed from sight over the brow of the hill, the figure of another man appeared, and slowly made its way down to the cabin. As she knew while he was still far off, it was Matthew Braile, who, as long as he sat in the seat of the scorner, with his chair tilted against the wall, seemed a strong middle-aged man; but when he descended from his habitual place, with the crook of his stick, worn smooth by use, in his hard palm, one saw that he was elderly, and stiff almost to lameness. He carried himself with a forward droop, and his gaze bent ponderingly on the ground, as if he were not meaning to look her way, and would pass without seeing her.

"Squire Braile!" she called to him, and as he straightened himself and turned round toward her, she besought him, "Do you believe there 's any God?"

"Oh!" he answered, and he smiled at the challenge from the somewhat lonely elevation which he knew the thoughts of his neighbors kept, aloof from the sordid levels of politics and business. "Why, Nancy, have n't we got one right here in Leatherwood?"

"That 's what makes me think there ain't any, Squire Braile. If you 're not in too much of a hurry, I wish you 'd stop and talk to me a minute. I 'm in trouble."

"Most women are; or men, for the mat-

ter of that. What is it, Nancy? I 'm rather stronger on law than gospel; but if I can be any help, why, you know your Joey 's an old friend of mine, and I 'll be glad to help you."

He came toward her, where she had stepped from the threshold and sat crouched on the hewn log, and stood looking down at her.

"You may think it 's pretty strange, my asking *you* for help. Won't you set? I can't let you come inside because the baby 's just got to sleep."

"Well," he assented, "if you 're not afraid to be seen with such an infidel in the full light of day," he jested, confronting her from the log where he sank beside her. "What would Brother Gillespie say?"

She ignored his kindly mockery, and again she began:

"What makes you believe there 's a God? You don't believe in the Bible?"

"Not altogether, Nancy."

"Do you believe in the Bible God?"

"As much as the Bible 'll let me."

"Then, do you believe in the miracles?"

"What are you after, Nancy Billings?"

"If you saw a miracle, would you believe it?"

"That would depend on who did it. Now, I want you to let *me* do a little of the catechizing. I 've liked you and Laban ever since you came to Leatherwood, and you know how your Joey has all but brought my boy back to me. Well, do *you* believe in God?"

"No!"

"Why don't you?"

"A God that would let Joseph Dylks claim to be Him, and let them poor fools kneel down to him and worship him? Would an all-wise and all-powerful God do that?"

"What makes you say all-powerful? Have n't you seen time and time again when good did n't prevail against evil, and don't you suppose He 'd have helped it if He could? And why do you call Him all-wise? Is it because men are no-wise? That would n't prove it, would it? And about the miracles, what does a miracle prove? Does it prove that the person who does it is of God, or just that faith is stronger than reason in those who think it 's happened?"

"But sin—do you think there 's such a thing?" Nancy pursued.

"There you are, catechizing *me* again! Yes, I think there 's sin, because I 've known it in myself, if I have n't in others."

"And what is it—sin?"

"Well, Nancy, it seems to vary according to the time and place, but I should say it was going against what you knew was right at the time being."

"And do you always know?"

"Always!" the old man answered solemnly. "I never was mistaken in my life, whether I went for or against it, and I 've done both."

The woman drew a hapless sigh.

"Yes, I reckon it 's so."

Braile was putting out his stick to help himself in rising after the silence she let follow. She came from it, and reached a staying hand toward him.

"And supposin'—supposin'—there was a woman—that there was a woman, and her husband left her, and he kept away years and years, till she thought he was dead, and she married somebody else, and then he come back, would it be a sin for her to keep on with the other one when she knowed the first one was alive?"

"I reckon that 's what would be called a sin, Nancy. Not that I 'd be very quick to condemn her—"

"And supposin' that the first one had n't claimed her yet, and she 'd made the other one leave her, and then the first one come and wanted her to join him in the wickedest thing that ever was, and she was n't as strong as she had been, and she felt to need the protection-like of the other one, would it be a sin for her to take him back?"

Braile made again as if to rise.

"I reckon you 'd better talk to Mis' Braile about a thing like that. You see, a man—"

She stayed him again with a beseeching gesture.

"Squire Braile, do you believe that God is good?"

"Ah, now, I 'm more at home in a question like that. You might say that if He lets evil prevail, it 's either because He can't help it or because He don't care, or even because He thinks it 's best for mankind to let them have their swing when they choose to do evil. I incline to think that 's my idea. He 's made man, we 'll say—made him in His own image, and He 's put him here in a world of his own, to do the best or the worst with it. The way I look at it, He does n't want to keep interfering with man, but lets him play the fool or play the devil just as he 's a mind to. But every now and then He sends him word. If we 're going to take what the Book says, He sent him the Word made flesh once, and I reckon He sends him the Word made spirit whenever there 's a human creature comes into the world all-loving and all-unselfish—like your Joey or—my—my Jimmy—" The old man's voice died in his throat, and the woman laid her hand on his knee. He trembled to his feet now. "When I think of such spirits coming into this world, I 'm not afraid of all the devils out of hell Dylksing round."

He walked on down the road, and Nancy went indoors and went about her household work. She cleaned the dishes and trimmed the hearth; she spun the flax which tufted her wheel; then she took the rags of some garments past repair, and in the afternoon shadow of her threshold she cut them into ribbons and sewed them end to end and wound them into balls for weaving into carpets.

People, as the evening drew on, went by, singly, in twos, or in groups, silent for the most part, but some talking seriously. These looked at Nancy without speaking, but some asked, "Ain't you goin' to the miracle?" and she shook her head for answer.

She had brushed her hair and put it up neatly after her indoors work was done, but she was in what she would have called her every-day clothes, and the passers had on their Sunday clothes; the girls wore their newest plaids of linsey-woolsey, and the young men wore tall beaver hats and long high-collared coats, with tight pantaloons, which some pretenders to the latest fashions had strapped under their boots. They had on their Sunday faces, too; some severe, some sly, some simple and kind, but all with an effect of condition for whatever might be going to happen. They went as the people of Leatherwood went to the Temple on the Sabbaths before their meetings had been turned from the orderly worship of the Most High to the riot of emotions raised by the strange man who proclaimed himself God. In their expectations of the sign which he had promised to give them, both those who believed and those who denied him found themselves in a sort of truce. They were as if remanded to the peace of the time before the difference which had rent the community into warring fragments. In this truce brothers were speaking who had not spoken since they accepted or refused the new god; families walked together in the harmony which he had lately counseled; children honored their believing or disbelieving parents; fathers and mothers ceased to abhor their children as limbs of Satan, according to their faith or unfaith. "Let everybody come to the sign," he had exhorted them when he promised them the miracle, "just as if they had never seen or heard me before, and let His creatures judge their Creator with love for one another in their hearts."

In all there was an air of release, and the young people looked as if they were going to the one of the social gatherings they would have called a frolic, after the backwoods use. Nancy heard a girl titter in response to her companion's daring whisper, "Wonder if Mis' Hingston 's going to pass round the apples and cider." They walked in couples, openly or demurely glad of being together for the time; and as if the miracle before them were the wonder of coming home through the woods with their arms around each other, whether the miracle of the seamless raiment was wrought or not.

It was their elders who were more

singly set upon the fulfilment of the sign, and who went with a more passionate expectation in the doubt or the faith which differenced them. The children were more bent upon the affair of the evening than the young girls and the young men; they had been privileged in being allowed to go with their fathers and mothers when they had not been punished in being left at home, and they subdued themselves as they could to the terms of keeping step beside them with the bare feet that felt winged and ached to fly. Old and young, they passed Nancy's cabin thinly or at intervals; they glanced kindly or unkindly askance at her when they did not question her, and very possibly they read in her sitting there boldly aloof from them a defiance of the question which had begun to gather about ner in the common mind since Laban had left her for his work at the Cross Roads, with none of those Saturday night returns which had at first been expected. It was known that Laban was of the same opposition to Dylks as Nancy and her brother, and it could not be that Dylks had caused the break between her and Laban, which no one would have noticed if it had been an effect of religion. It could only be that Laban had left her, or that her temper had driven him away.

With the last came a crowd of boys, whose lagging she understood when her own boy jumped down from the cabin door beside her.

"Did I scare you, Mother?" he asked at her start.

"No; I was expecting you, and you always come in at the back. You 'll want your supper, I 'll be bound. What made you so late, and all out of breath, so?"

"I been running. We just got the last of the tobacco in this evening, and Mis' Hingston made me stay and eat with Benny; she said she 'd excuse me to you. I just left the other boys up over the hill, and run through the woods to get here in time and ask you."

"To ask me what, Joey dear?" She put her arms fondly round the boy's knees, and pulled him down to her.

"The boys said you let me go to the Temple all I want to; but I told them the miracle was different, and I 'd have to ask you first. I told Mis' Hingston, and I told the boys. Me 'n' Benny got them to come round. Kin I, Mother? Mis' Hingston thought maybe—maybe—you might come yourself. But I told her I did n't believe you would."

"No, I won't go, Joey. What makes *you* want to go?"

"Oh, I don't know. All the boys are goin'. And I never seen a miracle yet."

"Do you believe he can do a miracle?" she asked.

"Well, it would be some fun to see what he would do if he did n't. I 'd like to hear what he 'd say."

"And what would you think if he did do it? That he was—God?"

"Oh, *no,* Mother! He could n't be, Mr. Dylks could n't. I ain't ever thought for a minute that he was *that."*

"And if he failed—if he tried, and put himself to shame before everybody, how would you feel?"

"Well, Mother, nobody as't him to." Nancy was silent for so long that the boy said discouragedly, "But if you don't want me to go—"

Her face hardened from the pity of her inward vision of the man's humiliation, as if his own son had judged him justly.

"Yes, you can go, Joey. But be careful, be careful! And don't stay too late. And if anything happens—"

"Oh, surely, Mother, nothing will *happen,"* he exulted, and he broke from her hold and ran down the road where the group of boys had waited for him, and as he ran he leaped into the air, and called to them, "She 's let me! she 's let me!" and the boys leaped up in response, and called back, "Hurrah! hurrah!" and when he had come up with them, they all tried to get their arms round him, and trod on his heels and toes in pushing one another from him.

In the August twilight, which now began to pale the hot sunset glow, as if she had waited to come alone in her pride or in her shame, the woman who was bear-

ing the body of the miracle to the place where the wonder was to be wrought came last of all to pass Nancy where she sat at her door. She was that strong believer who in her utter trust, when she heard that cloth would be needed for the seamless raiment of his miracle, had offered to provide it; and now, neither in pride nor in shame, but in defiance of her unbelieving husband, she was bearing away from her house the bolt of linsey-woolsey, newly home from the weaver, which was to have been cut into the winter's clothing of her children. She had spun the threads herself, and dyed them, and they had become as if they were of her own flesh and blood. She carried the bolt wrapped about with her shawl, bearing it tenderly in her arms, as if it were indeed her flesh and blood, her babe, which she was going to lay upon an altar of sacrifice.

XII

THE crowd at Hingston's mill grew with the arrival of the unbelievers as well as the believers in Dylks. They came from all sides, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups, and the groups came disputing as often as agreeing among themselves. When a group was altogether believing they exchanged defiances with a party of those religious outcasts, the Hounds, disturbers of camp-meetings and baptisms, and notorious mockers now of the Leatherwood god in his services at the Temple. But the invitation given to see the promised miracle had been *to all;* the Hounds had felt in it the tenor of a challenge, and they had accepted it defiantly. They jeered at the believers as these arrived, sometimes hailing them by name; they neighed and whinnied, and shouted, "Salvation!" and in the intervals of silence they burst out with the first lines of the believers' hymn.

Those were those who mocked: "I am God Almighty," "The Father and the Son are one, and I am both of 'em put together," and "O Dylks, save us!" "Don't leave us, Dylks!" "Make the devil jump, Joseph! Make him rattle his scales for us!" "Fetch on your miracle!" The believing women turned away; some of the younger tittered hysterically at a droll profanation of their idol's name, and then one of the ruffians applauded. "That 's right, sisters! We like to have you enjoy yourselves. Promised to let anybody in particular see you home tonight?" The girls tried to control themselves, and laughed the more, and the Hound called, "Say, girls, let 's have a dance—a dance before the Lord."

Jane Gillespie had come with her father in the family pride which forbade them to reject each other publicly. The girl stood a little apart from her father, and near her hung, wistfully, fearfully, the young farmer whom the neighborhood gossip had assigned her for an acceptable, if not accepted, lover. She looked steadfastly away from Hughey Blake, with her head lifted and her cheeks coldly flushed under the flame of her vivid hair: she was taller than the other girls, and showed above the young man.

"Say, Hughey," one of the Hounds spoke across the space they had left between them and the decent unbelievers, "can't you gimme a light? Reach up!" He held out a cigar, in the joke of kindling it at the girl's hair.

Hughey Blake turned, and his helpless retort, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," redoubled the joy of the Hounds. The girl glanced quickly at him, with what meaning he could not have made out, and it might have been fear of her which kept him hesitating whether to cross over and fall upon his tormentor. He looked at her as if for a sign, but she made as if she had heard nothing; then while he still hesitated, a slender, sinewy young fellow came down the open ground, with a soft jolt in his gait like that of a rangy young horse. He wore high boots, with his trousers pushed carelessly into their tops, and, for a sign of week-day indifference to the occasion, a checked shirt of the sort called hickory; he struck up the brim of his platted straw hat in front with one hand, and with the other on his hip stood a figure of backwoods bravery such as has descended to the romance of later times

from the reality of the Indian-fighting pioneers.

"You fellows keep still!" he called out. "If you don't, I 'll make you."

Retorts of varied sense and nonsense came from the Hounds, but without malice in their note. One voice answered:

"I 'd like to see you try, Jim Redfield!"

The other jolted closer toward the line of the Hounds, and leaned over.

"Did I hear somebody speak?" he asked.

"I reckon not, Jim," the voice of his challenger returned. "Come to join the band?"

"I did n't come to worry helpless women," Redfield said.

"That 's right, Jim. There 's where we 're with you. D' you reckon Apostle Hingston 'll let us in to see the miracle if we 'll keep the believers straight while the Almighty is at it?"

"I can't say for Mr. Hingston," Redfield returned; "but if I was in his place, I 'd want to keep my jug out of sight when you fellows were on duty."

Redfield passed the Gillespies as he lounged back to his place with a covert glance at the girl, who made no sign of seeing her champion.

The woman who was bringing the body of the miracle came round the corner of the mill, and showed herself in the open space with the bolt of cloth borne carefully in her arms.

"Why, it 's a baby!" came from that merriest of the Hounds whom Redfield had turned from an enemy into a troublesome friend of the believers. "Reckon the women 'll have something to say to that if he tries to turn e'er a baby into seamless raiment." The fellow got the laugh he had tried for, and when Redfield looked toward him again he said: "All right, Jim. I 'm keepin' 'em quiet the best I can. But the elect *will* make a noise sometimes."

The woman with her bundle passed through the open door of the house behind the mill. The public entrance was at the front, where by day the bags of grain were lifted by rope and tackle to the upper story, and the farmers who brought them climbed up by the inner stairways. The believers had expected that they were to come in by way of the dwelling, but now the burly figure of the miller, with the light of a candle behind it, showed black in the doorway, and he spoke up in his friendly voice:

"Neighbors, we want you all to go round to the front of the mill and come in there. The miracle is going to be done on the bolting-cloth floor, where there will be room for all that wants to see. We don't mean to keep anybody out, whether they believe or don't believe. The only thing we want is for you all to be quiet, and not make trouble. And now come in as quick as you can, so you can be sure we have n't had time to do anything to the cloth that the seamless raiment is going to be made out of."

"Hounds and everybody?" called that gayest voice among the outcasts.

"Hounds and everybody," the miller humorously assented, and his black bulk melted into the dark as the candle disappeared within.

The dim light from tin lanterns threw the pattern of their perforations on the walls and roofs of the interior, and showed the tracery of the floury cobwebs. The people could scarcely see their way to the stairs by the glimmer, and there was more talking, with nervous laughter, than there had been outside. One of the Hounds called out, "I don't want any of you girls to kiss *me!*" and gave the relief of indignation to the hysterical emotion of the believers; the more serious of the unbelievers found escape in their helpless laughter from their tense expectation of triumph in the failure of the promised miracle.

The wide space on the bolting-cloth floor, before the bins, mounded high with new wheat, and the rows of millstones, motionless under their empty hoppers, was lighted by candles in tin sconces, but these were so few that they shone only on the foremost faces and left those behind a gleam of eyes or teeth. The familiar machinery had put on a gruesome strangeness, which had its final touch from the roll lying on the table like something dead.

got for our clothes this winter!'"

A table had been set in front of the barrels under the bolting-cloths, and the muslin funnels, empty of flour, hung down into the barrels with the effect of colossal legs standing in them. The air of the hot night was close within; a damp odor from the water flowing under the motionless mill-wheels seemed to cool it, but did not; the perspiration shone on the faces where the light fell on them.

The miller and his family had places in the front line of the spectators, and with them was the woman who had given the cloth for the miracle, and who stood staring at the stuff, which she had known so intimately in every thread and fiber, with an air of estrangement.

When the stumbling feet of the last arrivals ceased on the stairs, the miller stood out, facing the crowd, and told them that he expected the Good Old Man now any minute, together with the Apostle Paul, whom they all knew by his earthly name as their neighbor Mr. Enraghty. He asked them to be as still as they could, and especially after the Good Old Man came to be perfectly silent; not to whisper, and not to move if they could help it. There was nothing, though, he said, to hinder the believers from joining in their favorite hymn, and at once the wailing of it began to fill the place. When it ended, the deep-drawn breath of some wearied expectant made itself heard with the shifting of tired feet easing themselves. The minutes grew into an hour, with no sign of Dylks or Enraghty, and the miller was again forced to ask the patience of his neighbors. But there began to be murmurs from the unbelievers and more articulate protests from the Hounds. Some children, whom the believers had brought with them to see the divine power manifest itself, whimpered, and were suffered to lie down at the feet of their fathers and mothers and forget their disappointment in sleep. A babe, too young to be left at home, woke and cried, and was suckled to rest again, with ironical applause from the Hounds.

At the end of two hours of waiting, relieved with pleas and promises from the miller, there was no word from Dylks and no token of his bodily presence. With the scoffing of the unbelievers, the prayers of the faithful rose. "Come soon, O Lord!" "Send thy power!" "Remember thy Little Flock!" Upon these at last broke falteringly, stragglingly, a familiar voice, the voice of Abel Reverdy, kindly and uncouth as himself, and expressive, like his presence, of an impartial interest in the feelings of both the faithful and the unfaithful. He was there in the company of his wife, who held a steadfast place among the believers, while Abel ranged freely from one party to the other, and could not well have known himself of either, though friendly with both. He was of a sort of disapproving friendship even with the Hounds, and now his voice said in impartial suggestion:

"Why not somebody go and fetch him?"

"Good for you, Abel!" came from the Hound who was oftenest spokesman for the others. "Why don't you go yourself, Abel?"

Other voices applauded, and Abel was beginning to share a general confidence in his fitness for the mission when his wife spoke up:

" 'Deed and 'deed, I can tell you he ain't a-goun' to do no such a thing, not if we stay here all night, murricle or no murricle. I ain't a-goun' to have him put his head into the Lion of Judah's mouth, and have it bit off, like as not. I can't tell from one minute to another whether he 's a believer or not, and if anybody is to go for the Good Old Man, it 's got to be a studdy believer, and not a turncoat of many colors like Abel."

If Sally had satisfied her need of chastising her husband for his variableness, and found a comfort in her scriptural language not qualified by its wandering application, Abel loyally accepted her open criticism.

"That 's so, Sally; I ain't the one to send. I misdoubted it myself, or I 'd 'a' gone without sayin' nothun' in the first place. But, as Sally says," he addressed the crowd, "it ought to be a believer."

"Then why not Sally?" a scorner sug-

gested. She did not refuse, and there was a whispering between her and those next her in debate of the question. But it was closed by the loud, austere voice of one of the believing matrons in the apostolic mandate, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." The text was not closely apt; it was not a precept obeyed in the revivals of any of the sects in Leatherwood; it was especially ignored in the meetings of the Dylks believers: but its proclamation now satisfied the yearning always rife in them to affiliate their dispensation with the scriptural tradition.

"Well, that settles it, Sister Coombs," Sally promptly assented; "I was n't a-goun' to, anyway, and I ain't a-goun' to now, if I stay here all night, or the Good Old Man don't ever come."

"Why not Jim Redfield?" a Hound demanded, and the miller tried to be stern in calling out, "No trifling!" but lost effect by gently adding, "friends." The unbelievers laughed, but the miller's retreat from the bold stand he had taken was covered by Redfield's threat that if those fellows kept on he would give them something to laugh about.

As he stepped into the neutral space between the friends and enemies of Dylks, he had a sort of double fearfulness for the women, because he was not only not of their faith, but because he was of no religious set in a community where every one but an open infidel like Matthew Braile was of some profession. He came to the Baptist services with his mother, but he had not been baptized, and he was not seen at the house-to-house prayer-meetings, where the young people came with the old, or at the frolics, where dancing was forbidden, but not kissing in their games or in their walks home through the woods. He was not supposed to be in love with any one, and he lived alone on a rich bottom-land farm with his mother, in a house which his father had built where his grandfather's log cabin had stood. He was of a tradition which held him closer to the wilderness than most of the people of Leatherwood; in the two generations before him the Redfields had won and held their lands against the Indians, and had fought them in the duels from tree to tree which the pioneers taught the savages, or learned from them, risking their lives and scalps in the same chances. He was of the sort of standing which old family gives even where all families are new, and he was now making his way politically in spite of his irreligion; he meant to go to the legislature, eventually, and in a leisurely sort he was reading law, and reciting his Blackstone to Matthew Braile. As he came and went from the old infidel's house he was apt to stop at the tavern porch, where the few citizens who could detach their minds from the things of another world gave them in cloudy conjecture to the political affairs of this, or to scrutiny of the real motives actuating the occasional travelers who apparently arrived for a meal's victuals or a night's lodging. With these Redfield had scarcely a social tie, but he could talk with them almost to the point of haranguing them, for they were men; at the store, where his mother's errands sometimes took him, he shrank from the women as timid as they when they dismounted from their saddles or wagons, and slipped in with their butter and eggs, and passed out again deeply obscured in their sunbonnets.

They were mostly women past the time of life when men look at them curiously, but once Redfield was startled by meeting a young girl as he was trying to go out, and began losing himself with her in that hopeless encounter of people who try to give way to each other and keep passing to the same side at once. Her face and her red hair burned one fire, but at last she stopped stone-still and let him go by, with a sort of angry challenge in her blue eyes. He knew that it was Jane Gillespie without knowing her to speak with, as he would have said, and he knew that against her father's will she was one of the followers of Dylks. The idolatry was not yet open and scandalous, but since then he had heard his mother denouncing her as a worthless hussy with the other women who had worshiped Dylks in that frenzy

at the Temple. He walked up and down, passing near where she stood with her father and Hughey Blake, and lost his breath at each approach and caught it again at each remove. It so vividly seemed that he must speak to her, though he did not know what he wished to say, that it was as if he really had done so when he heard one of the Hounds saying:

"Well, and what are you goin' to do about it, Jim?"

Then he heard himself boasting:

"I 'm going after Dylks myself, and if he 'll come peaceably and do his miracle, I 'll take him for my god; and if he won't, God have mercy on him!"

He was answering his jeering questioner in his words, but his eyes were on the girl; her own eyes were lowered after a glance at her father and Hughey Blake, and his vow remained in his ears a foolish vaunt. While he stood unable to return to his place, a voice, which no one knew, came from the darkness outside.

"Behold," it said, "I am the presence of the Most High, and I come to you with my peace. The miracle that ye wait to see has been wrought already, unseen of you. The cloth before you has been touched by my power, and turned into the seamless garment which ye seek as a sign. But it shall not be shown to you now. Ye shall see it seven days and seven nights hence on the eighth night at the Temple. Till then have patience, have faith! Thus saith the Lord."

The voice died from the medley of scriptural phrase, and a shiver of awe passed over those who had heard. One of the believing women called out, "Praise ye the Lord!" Then a yell of mockery broke from the Hounds, and some one shouted, "Let 's have a look!" and the crowd rushed upon the roll of cloth which lay on the table, where the woman who had brought it in her arms had put it, and had stood patiently, anxiously, trustfully waiting.

She spread her arms out over it with a piteous gesture, like a mother trying to keep her child from harm.

"Oh, don't! oh, don't!" she implored. "It 's *my* cloth! I spun it, I wove it, every thread! It 's all we 've got for our clothes this winter! Don't touch it! don't tear it!"

Her prayer was like a signal for its denial. One of the Hounds pushed her away and caught the cloth up.

"We won't hurt it, Sister Bladen. We just want to see what a seamless garment looks like, anyway. Maybe it 'll fit some of us. Here, boys, take a hold!"

He held by the outer edge of the cloth, and flung the bolt, unfurling itself toward his fellows over the heads of the believing men who had crowded forward to save it from the desecration, while the woman tried to seize it from him, beseeching, imploring:

"Oh, don't hurt it, Bill Murray! Oh, be careful! Don't let it drop! Oh, don't! don't! don't!"

"We can't do it any hurt, Sister Bladen, if it 's got a miracle inside of it," one of the ruffians mocked. "*You* tell her we won't hurt it, Jim Redfield! She 'll trust *you!*"

The women believers were sobbing; the men gathered themselves for a struggle with the surprise sprung upon them, but held back as if in a superstitious hope of help from the god whom the women seemed not to trust in his failure of them.

"Here, you fellows," Redfield shouted over the tossing heads before him, "what do you want to spoil her cloth for?"

His look and voice had their effect with the angry, pushing, shuffling, elbowing, wailing, weeping crowd, in a pause like the arrest of curiosity.

"Let go that cloth, Bill," he said, not with authority, but in a tone of good-fellowship.

The miller interposed with his friendly voice, and it seemed as if the unbelievers would give way in pity of the poor woman who had brought the cloth. Suddenly the bolt of stuff, which Murray had conditionally yielded, was twitched from Redfield in boisterous fun, and then in the frenzy more of mischief than of malice it was seized by the Hounds, and torn into shreds. "Find the seamless raiment!"

they yelled to one another. The unbelievers stood aside; the believers did nothing, in a palsy of amaze; the poor woman, to whom her toil and pride in it had hallowed the stuff, sank down, staying herself on her hands from the floor, in hapless despair. Her moaning and sobbing filled the place after the tumult of destruction had been stricken silent.

"Oh, I don't care for the miracle," she kept lamenting, "but what are my children going to wear this winter? Oh, what will *he* say to me!" It was her husband she meant.

(To be continued)

Edinburgh

Capital of a National Reminiscence

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

Author of "The Imperial Impulse," etc.

Illustrations by Joseph Pennell

"BEAUTIFUL as she is, she is not so much beautiful as interesting." So Robert Louis Stevenson characterized his Edinburgh. And she is not interesting so much for what she is as for that she has done. For Edinburgh is no longer the capital of the regnant Scot. She is rather a dream city, whose splendor, phantom-like, stalks among the outrageously bourgeois villas that have engulfed her New Town and the business blocks that are ruthlessly, but inevitably, replacing the historic squalor and splendor of the Old Town.

Let us review briefly the march of Edinburgh. It is reminiscent of a nation that, man for man and glen for glen, has done more for robust thinking and manly daring, for colonial and business enterprise, for empire-building and world-making, than any other nation.

Her first background is that of feudalism. And such a feudalism! Even the Romans refused to subdue it, and left the Northern clans to fight out their own feuds in their wilderness of glens and mountains. Nowhere else was the clan spirit so exacting, so jealous, so swift at receiving insult and giving reprisal. It was a turbulent school of the world's greatest game—the game of give and take.

Edinburgh became the capital of this unruly spirit. For such a capital nature had prepared the palisade. Castle Hill rises sheer above the plain, its vistas broken by the Pentlands and the Grampians. This rugged fortress is approachable only from one side. Down this slope stretches the road to Holyrood, a mile distant. This road was early named the High Street (its lower end the Canongate), and for a thousand years its mile from castle to monastery was Edinburgh—

A thousand years of war, and love, and hate.

A backbone of rock lifting itself above marshes and morasses; one street lined successively with huts, houses, and mansions, a castle at one end, a monastery at the other, a market and a toll-booth between; and blindly pushing out on each side of the highway numerous abortive, blind alleyways, tumbling down the steep hillside, where the poor dwelt. All the while the castle dominated the street.

To understand the first Edinburgh we must not forget that it was war-made and that its fighting spirit was its principal legacy to the Edinburgh that followed. It was the age of Northern romance and chivalry, smocked in tartan instead of cloth of gold.

Then came the age of the Covenant, the struggle between mysticism and romance, between the gallant and daring Stuarts and a people of tough fiber and inflamed conscience. In every dark corner of the Old Town still lurk the shadows of that stern and bloody time, and from every wynd you may hear the echoes of the giant voice of Knox. Kirkcaldy and Montrose and Argyll are merely symbols of the day's impartial martyrdom and the turbulence of the era of change.

From Flodden Field (1513) to the last of her civil wars, over two hundred years later, Edinburgh knew neither repose nor security. Ninety years later, James VI of Scotland became James I of England, and the capital lost its court and the nation its Stone of Scone. This blow was soon followed by the revolution of Cromwell and his invasion of Scotland; then the heartless persecution of the Covenanters; the turmoils of the Restoration; the Revolution of 1688; the union of Parliaments in Westminster (1707); the pitiful collapse of Scottish imperialism in the Darien scheme, wherein a nation, now stripped of prince, parliament, and court, attempted a pathetic restoration of power; finally the civil wars of 1715 and 1745.

This continuous procession of calamities and ruinous circumstances, of adventure and tragedy, terminated in the most romantic episode in this romantic city's career. Out of the Highlands came a fairy prince with a picturesque band of clansmen, to dwell once more in the palace of his fathers, to revive the days of chivalry and of revelry for a brief hour. And when Bonnie Prince Charlie, on that dim October evening in 1745, marched out of the city on his way to Carlisle, his pipes, slowly fading in the distance, sounded the dirge of romantic Edinburgh. The heroic age was done. The Reformation substituted a religious for a clan motive for fighting; the ancient foundations were dissolved; sovereignty sat at Westminster, where a foreign king, on an English throne, held his scepter over the entire stretch from the Tweed to the outer isles.

Meanwhile, this spirited city had prepared herself for the most unique renaissance in modern history. This capital of the most vindictive clansmen and the most dogmatic polemists prepared itself to become the capital of learning. Leith is the open door to the Eastern world. This world would not come to Edinburgh as it came to Paris. So Edinburgh would go to the world, and create for itself a cosmopolis of its own.

"Poverty, ill luck, enterprise, and constant revolution" had been her lot. Enterprise now began to stimulate foreign adventure. Her great enmity was with England, her great friendship with France. The bonds between the Gael and the Gaul were strong. Early the Scot began to sojourn in France. In 1313 we find a "Scotland Street" in Paris because of the large number of Scottish students living there. A few years later David, Bishop of Moray, founded a Scotch college in Paris. Dieppe, Orléans, and other French towns had Scottish quarters. Charles VI, who enlisted whole regiments of Scotsmen, forerunners of the famous "Scottish Guards," said, "I cannot go anywhere without finding before my beard a Scotchman, dead or alive." Even a Scotch-French dialect arose, a barbarous and incongruous mixture of broad Northern vowels and sonorous Southern nasals. Highland dances became the rage in Paris, and it was considered noble to boast of one's Scotch blood. Even Colbert and Sully, the distinguished statesmen, made a pretense to this distinction.

Beyond Paris, the Scottish student pushed to other universities, especially to Padua, which for centuries was Europe's leading seat of learning. Here, as elsewhere, the Scots established a prodigious reputation for disputation. The champion was James Crichton, known as "the Ad-

John Knox's house

mirable," who arrived at Padua in 1581. His fame had preceded him, and he was received at a formal reception by the professors and, in token of his appreciation of their welcome, the Scotch polemist held there and then a disputation with them six hours in length.

While the Scotch scholar was a-gleaning in Eastern schools, that other Scotchman, even more generally known, the Scotch trader, was not idle. He penetrated to Russia, was busy in Germany, Flanders, Italy, Spain, and France.

Wandering trader and wandering scholar returned to their native land, and thus was Europe brought to Edinburgh. The town, responding to commerce and learning, gradually changed. Several of its princes and princesses were sent to Paris for training in the arts and artifices of royalty. They were completely spoiled, but they brought to their Northern capital a breath of Parisian extravagance.

Now old Edinburgh was in its splendor. The homes on High Street became mansions or apartment-rookeries, ten and twelve stories high. Unlike our modern flats, these houses were balconied and gabled, and presented a pleasing appearance. In the numberless wynds lived the lesser folk, the poor in wretched hovels, the better-class families crowded into

a few rooms. But every citizen was determined to live within calling distance of that one street. Back of the town, especially on Canongate, flourished beautiful gardens; graceful trees framed the landscape; shrubberies outlined velvety lawns and bowling-greens; where the Bank of Scotland and other great buildings now stand was an open space lined with trees through which one caught glimpses of the Firth of Forth and the crenate hills of Fife. Some of the old mansions remain to-day. Enter with me and see the ruins of ancient plaster-work and woodwork. Carvings and moldings of delicate skill, paneled doors and graceful fireplaces, are reminiscent of Parisian handicraft. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, said of this period that "Edinburgh more resembled Paris than London."

A mile, then, let us say, of the grand boulevards, where seventy thousand people crowded themselves into stuffy rooms, garrets, and cellars—a mile surrounded with the most glorious prospects nature ever unrolled for pent-up city folk to contemplate; a mile teeming with life, unsewered, unventilated, unswept, but not unsung.

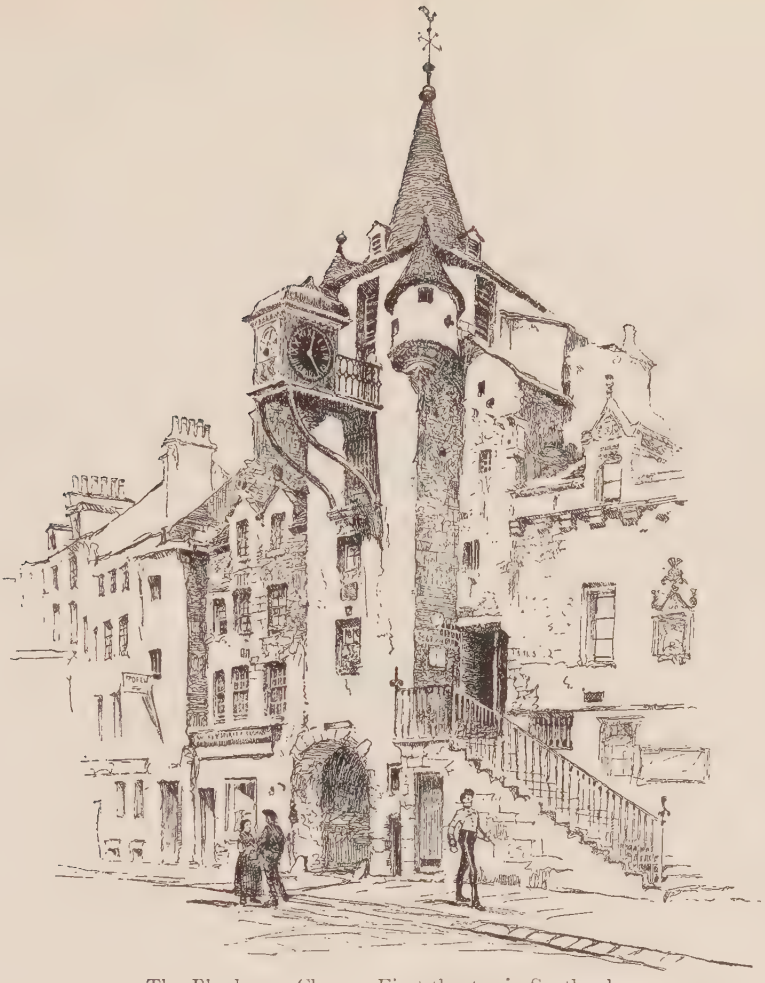
In 1639, James Howell, a noted traveler, after praising High Street as "one of the fairest Streets" he ever saw, said, "There are better French wines here than in England, and cheaper, for they are but a groat a quart." With the French wines, another traveler, a generation later, found the society in Edinburgh "more agreeable" than in London, "as they [the Scotch] have the spirit of the French, without their grimace and with much more learning and modesty. . . . They are extremely fond of jovial company, and if they did not too often sacrifice to Bacchus the joys of a vacant hour, they would be the most entertaining people in Europe."

It is one of the anomalies of Edinburgh that the city of John Knox and the sober predestinationists should within a generation become a second Bohemia, a small, but complete and hearty, replica of the Latin Quarter. It was a genuine Bohemianism; none of your later London and Berlin imitations. Here was no make-believe, no assumption. People were not afraid of being themselves. Poverty was not yet even an inconvenience, and wealth was but an accident. It was a life in which learning and whisky blended, where piquant witticisms made one famous at dinner-tables and clubs. Tavern life became the necessary complement of crowded flat life, just as the club and the restaurant, in our cities, have become the adjunct of the home. By the fireplace in the old "howfs" and "laights" (oyster-cellars and taverns) a man at once found refuge from the bitter climate and from the uncongenial monotony of his crowded living-room. Songs, high jinks, stories, poems, and polemics filled the hours as the steam of punch-bowls and smoke of the fireplace and pipes filled the air.

There were "howfs" for every social degree—lords, poets, lawyers, professors, traders, bankers, and beggars. The literary legendary of our fair Old Town teems with the lore of this jollity.

But this Edinburgh was also a social center "celebrated equally for its litterateurs and lawyers and its high-spirited dames. The salons of St. James at that time scarcely afforded us a greater variety of types or more vivacious gossip." These salons were second only to those of Paris; not, indeed, for elegance or grace, for our Scotch were poor and have always been a people without grace, but not without charm. But in wit, learning, heartiness, in everything that goes to make genuine humor and life, these Northern salons, with their provincial bonhomie, were inferior to none.

This rollicking, boisterous Bohemian Edinburgh becomes Smollett's "hotbed of genius." Hither came Highlander and Lowlander of talent. Beginning about the middle of the eighteenth century, Scotland's intellectual vitality asserted itself, broke away from the shackles of kirk and crown, and boldly explored every realm of speculation. Think of a town of scarcely a hundred thousand inhabitants where you could, on a few hours'



The Playhouse Close. First theater in Scotland

notice, gather round your dinner-table Adam Smith, the father of political economy; Hutton, the founder of Scottish geology; Principal Robertson, the historian of Scotland; Dr. Cullen, the distinguished pathologist; Dr. Black, the chemist who was first to propound the theory of latent heat; David Hume, of whom Lecky says he possessed "a grace of style, a skill of narration, and a subtlety of thought which no English historian had yet equaled"; Dugald Stewart, the powerful orator; and if you wished a dash of aristocratic learning, Lord Kames; to say nothing of scores of brilliant jurists, clergymen, and critics. No wonder Buckle devotes the third volume of his "History of Civilization" to Scotland.

With the opening of the nineteenth century a new and no less distinguished group of literary men and scholars appeared. Now it was that Sir Walter began to recreate the Scotland of romance and song. He did more than any other to make the Highlands popular in England and break down that long and inordinate prejudice that had repelled the two nations. Playfair and Leyden the scientists; Brougham the many-sided; Lockhart, Thompson, Allen, and Robert Chambers; Lord Webb Seymour and Sir James Hall; Brown ("Rab") the beloved; Professor Blackie; Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"); the Cairds and Norman MacDonald; Nasmyth; Sir David Wilkie, Murray, and Raeburn the painters, not

to mention a whole galaxy of talented Scots, like Thomas Carlyle, who sojourned more or less in this intellectual city.

There were three paramount intellectual influences in this Edinburgh of intellectual eminence. The first was the university. It has a long honor-roll of scholars and scientists who have graced learning by their versatility and extended it by their originality. The second was the encyclopædia. This was the most colossal educational undertaking the world had ever seen, and introduced the name of Edinburgh to every cultivated household in Christendom.

The third potency was none other than the "Edinburgh Review." It is impossible for us to realize the profound influence wrought by this journal in its earlier years. Society, art, criticism, politics, and religion were still shackled by coteries and formularies. The old Tory system had not yet vanished; Catholics were still disqualified; the corporation and test acts were unrepealed; slavery and the slave trade were flourishing. Criminal laws were barbarous,—a defendant tried for his life was not allowed counsel, and death was the punishment for theft,—establishment in church and state raised prerogative by birth and confession above conscience and worth.

To transform this sort of world, three young men launched a dauntless journal without the patronage of money, lords, church, or party. It made its way, Scot-like, by sheer force of argument and the brilliant presentation of its cause, and for fifty years dominated the Whig contentions. Its success was instantaneous and lasting. No other journal has achieved the like. But no other journal was born of such a trinity of genius: Sydney Smith, the keenest and wittiest dialectician of the day; Jeffrey, the most powerful and independent critic of that period, as Scott learned when his friend's famous criticism of "Marmion" appeared; and Henry Brougham, afterward lord chancellor, who from his amazing versatility contributed three articles to the first number, seven to the second, and so on, covering all the ranges of science, philosophy, politics, travel, poetry, literature, and theology. Jeffrey, who in 1834 became Lord Jeffrey by virtue of his judgeship in the court of sessions, was for twenty-five years the editor, and contributed over two hundred articles on every conceivable subject. These men, like most of the other contributors, were men of affairs, to whom writing was an avocation; they made the review, and for years sustained it on its original high level.

Such genius attracts genius; and if you wish to read the honor-roll of British thinkers for the last hundred years, turn to the index of the review while it still bore an Edinburgh imprint.

Alas! now it is published in London, as is also the encyclopædia. "The move southwards," writes the historian, "of the headquarters of the 'Edinburgh Review' was in truth but the formal recognition of facts." An empire cannot brook two capitals; London sucked the successful from every current of life into its imperial maelstrom.

And now I have to record the third and last Edinburgh—modern Edinburgh. It is no longer the romantic capital of picturesque and daring clans. It is no longer a boreal precinct of Paris. It is, gentle reader, simply the Edinburgh you love to visit in a carriage. Except for the High Street, you do not get out and walk over its pavements; they are as meaningless as the pavements of Omaha.

The town finally succumbed to the pressure of pent-up populations. The old street could contain them no longer. A bridge was built in 1772 between the High Street and the North Fields; Nor'-Loch was drained; and modern Edinburgh began. It was very reluctant in starting; people had to be bribed by nominal rents to move to the New Town. In a few years lawyers, professors, and writers descended from the High Street; proud lords and their prouder dames condescended to live in the newer precincts; fashion set the pace and determined the place where in the new squares receptions and dinners must be given.

The New Town is formal; it is beautiful as other planned towns are not beautiful, because of its fortunate surroundings. It was begun under the influence of that classicism which the Scot had imported from the East at a period when art, architecture, and learning were all impregnated with the Athenian motive. So it is laid out in formal rectangles, squares, and circles: its public buildings are adorned with Corinthian and Doric columns; its private houses have formal little Greek porticos, scoffed at by Ruskin, who admonished the Edinburghians: "Away with these absurdities: and the next house you build, insist upon having the fine old Gothic porch with its pointed arch entire, and its gable roof above. Under that you can put down your umbrella at your leisure, and if you will, stop a moment to talk with your friend as you give him the parting shake of the hand."

The Tolbooth, High Street

Ruskin's criticism is as subtle as it is practical. The modern town, which has been built according to rule and not according to the glorious situation furnished by nature, is too conventional for bonhomie. Informal poverty has become shabby respectability, learning has become pedantry. A large resident population, attracted by rather low rents, and the large made-to-order "cultivated" class, has brought with it the complete inanity and snobbery of the "retired" person.

Edinburgh is now a city of glorious memories incased in a coffin of modern prosperity. It emphasizes externals, judges you by what you have earned or inherited. Its intellectual and spiritual importance lies in the past. A city that could allow the noisy and dirty railways to occupy the magnificent spaces between Princes Gardens and the castle has lost all claim to sympathy.

Yet withal it is not like any other city in the world. Other cities have wrapped proud traditions in a silken napkin and laid them away in marble tombs; other cities have surrendered kings, courts, and parliaments, have substituted luxury for living and feeding for thinking; other cities have carefully planned their future growth, and have prospered. But Edinburgh alone possesses a municipal dualism. It is both primitive and formal, old and new, formidable and meek, rich and poor, romantic and utilitarian. It has lost its vitality, but not its charm.

I shall never forget a view I had of this Edinburgh from the Outlook Tower of Prof. Patrick Geddes, who has vigorously striven to rescue Edinburgh from inanity by welding the prosperity of to-day with the glory of yesterday. In his tower, situated high up near the castle, and overlooking the entire city, he has a camera obscura, and through this he showed me Edinburgh. It was a brilliant sunny day, rare for Scotland, and perfect for our observations. An ingenious device made it possible to move the apparatus in a circle, so that, by slowly turning, the whole city is reflected in a moving panorama upon the screen. There, cooped up in an isolated tower room, head under a curtain, I beheld a magic sight. The city is built entirely of stone and slate. Under

the stimulus of the lustrous sunlight and by the magic of the lens, these common stones and roofs and sooted chimney-pots became a symphony of wondrous grays, endowed with life. There lay the New Town nestled among its trees and gardens; here the Old Town, with its rookeries, dismal closes, and shops. Everywhere were people streaming to and fro, bent on the drudgery of the day; soldiers were drilling in the castle yard; here and there a young couple stopped to chat.

It was a modern city, as the hideous railway trackings testified. But the mystery and witchery of the camera and my isolated position enabled me to forget the age of machinery and its noisy, dirty by-products. Old Edinburgh revived for me—the town of Wallace and the Bruce, of James and Bonnie Prince Charlie. The mile of High Street and its stately gabled houses were there, the castle and Holyrood guarding its entrance and exit; the shadowy wynds; the Tolbooth, that Bastille of the Scot; St. Giles's, with its crown of Gothic lace-work and its busy lucken-booths; the rough pavement over the stones of which so many processions, joyous and doleful, had passed; the rookeries where genius toiled, the cellar-ways where piety languished; and, a league distant, Leith, whence eager youth and fugitive princes, prelates and patriots, escaped into the great world.

I am ruthlessly recalled from my fantasy; the dream city fades. I know romantic Edinburgh has vanished, for on the western horizon I see dimly the smoke clouds of Glasgow, the herald of the new Scotland.

Several years ago the city of Glasgow opened its new justiciary court house. Through the hospitality which characterizes the Glasgonian, I was privileged to be of the number admitted to the court room. There I beheld a ceremony that was a page plucked from colorful medievalism, and placed in the drab drudgery of one of a monotonous industrial city. For the first time in Glasgow's history, every one of the Lords Justices of the High Court, which sits in Edinburgh, was present. They wore their enormous gray wigs, and were gowned in their gorgeous, ample crimson robes, elaborately outlined in ermine; they were preceded by heralds and mace-bearers, whose uniforms matched the glory and the age of the justices' vestiture; a fanfare of trumpets sounded by scarlet-jacketed state trumpeters announced their coming and going; they received the homage of a vast throng in the streets and of the flower of Glasgow learning in the court house.

The Lord Justice General delivered a brief address, formal in diction and a trifle condescending in tone. The words, however, that arrested my attention were these, "We of the East have come to you of the West to bring you greeting." Edinburgh is fifty-five minutes by express from Glasgow. East and West!

This is the secret of the new Scotland. The West dominates the East. For here, in this rugged and beautiful little land, America and Europe have come together physically and spiritually. Edinburgh's outlet is the Firth of Forth, which opens upon the Eastern sea. Her gaze has for centuries been eastward, whence came her trade and her learning. Orion remains her portent constellation; and her motto is *Sic itur ad astra*—this way to the stars.

The motto of Glasgow is plain English, "Let Glasgow flourish!" There is nothing sentimental or idealistic about that. It was a simple hamlet until the union with England opened the doors of colonial trade. By 1769 over half of the tobacco from Virginia and the West Indies came to the Clyde. From that day onward her strides have been constant and rapid. Today she is the second city of the kingdom. The Clyde is no longer a sinuous creek; it is an estuary of the Western sea. The West did it. Edinburgh was made in Paris; Glasgow is made in America. It is a plain, practical city, dominated by no traditions, but by that confidence born of success. Despite its miles of heavy drab houses, its smoke and whir, it is a stimulating adventure to spend a fortnight among these enterprising and hospitable people. They have not entirely allowed

commercialism to dominate their thoughts. They have, to my mind, the best-governed city in Europe; for it is effective, democratic teamwork. They have accomplished through stimulating democracy what Germany and France can accomplish only through deadening bureaucracy.

Glasgow stands for the business of the hour, Edinburgh for the glorious yesterday. Edinburgh may wear its robes of law, and promenade in stately isolation up and down the splendid hall of the old Parliament House, now used by the law courts. Glasgow dons the tweed jacket and the square bowler hat and hustles. The difference is seen at a glance in their leading newspapers. The "Glasgow Herald" is probably the best afternoon paper in the kingdom. It interprets the present; that includes politics and markets, especially markets. The "Scotsman" reminiscences on Edinburgh—the Edinburgh of the Covenant and the encyclopædia. It seems impossible that when it started, over a century ago, it was so radical that prudent business men were afraid to take it for fear of losing their customers, so they subscribed through their clerks.

Lady Stairs Close

This is the sad fact: the glorious radicalism in letters, in theology, in politics, in philosophy, and science that made Edinburgh a beacon shining from its castle rock and Calton Hill into all the world is to-day only an ossified reminiscence. It did not keep pace with the world. The effective Scotland today is not typified by leisurely Edinburgh, but by leisure-scoffing Glasgow.

I am not pessimistic of this situation. The new Scotland—"You of the West"—is by no means hopeless. It pulsates. It is passing through the fiery test of prosperity; the age of gruel and haggis has passed. But there is still left the Scotchman. He is hard-headed, horny-handed, red-blooded, steel-tempered. Honesty is his rule of life; contention is his recreation. He is the world's greatest stickler for little things; his conscience can hang on the smallest splinter of difference. No sooner had he a Reformed Church than he had also an Established Church, then a free kirk, then a wee free kirk, and the Lord knows how many others. Always ready to find fault, obstinate and proud, he yet possesses a stern meekness of soul that amazes the English and amuses the Prussian. His tremendous frugality, taught by ages of terrible poverty, by hard climate and stony

soil, has made him durable; his shrewdness has made him successful; his self-reliance has made him masterful.

But it is the possession of two rarer qualities that has made him the leader of his empire. He possesses what the Englishman generally wants—humor. A nation without humor soon becomes sordid, no matter how valorous its spirit. And a sordid nation soon crumbles of dry rot. Moreover, his is the Celtic vision which forever guards him from mere grossness.

The Highlander is a pure Celt, and the Highlander has dominated Scotland not by blood, but by spirit.

Without the Celtic influence, the Scotsman would easily become a mere grubber, whether after money or ideas or pleasure or honors. But cast the spell of Celtic mysticism over him, and he and his ambition become glorified. Like the delicate aërial festoons that the morning drapes upon the shoulders of the Highlands, subduing the hard face of the landscape, so the ethereal elements of the Celtic temperament, the rarefied mists of impressions and fancies, soften the rigidities of his stern nature and lend an indefinable charm to its often harsh and forbidding traits.

So while I expect Edinburgh to remain reminiscent, I do not expect the conflict between the West and the East to be fatal to the Scotchman. I recall that his rugged little country has poured shipload after shipload of sturdy men and women into every colony. From the settlement of Ulster to this very hour he has been a daring pioneer. About one fourth of the population of our country at the time of the Revolution were of Scotch descent, and since then they have been coming to us in constant streams, and to-day Canada lures them. Almost entire Highland villages migrate at a time, and settle together in the farthest West. India and the Indies, South Africa and East Africa, Australia and New Zealand,—wherever an opportunity shows itself,—there you find the Scot.

Now, wherever the Scotchman goes, he becomes a leader. You hear of the Irish vote, the German vote, the Italian vote, but you hear only of Scottish leadership. He has had a powerful influence on our country.

Our first newspaper was published by a Scotchman; a Scot first won international honors for American letters; the steamboat, telephone, telegraph, and electric light were devised by men of Scotch descent. The second college in our land was founded by a Scotch divine; our Constitution was framed and adopted largely by the influence of two Scotch lawyers; our most majestic orator, our most winning politician, our most metaphysical statesman, our greatest diplomatist, and our greatest poet were of Scotch lineage. So of many of our business captains and railroad magnates, almost one half of our Presidents, and a large proportion of our cabinet members, judges, and governors. Was there ever such a drain of leadership upon a like area?

The Scotch have not alone helped make America. They control Australia, direct New Zealand, lead Canada, and rule Africa. For centuries Scot and Briton were bitterest enemies. Edinburgh and Paris conspired against London. The union, when it finally came, was one of crowns and not of hearts. There still lurks jealousy under the surface. Write a letter to a loyal Glasgonian, address it "North Britain," and see what happens. I wandered into an antique shop in High Street one day. There was no attendant in the place, and I could rouse none by calling and knocking. Finally I remarked to a lady, evidently "looking around," as I was:

"It seems strange that no one should be in attendance and the door left open."

"Oh," she replied, with a smile, "Scotchmen are trustworthy, and an Englishman rarely drops over the border."

It is of course impossible to determine how much the Scot is responsible for the empire. Such subtleties elude political and economic mathematics. However, it is not too much to say that the Scottish influence has been potent, if not paramount.

From the days of Lord Dundas, who sent Scottish administrators into every colony, the outskirts of the empire have felt the Scot's guiding hand. And right in London, in every counting house, you hear his broad accents. Prick a judge or a professor or a journalist, and you draw Scotch blood. Since Salisbury's day I recall that Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, and Rosebery have been prime ministers of Scotch descent. Every cabinet has had its full quota of Scots. England's greatest judge, Lord Mansfield; her greatest advocate, Lord Erskine; one of her greatest chancellors, Brougham, were Scotchmen, educated in Edinburgh. Of all the noted group of philosophers who flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth century in Great Britain, only one was English—Bishop Berkeley. The rest were Scotch, most of them schooled in Edinburgh.

But why enumerate further? Such fecundity of talent becomes monotonous. It is vain to say that Scotland's vitality passed with the splendor of old Edinburgh.

It is true that nothing is so pitiful as a nation without a capital, for in the capital is felt the throb of national life.

But Scotland has accomplished the greater miracle. It has made London its capital, and Washington and Ottawa and Melbourne and Auckland. Scotland's nationalism is world wide. It is not a state of mind, as was the Greek's, nor a legal imperium, as was the Roman's; nor a trade agreement, as is the Englishmen's. It is a spirit, the spirit of daring and hoping, of dreaming and doing.

I am inclined to think that if any combination of characteristics and experiences can overcome the handicaps of mere wealth and prosperity, it is this masterful compound of the passionate and adventurous with the cautious and the reserved called the Scot, the cosmopolitan Scot who has verified the legend of Edinburgh—this way to the stars.

Preces

By HAROLD KELLOCK

WHY wilt thou ever tend Minerva's shrine
When thou art fashioned in the Cyprian mold?
I often wonder, such a weft of gold
Crowns like a diadem that broad brow of thine
And luminous depths of hazel eyes. Divine,
Too, is the summons from her altars cold
To love's own fields, the laughter and the old
Sweet music and the roses and the wine.
I pray thou learn, dear, ere the long night find
Thee sitting desolate in the empty house
Amid thy broken dreams. No book can lure
The secret of the world. Fame 's but the wind
Crying, and knowledge is a wintry spouse,
And youth is brief, and only love is sure.

The gill-netters at work

The Pursuit of the Royal Chinook

Three Studies of Salmon-fishing on the Columbia River

By M. J. Burns

The round-up: the teams tightening the rope-end of the seine

The round-up

A Little Folding of the Hands

By HANNAH ABERT

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

SHE sat in the doctor's private office, a thin little woman with gray hair and a patient, tired face. Her hands, in their cheap cotton gloves, worked together nervously, but the eyes that she raised to the doctor's face were clear and unfaltering.

"I want you to tell me the truth," she said.

The doctor hesitated. He was an old man, and many had come to him in his lifetime for this same pitiful, naked truth, but the telling had never grown easy. He glanced down at his hands, which were arranging and re-arranging the papers on the desk before him, and groped blindly for the right words.

"An operation can do no good, Mrs. Morlan."

There was silence in the room for a minute. The clock on the mantel seemed to tick with unusual distinctness, and outside a gust of wind blew a handful of dead leaves against the window. Then he looked up, and saw that she was still sitting quietly in the same position. Even the restless hands were still, and she smiled bravely when she saw the trouble in the kindly old face opposite her.

"That 's all right, Doctor. When—how long, I mean—"

"I don't know, Mrs. Morlan. I can't tell. It may be a few weeks or it may be months."

"Well, there 's one thing I want you to promise me."

"I 'll promise you anything."

"I don't want my children to know."

"But it is n't right to keep them in ignorance. You 've always worked too hard. They must make things easy for you now."

"Why, I won't be easy for a minute if I know they 're unhappy. It 'll be bad enough for them afterward, poor dears!"

"Well, if that 's the way you feel about it, I suppose I 'll have to give in to you," said the doctor, helplessly; "but somehow it does n't seem right."

She opened a little black bag in her lap, counted out two dollars in nickels, dimes, and quarters, and laid the money on the desk; but the doctor pushed it away with a gesture of repugnance.

"I don't want it, Mrs. Morlan. Please don't ask me to take it. I have n't done anything for you. I only wish to God I could."

"Why, of course you need n't to if you don't want to; but you 've done as much for me as any doctor could, and no woman ever had a better friend. You must n't worry about me. I 'm not going to work too hard. I 'll have to rest now and get things straightened out. I 've been so busy all my life that I 've never had time to think much about dying; but it does n't seem right, somehow, to go into God's presence with your mind full of earthly thoughts. Good-by. I 'll take my medicine, and come back to see you if the pain gets any worse."

She shook hands with him, and went out of the office to the narrow, dingy street.

"Hi, there! You 'd better look out!" came a warning voice, and she stepped back just in time to avoid a heavy dray with a reckless driver. Would it have been better if the end had come in that way? No, she was glad to have been spared. She wanted time to prepare for death. She had not been very religious. She had had to work so hard all her life that she had not had time to go to church or read her Bible or engage in works of charity. Often she was even too tired to pray; but now she must rest from her labors and take thought for her soul. She boarded a street-car, and sat down beside a little girl with short hair and friendly, brown eyes. She reminded her of Ellie, her granddaughter, except that she was

"'An operation can do no good, Mrs. Morlan'"

stouter. Ellie was thin now, because she was growing so fast, and she had noticed lately that she was pale, too. She must make her a cup of beef-tea every morning and keep her in the open air as much as possible. It was a pity that she was the only child in the family and that there were no children of her own age in the neighborhood. It was bad for her to be with grown people so much.

She drew herself together with a little start. She was forgetting what the doctor had told her. She must think of her soul. "The sting of death is sin. . . . But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." She had not been a sinful woman, but neither had she been very good. She had worked only for those that were near and dear to her, but now she must try to do something for God. She had two dollars in her purse, the money that the doctor had refused to take. She would give it to the heathen, and she would do some

sewing for the Ladies' Aid Society and read aloud to Mrs. Dortchley, who was blind and bedridden.

There was a dash of rain against the window, and looking out, she saw that the clouds were dark and lowering. She did n't believe that Ellie had taken her rubbers to school with her that morning, or an umbrella, either. She must find out as soon as she got home. She would n't have Ellie get wet for anything. It might give her pneumonia. The car stopped, and she got off quickly and hurried into the house. The rain had increased to a steady downpour, and it was turning colder. Ellie's widowed mother, a fair, frail-looking woman, was sewing in the front room.

"Mamie," cried Mrs. Morlan, "did Ellie take an umbrella to school this morning?"

"No, Mother, she did n't," answered Mamie; "but she 'll get one of the Dennis children to bring her home."

"I don't know whether she will or not," said Mrs. Morlan, anxiously. "She 's timid about asking favors. I think I 'd better take her one. She 'll need her rubbers, too."

"I hate for you to go out in the rain, Mother," said Mamie. "I 'd take them myself, but I have to finish Mrs. Black's dress by half-past twelve."

"Why, I thought she did n't want it till to-morrow," exclaimed Mrs. Morlan.

"She did say so, but she telephoned after you left that she must have it by half-past twelve. Folks seem to think that I 'm a machine." Mamie lifted a fold of the dress to wipe away tears of weariness.

"You poor child!" cried Mrs. Morlan. "You 're worn out. I 'll get back as soon as I can and help you."

In half an hour her swift fingers were at work, and so efficient was her help that by half-past twelve the dress was finished and put away in its box, ready for the boy who was to come for it.

"Now, Mamie," said Mrs. Morlan, "you must lie down on the sofa and let me make you a cup of tea. You 're too tired to do any more work to-day. I 'll get a blanket to put over you. Sometimes I like to pretend you 're a little girl again just the size of Ellie."

It was after one o'clock when she began her long-delayed housework, but dinner was on the table when the family came home at two. There was a pain in her back, her head ached, and her hands shook with nervousness; but she took her seat at the table and beamed at her husband and children with joyful satisfaction in their presence. Mr. Jimmy Morlan, the head of the family, was a tall, seedy man with a weak, rather handsome face. He worked occasionally, but in his own judgment his health was poor, and he spent most of his time at the corner grocery. Jimmy, Junior, was in a real-estate office, and Alice, the youngest daughter, a pretty, fresh-looking girl of eighteen, was a stenographer. Mrs. Morlan was too tired to join in the general conversation, but she laughed at all of Jimmy's jokes, and she listened eagerly to Mr. Morlan's account of a new business enterprise that he expected to engage in as soon as he could find some one who would finance the scheme. After she had cleared the table and washed the dishes, she went to her room and lay down on the bed with a little feeling of guilty wonder at herself. She had been there only a few minutes, though, when she opened her eyes to find Ellie bending over her.

"Are you sick?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I 'm all right," cried Mrs. Morlan, springing up hastily. "I 'm just pretending I 'm a fine lady that has to have an afternoon nap. Don't tell your mother I was lying down. I 'm going to get ready now and take some money to Mrs. James for her Chinese fund."

She sang one of Ellie's school-songs while she was putting on her hat and cloak, and she walked briskly as far as the corner for fear that Mamie might be watching her from a window; but when she was out of sight of the house, she slowed down, and began to count the houses that she passed, hoping that the monotony of the task might have power to dull her weariness.

"I just must n't waste any more time," she told herself. "I 've got so much to do and so little time to do it in!"

Mrs. James was not at home, but she left the money and a message of explanation with the servant, and on her way home she stopped to see Mrs. Phelan, who was president of the Ladies' Aid Society and was also one of the richest and most influential members of her church. Mrs. Morlan was shown into the library, and she sat down on the extreme edge of a large leather chair and felt unusually small and shabby in the midst of so much splendor.

"I wanted to find out," she said with awkward shyness when Mrs. Phelan at last made her appearance, "if the society has any more sewing on hand than it can get through with. If it has, I 'd be real glad to help with some of it."

"Oh, I 'm so glad you 're going to join us!" said Mrs. Phelan, effusively. "I suppose some of the ladies have been to see you. The conference meets in January, you know, and we 're working hard to increase our membership before then, so we can make a good showing in our report. I think you 'll enjoy the meetings. They 're not all work and no play, you know. We always serve tea and sandwiches and we have a very sociable time together."

"Oh, I can't come to the meetings," exclaimed Mrs. Morlan, hastily. "I 'll do my share of the sewing at home."

Her clothes might be good enough for church, but she knew perfectly well that they could never be submitted to the critical eyes of the Ladies' Aid Society.

"Why, of course that will be all right if you 'd rather have it that way," said Mrs. Phelan. "I 'll put your name on the list right away. The dues are fifty cents a month. You can pay on the first, and I 'll give you some work to take home this afternoon if you 'd like to have it. We are working on a missionary box now, and we want to try to get it off by the middle of December. It 's for a minister out West. He gets only six hundred dollars a year, so of course he 's needy. He has five children, and one of his little girls is lame."

"Oh, I 'd like to do some sewing for her!" cried Mrs. Morlan, eagerly.

"Well, I 'll give you some blue flannel for blouses," said Mrs. Phelan. "She 's ten years old, they say, but is small for her age. Your little granddaughter is in my Sunday-school class and is about nine, I imagine. You might try the things on her."

"And so she 's just ten years old and she 's lame," said Mrs. Morlan softly to herself, as she turned toward home. "Poor little girl! I 'm glad Ellie has good use of her limbs. It would just break my heart, I believe, if she could n't run about and play like other children. I 'm going to make these waists just as pretty as ever I can. I wish the material was n't so dark. I think I 'll tuck the fronts and brier-stitch them with red. I 'll try to finish all the housework before dinner tomorrow so that I can cut them out in the afternoon. I must n't waste any time. And I must be sure to say my prayers tonight and to read the Bible, too. I wonder what makes me such a sleepyhead."

The next day, though, Mamie stayed in bed with a headache, and it took Mrs. Morlan all the morning to finish some of her work that had to be sent home that day. After dinner she baked a cake and made bread for Sunday, and then she got an old skirt from her closet and, sitting down in the warm kitchen, began to rip off the braid from the bottom of it.

"I can do that, Grandma," said Ellie, who had followed her all day with eager offers of help. "You just give it to me and see if I can't."

"We 'll do it together," said Mrs. Morlan. "You take those little scissors and start at the other side, and while you 're ripping, you see if you can guess why I 'm going to put a new braid on this skirt and clean my black silk waist."

"You 're going off on the train," said Ellie with a little wriggle of excitement.

"No, I 'm not. I 'm too old to go traveling."

"Maybe you 're invited to a party."

"You 're wrong again."

"Well, are you going to *have* a party?"

"No."

"Then I can't guess, but I 'm bursting to know."

"Well, I 'm going to church to-morrow, and I 'm going to take you with me."

"O Grandma, that will be lovely! I 'll let you wear my locket and chain."

Mrs. Morlan's eyes were wet with sudden tears as she turned to kiss the child.

"No, deary; you wear it yourself. Grandma 's too old for such things."

"We 'll walk up the middle aisle together," said Ellie, with a deep breath of satisfaction, "and you can bow to all the people you know, just like Mrs. Phelan does, and we 'll sit on the front seat, and every one will be so pleased to see you."

"I declare, I 'm getting right excited," exclaimed Mrs. Morlan, a red spot appearing on each cheek. "It 's five years since I 've been to church. They 've got some new windows since I was there and a three-thousand-dollar organ, and they say that Mr. Harrison 's the best preacher in town."

"But who 'll cook dinner, Grandma?" asked Ellie, with a swift presentiment of future disappointment. "Mama 's in bed, you know."

"I 'll ask Lucy to stay home to-morrow and see to things," said Mrs. Morlan. "I can help her a good deal, you know, before I go. There, now, we 've got off this old braid, and, if you 'll just hand me my work-bag, I 'll have this skirt ready before you can say Jack Robinson."

"Mother," said Lucy that night at the supper-table, "John Oliver wants me to drive out with him to-morrow to his father's farm to spend the day. It will be all right for me to go, won't it?"

"No, it won't," cried Ellie, dropping her fork with a sudden clatter. "You have to stay home to-morrow and cook dinner. Grandma 's going to take me to church."

"Oh, I 'll take you some other time, Ellie," said Lucy. "You don't really care anything about going, do you, Mother?"

"Yes, she does," said Ellie, beginning to cry. "She 's fixed herself some clothes to wear, and she has n't been for five years."

"Oh, of course, if you really want to go, Mother—" began Lucy.

"Oh, I don't care about going to-morrow, especially," cried Mrs. Morlan, hastily. "You go on with John, Lucy. I would n't have you miss such a nice day for anything." Then she bent down and whispered to Ellie, who always sat next to her at the table: "Stop crying, Honey, or you 'll make Aunt Lucy feel bad. Run out to the kitchen and get some hot water, and I 'll make you a cup of hot-water tea."

"I 'll come back in time to fix supper, Mother," said Lucy, "so don't bother about anything after dinner. Just lie down and rest."

Next morning Mrs. Morlan gave Lucy and Ellie and Mr. Morlan their breakfast, then carried a dainty little tray to Mamie, and about ten o'clock, when a vigorous thumping on the head of the bed announced that Jimmy, Junior, was at last awake, she took a well-loaded tray to his room and put it down on a chair at the head of the bed.

"You 're the best little mother in the world," he cried, throwing his arms around her and drawing her face down to his. "When I get to be head-man at the office, I 'll keep five servants for you, and buy you a silk dress for every day in the week."

She laughed, and called him a foolish boy, but when she had closed his door behind her, the tears, which in those days of secret pain and weariness were always close to the surface, rose to her eyes.

"I 've got the best children in the world," she whispered to herself. "The Lord has surely blessed me."

After dinner, Mr. Morlan drifted to the little drug store on the corner, Jimmy boarded a street-car that was to take him to his lady-love, and Mrs. Morlan put on her hat and cloak and went to see Mrs. Dortchley.

"Shall I read from the Old Testament or from the New, Mrs. Dortchley?" she asked after she had chatted with the old lady and had offered to read to her.

"'O God,' the prayed, 'give me strength to bear it! Help me to keep up till the end!'"

"Neither," said Mrs. Dortchley, firmly. "Every one that comes here wants to read to me out of the Bible, and I 'm sick of it. You just get that novel off the mantelpiece and start in on that."

Mrs. Morlan read all the afternoon, but she made little progress, for Mrs. Dortchley interrupted her every few minutes with complaints of her family and tirades against the neighbors, and it was with a feeling of relief that Mrs. Morlan at last closed the book when the light in the room became too dim for her to see.

"I 'll have to go now, Mrs. Dortchley," she said, "but I 'll come again if I can."

"No, you won't, either," said the querulous old voice. "You 'll be just like all the others. You 'll go away and say I 'm a bad-tempered old woman and do not deserve to have people kind to me. Well, I reckon you 'd be bad tempered, too, if you had to lie in bed all the time and never see anything that 's going on."

Mrs. Morlan stooped suddenly and kissed the sightless face.

"I think I would be," she said gently.

The old lady caught her hand and held it fast for a moment; and when she spoke again there was a change in her voice.

"Good-by," she said, "and good luck to you. I believe you will come again if you can. I won't be here long to trouble people. I 'm old, you know, and I may drop off at any time. It was real kind of you to come to-day, and I 've enjoyed the reading."

"It 's later than I thought it was," said Mrs. Morlan to herself when she was again on the street. "I 'll have to hurry, or I won't get home in time for supper." Then she stopped with a little moan and caught hold of the fence, for she was in the grip of torturing pain.

"O God," she prayed, "give me strength to bear it! Help me to keep up till the end!"

Then she turned and stumbled blindly toward home. Her breath came in short, gasping sobs, and she talked to herself as if she had been Ellie.

"You 've had pain just this bad before and lived through it, and you know perfectly well that the sharper it is the sooner it goes. There, now, that 's the end of another block. You 'll be home again almost before you know it, and there 'll be a fire in the dining-room and supper on the table, and you can drink a cup of hot tea and go right up-stairs to bed."

At last she stumbled up the steps and into the house. It seemed dark and deserted, and she hurried through the hall to the kitchen. There was a fire in the stove, but the lamp had not been lighted, and she almost stumbled over Ellie, who lay on the floor in a disconsolate little heap. She knelt down quickly, took the child in her arms, and pressed the wet little face to her own.

"What 's the matter with grandma's girl?" she asked.

"O Grandma," wailed Ellie, "Aunt Lucy did n't come home, and I started the fire and tried to fix supper; but I burnt my arm and broke the tea-pot and spilt all the tea."

"Poor little girl! And you were trying so hard to help! Well, don't you worry about the tea-pot. There are plenty more in the store, and I 'll put some linseed-oil on your arm, and it 'll stop hurting in a little while."

She bound up Ellie's arm and installed her in a big chair near the stove, and then with swift, but weary, hands she prepared the long-delayed supper and put it on the table. The family had almost finished eating when Lucy came in radiant.

"O Mother," she cried, "I 'm so sorry I did n't get back in time to fix supper; but John wanted to show me the new dam across the river, and we had to come home such a roundabout way. I asked John to take supper with us, and he 's coming back as soon as he puts up his horse."

"Well, I don't know what he 'll eat," said Jimmy, Junior. "The old man and I were both as hungry as wolves to-night, and it looks to me as if we 've cleaned up everything in sight."

"I 'll fry some ham and make some more tea," said Mrs. Morlan, rising hastily. "Don't you worry, Lucy. There 'll be plenty for both of you."

Ellie had fallen asleep in her chair at the table, and Mrs. Morlan made Jimmy, Junior, take her into the sitting-room and put her on the sofa. When she had washed the dishes and put the kitchen in order, she tried to lift the child in her arms so that she could take her to bed without waking her; but Ellie started up at her touch.

"I 'm going to help you wash the dishes, Grandma," she said.

"I 've already washed them, deary," said Mrs. Morlan. "You could n't help me with your arm hurt. Now, don't cry about it, and I 'll tell you a story when we go to bed."

She had kept Ellie at night since the child was a baby, and she often told her stories at night when the nervous little girl found it hard to go to sleep; but that night the story became strangely confused, and she fell asleep in the midst of it despite all her efforts to keep awake. The next morning Lucy lingered in the dining-room for a few minutes after the others had gone out.

"Mother," she said a little shyly, "yesterday John Oliver asked me to marry him, and I told him I would. I wanted to tell you last night, but you were asleep when I went up-stairs."

Mrs. Morlan put her head down on the table and began to cry.

"O Lucy, I 'm so thankful and so happy!" she said. "He 's a good, steady young man, and you can always depend on him."

Lucy put her arms around her mother and kissed her, and mingled with the joy in her young heart was a little feeling of pain at the thought that Mrs. Morlan had never been able to lean on Mr. Morlan. She had borne unaided all the burdens of their married life.

"John wants to be married next month," said Lucy, "so that we can go off on a little trip and get back before Christmas. We 're going to board here at home so that I can help you with the housework. You 've always had to work too hard. I want to make things easier for you now."

After that Mrs. Morlan rose earlier than usual in the morning and went to bed later at night, and every minute she could spare from other duties was devoted to Lucy's simple little trousseau. She finished the blouses for the lame child, but she could n't offer to do any more sewing for the Ladies' Aid Society or read to Mrs. Dortchley, nor could she, to her secret grief and dismay, find time to attend to her spiritual needs. Lucy went to the country with John every Sunday, and Mamie attended divine services twice a day with a young theological student who lived in a boarding-house next door.

After Lucy's wedding came the whirl of preparation for Christmas, and on the day before Christmas the joyful home-coming of the young bride and groom absorbed all of her thoughts. Lucy had asked John's people to take dinner with them, so Mrs. Morlan got up at four o'clock to begin her preparations for the day. When the family came down to breakfast with jokes and laughter and shouts of "Merry Christmas," she felt as if she had already done a day's work, but her heart was full to overflowing with happiness, she had so much to be thankful for. It was a long-established custom in the family that the Christmas presents should be distributed at breakfast, and in the middle of the table was a pile of white packages that had been placed there the night before.

"I 'm making you a collar-and-cuff set, Mother," said Mamie, when Mr. Morlan began to read out the names on the packages, "but I just could n't get time to finish all the hemstitching. "I 'll do it the first thing to-morrow."

"I 'm going to get you a new dress as soon as next pay-day comes around," said Jimmy, Junior. "There were so many girls I owed presents to this Christmas that I spent every cent I had last night for candy."

Lucy had left the room to answer a knock at the door, but she came back now, pink with excitement.

"Oh, do look!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Henry has sent me a hand-embroidered waist. She gave me a wedding present, too, and I have n't a thing for her. I feel real ashamed of myself. Mother, I got

you a table-cover. Do you care if I send her that? I 'll go to town just as soon as I eat breakfast to-morrow and get you something else."

"Why, of course, that will be all right," cried Mrs. Morlan, quickly. "Just send it right on. It certainly was sweet of her to do all that work for you."

Ellie took a queer, bumpy little package from the pile, and carried it to her grandmother.

"Here 's my Christmas present for you, Grandma," she whispered. "I paid a quarter for it."

Mrs. Morlan untied the package and brought to view a white vase with gold grapes on it. She held it off at arm's-length, and admired it till Ellie glowed with satisfaction.

"I don't want you to put it in the parlor, Grandma," she said. "I want you to keep it up-stairs in your own room."

"Well, I will," said Mrs. Morlan, "and as soon as I get through breakfast, I 'll fill it with holly."

It was after ten when the family at last rose from the table, and just as they were leaving the dining-room, the young theological student came over to ask Mamie to go to church with him. She went up-stairs to get ready in a flutter of excitement, but Lucy lingered for a moment at the foot of the table where Mrs. Morlan still sat behind the big coffee-pot.

"I did n't know Mamie was going to church to-day," she said, "and I promised John to go with him; but it does n't seem right for both of us to go off and leave you with all the work to do."

"Oh, that 's all right," cried Mrs. Morlan. "There is n't so very much to be done. I 've already stuffed the turkey and made the mince-pies and swept out the parlor. You go right on, and take Ellie with you, so she can see the decorations and hear the music."

"I don't want to go, Grandma," said Ellie. "I 'd rather stay here with you."

"Ellie 's a heathen about going to church," laughed Lucy. "She 's made up her mind not to go any more, Mother, till you take her."

Mrs. Morlan worked unceasingly all the morning, and Ellie helped faithfully.

"It 's half-past one, Ellie," she cried at last, with an anxious glance at the clock. "You go set the table, and I 'll scrape the celery."

She went out on the porch to the refrigerator to get the celery, and just as she came back to the kitchen her strength gave out, and she sank down to her knees.

"O God," she prayed within herself, "don't let it be to-day! Don't let me darken their Christmas!"

Dinner was got through with at last, and then Lucy helped her wash the dishes and put the kitchen in order.

"Now I think I 'll go up-stairs and lie down," she said, with a little sigh of relief when they had finished.

"Oh, please come in the parlor and sit with the rest of us," cried Lucy. "I 'm afraid John's people will be hurt if you don't."

"All right; I will if you want me to," said Mrs. Morlan. "There are so many here to-day I thought perhaps they would n't miss me. I 'll go up-stairs and get my jabot. I forgot it before dinner."

She sat in the parlor all the afternoon, a dumbly patient little figure, but when Ellie's eyes grew heavy with sleep, she said good night and took the child up-stairs. She put her in Mamie's bed, then went on to her own room and began to undress. Just as she finished, her lamp sputtered and went out, and as she stood alone in the darkness, a great fear came upon her that was almost suffocating.

"Oh, I can't stay in here by myself!" she cried. "I can't, I can't, I can't!" but immediately she answered herself. "Yes, you can," she said, "and you 're going to."

Then she fell down on her knees by the bed and buried her face in her hands.

"O God," she prayed, "Thou knowest that I am weak and sinful and unworthy to enter Thy presence, but have mercy upon me, I pray Thee, and bless my loved ones and keep them safe through the night!"

Then she got into bed and, folding her tired hands, fell into a quiet sleep that had no earthly wakening.

Foreign Trade through Combination

A Business Necessity

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

Author of "The Trade of the World," etc.

As a strong indorsement of the position taken by Mr. Whelpley in this article, we are printing with it this opinion of the value of combination recently published by Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz. Dr. Steinmetz is professor of electro-physics at Union College and chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company. His contributions to applied industrial chemistry and electricity have been great. It is the invasion of goods after the war that America should fear, he declares. He adds:

"The United States is not prepared for such an invasion and to get ready for it she must stop killing the goose that is laying her golden eggs. I mean the big corporation, the most efficient industrial tool yet devised by man for the furtherance of civilization. We must organize production or go to pieces. In some ways America, because of being rid of the equilibrium of nations problem, has advanced further in a century than Europe has in a thousand years, but so far as organized production is concerned we are far behind Germany. Over there the relation of government and corporations is that of mutually helpful partners. In this country the attitude of the government toward the big corporation is that of the judge toward the criminal.

"Both sides must reform. The public must help the corporations to become still bigger and to perfect their organization. The corporations must wake up to the fact—they are so waking up already—that it is not enough to hire a man and pay him his wages and forget all about him and his family out of shop hours."—THE EDITOR.

BETWEEN Albany and Buffalo, in the State of New York, there is a great strip of country closely built over with factories of miscellaneous character. So great and so diversified is the output of manufactured goods from this one district, and so vast is the number of people employed, that this region is looked upon by industrial experts as a sort of national pulse to be felt frequently to determine the industrial state of health of the whole United States. Owing to the damage done to American foreign trade by the war and the reaction of war conditions in Europe upon the American domestic situation, six months after the war began it was found that output, and consequently employment, in this district had dropped sixty-two per cent. below par. In other words, there was only thirty-eight per cent. of the normal activity. A year after the war began this had risen to a little over fifty per cent., and it is even better now, though still below what it was in 1913.

The recent rise is due largely to a gradual adaptation of business to the needs of the moment and not to any permanent recovery along normal lines. The individual manufacturer, whether firm or small corporation, dropped its export business without any great loss excepting the trade itself and such good-will as might have been built up. In the aggregate this loss to American industrial and commercial interests was enormous, but none of these minor concerns had the power, resources, or even the incentive to do more than cut the loss and achieve if possible some measure of readjustment by which to recoup.

Not so, however, with the big industrials. From ten to thirty per cent. of their business was in foreign countries. Many of them had great factories in the countries at war. Some of them owned steamships, foreign-port facilities, and held valuable foreign concessions. All of them possessed vast, complex selling and distributing organizations, representing

years of work and the expenditure of millions of dollars to establish. Thousands of employees abroad awaited instructions as to what to do with property and how to conduct themselves during hostilities. The relations of these foreign properties to the governments of the countries in which they were located became a matter of tremendous importance, and the diplomatic department maintained within the organization of every big foreign-trading corporation had a thousand questions forced upon it for immediate decision, any one of which might mean the loss or the salvation of a valuable plant, concession, or future business.

The safety and welfare of thousands of Americans and their families employed abroad by these corporations was in itself no inconsiderable problem. One concern immediately gave orders that all American women and children, families of employees abroad, should be sent home without delay at the expense of the company, and ships were provided for the refugees. Men of authority familiar with conditions in the European countries immediately crossed the Atlantic and traveled day and night, through marching armies, across closely guarded frontiers, sparing no expense or hardship, to visit the outposts of American foreign trade, ascertain existing conditions, make such arrangements as were needed, and estimate the power and ability of the men in charge locally to hold their own in the company's interests.

One of these corporation officials, in relating his experiences on one of these inspection trips, said that he had started out with thoughts of property only in his mind. How to conserve the company's plants and equipment absorbed his attention. He soon found, however, that it was not the property that was in danger, but the local managers, Americans all, men who had been years in the same employment. He found these men so obsessed with their responsibilities and so bewildered with the noise of battle and the abnormality of everything that in some cases they were nervous wrecks. Weeks of unceasing work and trouble, sleepless nights and anxious days, had overtaxed their strength. To save these men and still guard the company's interests was no small problem. In some cases they refused to leave their posts, and the tale is told of one of these upon whose shoulders responsibility had fallen so heavily that the discerning and quick-acting manager was compelled to give him an option either to take two-months' leave of absence on full pay or else resign, before he could bring him to a realization of what the war had done to his nervous system.

These things are by the way, but they are illuminating as to what it means not only to create, but to hold intact at all costs and under all conditions a great foreign-trade organization. These things are even true in times of peace, for it was only a few years ago that the price of meat went so high in the United States that it was a loss to ship to foreign countries. For six months one of the big Chicago meat-packing firms held together its selling organization under such conditions that the English branches alone netted a loss of over a million dollars. Chartered ships had to be loaded and regular customers supplied even at a loss to save money invested and for the sake of the profitable business which was sure to come in the future if money and courage could bridge the interval.

Under such conditions as these the small exporter, the "dumper," the "surplus" seller, fades off the map. He has not the money, the experience, volume of business, or spirit of adventure to continue. He pockets his loss and retires to his home market, waiting for the storm to blow over. When the weather is again fair he ventures forth, carefully following the trail kept open for him by his more powerful and venturesome fellow tradesman, the big industrial combination.

Shortly after the end of this war, and not before, it may be possible to estimate more or less accurately what effect hostilities have had upon international trade. Certain conditions or factors, however, may be said to have outlined themselves in advance. American foreign trade, as

compared with the ante-bellum state, will in the near future be confronted with certain obstacles which did not exist before the war. They may be briefly summarized.

A decidedly decreased purchasing power on the part of erstwhile most important customers, the peoples of the British Empire, Germany, France, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, and a smaller decrease in the purchasing power of the peoples of the neutral countries of Europe and the near East.

A greater determination, born of urgent need, on the part of these same peoples to supply their own wants in greater proportion than ever before and to sell as many goods abroad as possible to increase their depleted incomes from outside sources.

Increased cost of oversea transportation.

Increased cost of labor and raw material in America.

A defensive and offensive commercial union of the British Empire.

Possibly a commercial entente between the countries now fighting as allies.

A general use of the protective tariff as a weapon against American competition.

Added stimulation in all European countries for the formation of so-called trusts, or industrial and commercial combinations, aided by preferential transportation rates and the many other such advantages which will be bestowed with government sanction and for which there is already ample precedent.

This is a formidable list of new obstacles to be overcome. Against them, and in America's favor, will be a more accessible Russia and a Russian people with a greatly increased purchasing power notwithstanding the loss of population through the war; increased cost of labor and raw material in Europe; a period of reconstruction for European industry, which, however, will be shorter than now seems possible in view of the destruction of property and the dislocation of human affairs in the countries at war.

There are two ways in which the American manufacturer can partly overcome the balance of disadvantages which will appear against him when the affairs of the world resume their normal state. One is by reducing the cost of production and the other by giving absolute freedom to export to meet conditions abroad as they are to be found; in other words, to fight the enemy with his own weapons.

American manufacturers may as a rule be depended upon to take every possible step to reduce the cost of production. In this direction, however, there is one great possibility which has not yet been fully utilized, and that is the working of two or even three eight-hour shifts instead of one shift of eight, nine, ten, eleven, or even twelve hours, as is now the rule. By this method the output of a given amount of capital invested in machinery and other plant can be nearly doubled or trebled with a small percentage of increase in the depreciation and overhead, or administration, charges. Striking illustrations of what can be done in this direction have been afforded by the mills turning out rush orders for war material. The rush can be transformed into a normal and usual procedure, and this alone will offset the inevitable rise in the price of raw material which, it is estimated, will be about ten per cent., and also lessen the seriousness of the added handicap which will be placed upon American export after the war as a result of the war itself. That this change in method of operation is practical is already proved, and it will be found that it has already been incorporated in the plans for the future made by some of America's soundest and most enterprising industries.

To cheapen the cost of production will not alone avail to recapture America's trade in miscellaneous manufactured goods lost through the war, nor will it insure victory in competition with the manufactured goods of Europe for a due share of the constantly increasing trade of the world. There must be a force behind the goods, however cheap they may be, and that force must be of the same character which now holds to such foreign trade organization as is left to America out of the wreck of

what had been built up on a tremendous scale before August 1, 1914. That force, defined in a term, we all understand is "big business."

There is already a dim realization of all this in the business and even in the political world, for various schemes have been proposed whereby it is hoped to find a way to get what is needed without admitting that anything we have done in the past was unwise. It is a situation, however, that can best be handled by being perfectly frank with one another. In our wild onslaughts upon industrial combinations of all descriptions we have done a great deal of damage to American foreign trade, and especially have we made it difficult to build it up on firm foundations. To accomplish in the future all we desire and can hope for we are now called upon to retrace our legislative steps to a certain degree, and to give legal freedom to an enslaved activity. We must erase some of the "don'ts" from the United States statutes and give American brains, money, and enterprise a free hand to capture the foreign markets, the one thing needed to keep our home markets always at profitable pitch.

For months a semi-official inquiry has been in progress among American exporters and manufacturers to sound opinion as to the desirability of legalized coöperation in export trade. The net result of the inquiry has been to the effect that little or no enthusiasm has been aroused for the suggestion, and that there is apparently no urgent demand upon Congress to amend any existing anti-trust law to make such coöperation legal. With all due respect to the good intentions of the able and public-spirited men who have instigated and carried on this inquiry in their wish, from both interested and disinterested motives, to see the foreign trade of the United States placed upon a more secure footing, their attention may be called to the fact that they have concentrated their efforts upon what is really a side issue.

It is not through coöperation that foreign trade is secured, but through what is known to the prosecuting attorneys of the Government and the grand juries as "combination in restraint of trade." In this case, however, the "restraint" is placed upon the trade of foreign rivals. The anti-trust laws of the United States deal with restraint of trade in connection with American home markets, and it is held to be wholly evil. Beyond the limit of the territorial waters of the United States this restraint of trade becomes wholly good, for it is only through the exercise thereof that the great bulk of American foreign trade in manufactured goods has been established in competition with other countries the governments of which give full sanction and even diplomatic and financial assistance to what is held in America to be illegal. It would seem, therefore, that if there is any question before Congress in this connection, it is to devise some method of carrying out the purpose and spirit of the anti-trust desires of the nation and yet place no handicap upon the increase of American export in goods which are not specifically called for by reason of a shortage of food or raw material in other parts of the world.

Nearly all the methods of doing business which make a merchant liable to prosecution in the United States under the general charge of restraint of trade are not only necessary in the open markets of the world to insure appreciable success, but are permitted and even encouraged in England, Germany, France, and other great manufacturing and trading countries. By this it is not meant that immoral practices are permitted or encouraged, but that manufacturers and business men are allowed a free hand to meet foreign competition. This is one of the reasons why free-trade England has in the past been able to meet the competition of protected countries, for it is in itself a form of protection, disguised as liberty, and it has given English manufacturing an advantage not enjoyed by American industry. Given such liberty plus protection, as in the case of Germany, it is not difficult to sense the greater competitive power of the German producer as compared with his

rivals. One of the most interesting reflections induced by this war, a so-called trade war, is that Germany by the exercise of a system combining protection and freedom was fast progressing toward first place as an international trader. The United States had been passed in the race, and Great Britain, the only one left to conquer, was being caught up with at the rate of about fifteen per cent. a year. As things were in the early part of 1914, it was only a matter of time, and not a long time at that, before Germany would have accomplished all her people desired in a commercial way without a conflict at arms. If the present war was looked upon in its inception by ambitious German traders as a short cut to supremacy, they must realize by this time that no matter what the ending of the war may be, it was by far the longest route to the desired goal.

The larger the industrial combination in Europe, the greater its virtue in European eyes; the more extensive and varied its activities, the more is it looked upon as a model for others. Coöperation in foreign trade is practised in Europe, but seldom with the purpose of actually selling goods. The cotton spinners of England have an association which is extremely influential in forwarding the interests of the English trade in cotton goods, but every mill must as a rule find its own customers and establish its own business. The chambers of commerce in Germany are of semi-official character, owing to their close touch with and supervision by the Government, and their action carries great weight. They look well after the interests of their members and speak with greater authority on commercial matters than any organizations of the same character in any other country, but they are not direct selling organizations.

In England and in many other countries trade associations are permitted to fix prices. The price of pig-iron is so regulated at stated intervals. Meetings similar to the so-called "Gary dinners" are not only permitted, but are the usual thing. At its regular or special meetings the London flour-millers' association fixes the price at which its members may sell flour. Nearly all such actions in the form in which they are practised in Europe are illegal in the United States, and yet when we venture abroad we are up against this untrammeled competition. There is a form of coöperation which is legal in the United States and is already in force to a considerable extent. Trade associations can influence legislation, conserve the general welfare of an industry, and assist the diplomatic end of the Government to formulate a profitable and intelligent foreign policy, if allowed to do so. In European countries this form of team-work is much further advanced and more effective than in America, largely because of greater harmony between government and industry than for years has existed in the United States. When it comes to selling goods on any considerable scale, however, each firm must act for itself. No association representing rival concerns can push the trade of its members with the ardor and singleness of purpose necessary to insure success on the hard-fought field of foreign trade.

The big foreign trading firms of earlier days were such organizations, as the Hudson Bay Company and the English chartered companies. They had what was then considered unlimited capital. Their influence with their home governments was enormous. Their activities extended into every field of international commerce. Their leading men in the countries where the bulk of their business was done occupied positions of great power, and were looked upon as diplomatic officials of high rank rather than as merchants. They organized exploring parties, made treaties, obtained concessions, maintained armed forces, and while they made millions for their shareholders, they spent millions not only in the usual way of business, but in many other directions generally ascribed to government rather than private activities. In the history of these enterprises the men who have built up the foreign trade of the United States, or, rather, that part of it enjoyed by the great industrial corporations, found their inspiration, for it takes both imagination and inspira-

tion to be successful in this field of human endeavor.

The magnitude of operation in modern days may be realized from a single illustration. There is one American industrial corporation which during the year before this war sold twenty-five million dollars' worth of goods in Russia alone. To the average business man this will appear as a good thing, and it is; but that same average business man has little or no conception of what has been done to build up and make secure such a market for the goods of one firm. In the first place, to enter the country meant what may be dignified by the name of a treaty with the Russian Government. It meant the building of a great factory in Moscow and the training of hundreds of agents and employees who spoke the Russian tongue and knew their territory. To keep this business active means a constant study of the economics, the politics, the national temperament, or the likes, dislikes, and prejudices of a nation of one hundred and sixty million people. It means a careful noting of all changes in rail and water transportation; close personal acquaintance with local military, civil, and church authorities; a constant study of national and local tariffs, regulations, and their tendencies; the investment of millions of dollars in offices, warehouses, and equipment; and a credit system adapted to local needs and customs, and yet safe for the business interests at stake.

What individual American manufacturer, company, or even incorporation of a single factory or even a group of factories would or could undertake the venture of attempting to secure a trade like this at its own risk and expense? The weight of millions of money must be behind such an enterprise. The organization must first cover the United States, and then reach effectively into every other country in the world, and the master mind must be able to call upon any and all governments at any time to secure justice and very often coveted special privileges. Repeat this Russian scheme on a smaller or larger scale in every country in the world; construct a line of quick communication from every foreign agency to the home office in New York or Chicago,—one American concern has nearly three hundred of these agencies;—put that head office in a position to command unlimited money at will for use abroad, to call upon the United States Government for intervention when needed, and you have a brief outline of the foreign-trade organization of one American industrial combination the business of which in the United States is even greater than all the business it does abroad.

Go farther east and take a look at China. Here one of the great American industrial concerns not long ago lent the Chinese Government five million dollars in a moment of that Government's need and on only a few days' notice. The loan was safe, it is true, and not a bad investment, but how many merchants could do such a thing offhand, no matter how expedient it might be, and thereby establish a hold upon future favor which would make it easier to meet competition from those of other nationality who were also seeking a favorable footing with the Government at Peking?

It was during this war that the organization of the American state department broke down absolutely in a certain part of the world owing to disturbed conditions. The American ambassador was without money, hundreds of American citizens were marooned, and hundreds more were in danger of starvation or worse. The American banks could do nothing. The country in question was blockaded and shut off completely from the rest of the world, and conditions prevailed within such as would be tolerated in no civilized community. A big American industrial came to the rescue, paid the ambassador's salary, looked after all American citizens, furnished food and protection to all who had a right to claim refuge under the American flag, and in the end assisted those to leave who wished to go, men, women, and children. At stated periods the bill for expenditures was sent to Washington, and paid by the treasury de-

partment. No charge was made for services rendered. The humor of the situation was appreciated at the time by those who knew that on the same day that the attorney-general of the United States was conducting various and sundry hostile actions against this American corporation the secretary of state was writing letters of thanks to the same concern for what it was doing for the Government and for the American nation. The foreign organization of that corporation was so well grounded, so strongly put together, and so woven into the life of that foreign people that when everything else foreign to the purpose of war was swept to one side as negligible, it stood the shock, remained intact, and even in good working order.

The activities of the big American industrials abroad have already been hampered by severe legal restrictions in the attempt to confine their operations in the United States within legitimate boundaries. One of them, having been split into its component parts by a court decree, lost thereby some of the prestige of its former greatness in the far East; for the Oriental mind conceived the idea that Samson had been shorn of his locks by a Delilah in the shape of a home government. Others whose affairs have occupied much of the time of the department of justice have quietly gone to work and built great factories in half a dozen foreign countries, each factory run by a company incorporated under local laws and ostensibly with only the slightest tie to its American parent. This of course takes money from America for investment abroad, gives employment for foreign rather than for American labor, and lessens American export. On the other hand, a goodly share of the profits return to America in cold cash, the home company is strengthened by its larger business, its close touch with the foreign market, and probably secures a much larger business in each of these foreign countries than it could if it depended entirely upon import, especially into a country where industry is protected by high import duties.

In the course of the most recent tariff legislation in Washington it was considered good business for the American people, or at least good politics for members of Congress, to put so-called trust-produced goods on the free list. Shortly after this law went into effect the manager of one of these American-owned foreign plants—in Paris, to be exact—notified the parent concern in America that with the American import duty removed he could supply them with certain high-grade machinery cheaper than they could manufacture it in America. The offer was not accepted for reasons of policy rather than of profit, but the suggestion opens up a considerable field of conjecture as to what might happen in certain circumstances.

These things, while important, are subordinate to the point that must compel the attention of any one interested in the future possibilities of American foreign trade. It is an unquestioned fact that aside from the export of raw material, food-stuffs, a few staples, and essentially American novelties, the foreign trade of the United States has grown in proportion as the great American industrial combinations turned their attention toward its development, and that when some great cataclysm such as this war brings all things to a standstill or renders them abnormal, nothing in the shape of a foreign trade organization remains to America except that which these same industrial combinations have originated and maintained, and that in the period of reconstruction to come it will be in the wake of their renewal of business that the army of smaller exporters will find their way once more into foreign markets.

This being the case, it seems as though there could be some way found of curbing the undesirable activities of big business at home, if there are now any to curb, and still leave it free to work out a future for its own and incidentally for all American export. It is obviously true that a larger export market is what America wants. It is equally obvious that to open this market on a sufficiently large scale and in a permanent manner foreign competition must be successfully met. Organization and

big adventure are the need. These cannot be achieved by coöperation. They are only within the power of a concern that is big enough to carry on an enterprise which may be likened in importance to empire-building. To do this requires big men with unlimited money, vast resources of all kinds, and a productive power at their command sufficient to keep vast foreign markets fully supplied with all the goods they can absorb. This can be done by no one establishment, no matter how tremendous its operations; or at least it never has been done in that manner.

The only evidence we have as to how it may be accomplished is that furnished by the American industrial combinations of many manufacturing businesses, each one great in itself, but with an irresistible power when working under a single direction. The best illustration we have of this is the export business of the United States Steel Corporation, which was founded on the idea suggested. An export company was brought into being, and to this company was to be allotted at the beginning ten per cent. of the product of all the mills under the control of the combination, with the understanding that this was the minimum amount of goods to be sold abroad. The man placed at the head of that company, Mr. James A. Farrell, now president of the corporation itself, had a genius for foreign trade. Instead of ten, he never took less than thirteen per cent. of the product of all the mills, and generally much more. It was he who demonstrated to America what could be done in a comparatively short time in the matter of export when given the goods, the organization, and the financial backing to do big things in a big way.

Imagination is one of the first requisites of a successful foreign trader, and that is why Congress often fails to serve the needs of American commerce, and why many American business men fail to escape the narrower confines of their home markets. It is for the experienced men at the head of these great export organizations to say just what they need from their own country to insure permanent and large success for American foreign trade in the face of the competition which will be encountered after the world's affairs have come out of present chaos into order.

The greatest factor in the strength of this foreign competition is the close alliance of industry and government in Europe. For years the American Government has been at war with the greatest industries in the country. Both sides are to blame, but it is now time a truce was declared and an era of mutual good-will and mutual help was instituted, if only for the sake of American foreign trade in the immediate future. It would not be a one-sided bargain, for with such an era in force Washington could at once command an auxiliary to the state department, which would increase tenfold the value to the nation of the diplomatic and the consular corps. The general results would be advantageous for the entire country in all its material and social interests at home, and it would yield an added value to our foreign policies of far-reaching effect and importance.

CURRENT COMMENT

A Pacifist's Creed

In The Century for March, 1916, appeared a poem by Charles Badger Clark entitled "My Father and I," a study of the incompatibility of Christianity and war. The following letters, which we have Mr. Clark's permission to print, were written by him in response to an appreciative note about the poem from a pacifist friend of The Century's. Not often, to our mind, has the extreme Christian attitude toward militarism and bloodshed been more tellingly stated.—The Editor.

Hot Springs, South Dakota,
February 25, 1916.

Dear Madam:

I am by way of being a Christian to the best of my somewhat limited ability. Theologically I should hardly know Arminianism from Calvinism if I met them together on the trail, but I have a great fondness for the four Gospels. In the life and teachings of Jesus I find He quite forgot to say anything about the glory of killing if you did it in uniform, and He made no reference to national honor. In fact, He seemed to have an idea that honor can't be stained except *from the inside*. Having behind me some nine generations of American ancestors most of whom wore a uniform at some time in their lives, I am not immune from the war bacillus; but if a wave of spread-eagle national hysteria ever sweeps me into the ranks, I shall cut all connections with Christianity and declare myself a Mohammedan. Thus I shall make my religion and my day's work harmonize.

Seriously, though, is n't it a bit absurd? On my own part I cannot, as a Christian, injure any man or even hate him. Once I assume the livery of my country, however, it becomes a virtue for me to kill as many men in strange uniforms as possible —shoot, stab, mangle with explosives, strangle with poisonous gas, any way that I choose. I am only an individual person, of course; but a nation is only an aggregation of individual persons. If I have one code of morals, and my nation another, one of us must be wrong; and I am enough of a democrat and an individualist to insist upon thinking for myself, to refuse to do anything merely because my fathers did it, my neighbors do it, or the whole world does it. "With firmness in the right, *as God gives us to see the right.*" He was a fairly good American who said that.

Excuse me, but your little note did me good. It is ever a lonesome job to be a crank, and I 'm glad my staggering lines met the eyes of another crank of similar complexion.

Gratefully yours,
Charles Badger Clark.

Hot Springs, South Dakota,
March 12, 1916.

Friend:

I am not enough of a statesman to invent a way of abolishing militarism, or enough of a philosopher to tell men how to make war unnecessary. I never went very deeply into the larger aspects of the peace cause, but, as you notice, stopped at the personal and individual side of it. Christian principle and my own reason convinced me that a "Christian soldier" is an absurdity; that 's all. A soldier in action must be a most unchristian savage or else a mighty poor soldier. The peace propaganda has a rocky road before it. In his heart man really likes war, for all its danger and misery and horror, and his appetite for it is more ancient and more deep-seated than his appetite for alcohol. Both of these appetites have a like source —the desire to get out of the rut, to live grandly and intensely and unrestrainedly. To-night the simple savage in me would love to go as a scout with the proposed expedition into Mexico, to lope and laugh and whoop and swear and drink mescal and use a fine high-power rifle on that

greatest of all "big game," man. Two wandering years in the West Indies and four years of punching cattle along the Mexican border showed me enough of this side of life for me to realize its fascination. The old church fathers were right: the "natural man" is not much of a Christian. Adorn this natural fighting instinct with such flowers as patriotism, love of home, honor, and desire of fame, and you can see just what an irresistible siren it is. In some sort, all life is a fight from the first struggle for breath to the last. The most peaceable of us must at least meet the black legions that swarm in over the borders of the soul's territory daily, and fight them back. We inherit belligerency from a long, long line of ancestors, as I have tried to show in some verses reprinted in "Current Opinion" this month.

Yet universal peace must come. It is the next great step. Like the wiping out of the alcohol evil and the enfranchisement of woman, it is a matter of evolution, and if it does n't come, why, we palpably "evolute" backward.

If you can find a printer for my last letter, you have my permission to publish it. I do not remember just what I said in it, but I don't reckon that it will shake the pillars of the state. And any word of mine which will in the least help to free this good age of ours of the sickening anachronism of war may appear either in "The Atlantic Monthly" or "The Police Gazette" with my hearty approval. Thanking you again for your friendliness, I am

Very sincerely yours,

C. B. C.

The Democracy of Universal Military Training

IN the May issue of THE CENTURY, in an article entitled "Military Training for Our Youth," the writer puts a pertinent question: "Is patriotism a duty that must be discharged by all or a favor to be bestowed at will?" Obviously that means, Are those of us who have not yet had the vision of the preciousness of our national existence content to accept it at the hands of charity? Is America going to be, without a protest, the one pauper among the nations? The question is not to be answered lightly. "Let George do it" must not be our national watchword when the very life of the nation may be at stake.

It ought to be unnecessary even to ask the question, but there is a fact that we forget all too easily: democracy can exist only through education. Our average citizen knows little and cares less about the business of government. In matters that he understands he is the last person to be satisfied with inferiority of performance. Can you imagine the American public tolerating less than the highest aristocracy of skill in the one national affair that is thoroughly understood—base-ball? Clearly, if the nation were as solidly grounded in the rudiments of national business as in the requirements of the national game, it would never submit to the disgraceful clumsiness of our usual amateur performance.

There is one State that has already seen the source of our weakness in ignorance. Last spring a non-partizan commission, composed of a college president, a journalist, a representative of organized labor, attorneys and business men, was appointed by Governor Walsh of Massachusetts to study the question of "the practicability of providing military education for boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one" for the purpose of disciplining the youth of the commonwealth and of "improving their physical, moral and mental qualities," and to report the result of its investigations to the legislature with recommendations for legislation.

Through the summer that commission collected and analyzed public opinion and expert advice, and submitted its report at the end of 1915. There were three recommendations: an enabling act permitting the state militia to coöperate with any scheme of Federal action that may be

adopted; the institution of compulsory physical training in the high schools; a complete recasting of the militia law of the State in case the militia should be compelled by national neglect to remain a state force.

Those commissioners worked with a full realization of the essentially national character of the question of defense. They recognized the futility of recommending anything beyond the probabilities of immediate action, or anything based on the present feverish interest, that might fail to weather the test of the popular temper in normal times. They curbed the enthusiastic impulse to bespeak for the country general and compulsory military service, because they saw the absurdity in such a proposal from any single State. In the same way they stopped short of the ideal in asking for physical training in the high schools only, knowing well that less than a third of the boys would get the benefit, since the compulsory character of schooling ends with the grade schools.

Plainly the sum of their endeavor was to show the State that the quality of citizenship most sorely lacking in us is a sense of community duty; that this sense can be created by the habit of discipline only if the attempt is made early; that national strength, either for defense against aggression or for the business of good living, can be won only through education. We are notoriously lawless in America, but the remedy can be applied through the schools to the parents in our families. In our hysterical urge toward the development of the individual person we have lost sight of the chief value of education—discipline. Through discipline comes community consciousness, team-play, and that is the beginning and the strength of civilization.

Last March there was a convention of mayors in St. Louis, The most important seventy-five cities in the country were represented, an imposing body of opinion from the whole breadth of America. They discussed the subject of defense, and the only proposal which met with unanimous indorsement was for universal compulsory military service. They knew that it is the only purely democratic system of national defense, that it is the ideal goal at which a self-respecting democracy must aim.

Massachusetts has been studying history and drawing conclusions. Understanding fully at last the pitiful failure of the voluntary principle in national service, as ridiculous in the military aspect as it would be in the payment of taxes or in education, and as unjust, the State is urged to train and discipline its citizens for the good of the common cause. It is a hopeful sign. After all, our country may really be learning. We may have reaped one tangible benefit from the Great War, an awakening political conscience.

New York State has recently followed the example of Massachusetts.

If two States can make a forward step, so can other States, until we have in America a nation united in support of ideals cherished in fact as well as in oratory.

A Frenchman on America

THERE is a study of America in the "Revue de Paris" for February 15 and March 1, 1916, under the title of "American Opinion and the War." It was written by E. Hovelaque, who is an inspector-general of public instruction, knows America, and speaks English perfectly.

He shows that the American analysis of the war, its causes and issues, is clear and acceptable, and adds that four fifths of our population are said to be for the Allies. "If it really is so strong, why does it remain impotent?" he asks, and answers his own question:

"To all those appeals, to all those prayers, to all that indignation, the President, the Government, America herself remains insensible. Why? I believe I understand. I shall try to explain."

And, in explaining, M. Hovelaque encounters a "touching revelation of a religion, that of success, and of a universally accepted gospel, that of force. Force—that is the first and most durable impression which America gives." He finds the American is made buoyant by the air, the light, the climate of an electric intoxicating quality. He responds to the unceasing palpitation of life, the thronged brilliant streets, energy inexhaustible. And that force is not only material. It fashions and transforms the human material. America melts her annual million immigrants, pulled from their ancient traditions and distinctive marks, into one race, alike in dress, gesture, instinct.

The isolation of Americans is immense. The war is not their war, is not related to their life. Chinese drowned in a flood, Hindus perishing by plague, and Europe plunged in suffering are alike far distant.

"And one discovers, not without astonishment, that except in Americans of pure Anglo-Saxon descent England is little loved. In the history of each people it is necessary that another people should play the part of hereditary enemy. England holds that rôle for many Americans.

The Russian alliance is not popular, and Russia's presence among the Allies compromises the common cause, in the thought of America.

M. Hovelaque shows how the Puritan idea regarded France as atheistic, loose, the playground of the world. And against that is set the idea of German efficiency, whereas France is believed to be economically decadent. "They doubt of our success, and it is success that counts with them."

He tells of the good, simple, naïve German citizens, with their charming sentiment, their love of friendly domestic life, who have given background to Americans. In the stripped life of great prairie stretches, in the uniformity of that flat, positive existence, "Is it strange that they think no evil of such benefactors?"

It is Puritanism which has furnished society with its morality, and that morality is positive and practical. That stern practical Puritanism aimed itself at the conquest of environment. It rose out of poverty. Success became its religion. In freeing a race from degrading poverty it brought a feeling of equality. As it was economic success that had conferred that spiritual gift, the race turned to and worshiped the author of its well-being.

"Wealth, then, has a moral value. It elevates and ennobles man. To acquire is a duty, and Americans have not failed in their duty."

In the fluidity of his life, changing his village, his town, his State at will, this nomad citizen develops in place of local ties an abstract patriotism made up of vanity for the type which he represents, of admiration for the greatness of his country, its vast resources, its bigness, its chances, which respond royally to all his energy. He has had no time to breathe, no time to scan his horizon-line. In his torrential life one hurries, or is swept under foot.

In schools and colleges there is a common preoccupation to make their pupils ready as soon as possible for practical life. The college presidents must address themselves to the men of affairs, sharp, practical men, to obtain the money to build quickly the huge institutions for the huge population. "For those organizers culture counts less than energy, intellectual quality less than smartness and push."

With these vast extemporized institutions, where find a supply of teachers to fill the innumerable chairs and direct the laboratories? In this demand for teachers to turn out swiftly trained graduates, Germany was able to meet the need, and prepare American teachers in her university factories. It is by droves that she manufactures them, all without exception animated with the same German spirit of specialization, all equipped with the same German erudition, solid, but near-sighted.

American institutions of learning are German in structure and spirit not only by reason of the presence of those teachers imbued with German ideas, by the accepted German influences, the admiration for German methods, but also because of

the unconscious influence exercised on them by a philosophy of life that strangely resembles the German ideal of *Kultur*, of success at any price, of the specialization which makes a man a cog in the social machine. The same influence is spread in these schools and colleges by the dominance accorded to the result that can be weighed, glorified at the expense of the ideal. Of course that spirit is one that for a hundred years has been steadily invading all countries and all regions of human activity, that sacrificing of everything to the immediate, to the utilitarian. With it goes the rise to power of the mean man, the glorifying of laborious mediocrity, the living from day to day without horizon or desire other than the satisfaction of the appetite for domination and well-being. German success has responded to this new gospel, and, after Germany, so has American success. In the material splendor of those achievements how is one able to refrain from "accepting the new Revelation, and really believing that force alone rules, that only the useful is good, and that success justifies anything"?

In Europe, innumerable generations have gently elaborated traditions and ancient tendencies which fill the soul with obscure instincts and reveal "back of each life profound perspectives, the infinite hinterland of a past that is continually present and active. But that ancient soil no longer nourishes the recesses of the inner life of Americans."

In the emptiness of this new country, without a past, without mystery, those inner recesses have to develop aids and assistances for their uprooted, isolated life. Those aids are abstract principles. For the first time in man's long history we can see "the birth of a people and a society not by quiet, imperceptible creation, step by step through innumerable changes and adaptations of the subconscious and the unknown, but all of a piece, in bright day, at one stroke, with no period of infancy, no adolescence, with none of those mysterious dream retrospects which give a hidden reserve of instinctive energies. Reason and pure logic and intelligence have all by themselves created the frame of that society, where individualities have free play. America, like socialism, is a plan for governing a human group by means of absolute abstract principles, ideas, doctrines, and generalizations."

Americans have been through one Civil War, and are none too sure of their unity yet. Give those elements time to weld into a homogeneous mass.

Then, too, here is a unique chance to become the first power, commercial, industrial, financial. Intervention would be costly. And what good would it do? If one is not able to intervene potently, because of small military power, then why protest? "The good practical sense of the American, which believes only in reality," does not favor an academic protest.

And why war at all? The American condemns all war with his humanitarian idealism. Is poor old Europe, with her history of bloodshed, to be forever embroiled by her emperors and financiers? In the interest of Europe herself, of humanity, it is necessary to refuse to enter into the combat, for war creates war and inextinguishable fratricidal hates. There ought to be one race preserving its reason and poise. Then, too, there must be a tribunal which has not taken part, and which is able, in all justice and with every authority, not only to decide, but to issue words of pardon and love, to reveal to those fratricides an ideal of mercy, peace, and brotherly concord, already realized and kept up by America, despite all provocations.

"Generous dream, but a dream not to be realized. It does not take into account the infinite complexities of life, and of a world not their world." Those idealists do not see that they fail to distinguish between the murderer and his victim. They confound in their universal brotherhood the criminal and the innocent, Germany and Belgium, the Austrian and the Serb. "Their simple spirit, fed on abstract ideas, is not equipped by their past, their education, their religion, or their life to understand the complex organisms of the

nations of Europe, the fatalities of their history, the complications of their sentiments, their patriotisms, which are a form of those reactions of defense which every living thing has to develop in order to continue to live."

Little by little their ignorance lessens. As the war draws nearer them, their isolation is less real. A change in idea gradually reaches the Middle West till it shares the ideas of the East. Germany labors to open their eyes. The time will yet come when those idealists will understand that "right is not defended by words alone, that one does n't subdue a mad dog with logical reasonings. We need not despair of seeing a rebirth of the America of 1776 and of 1861." And perhaps some day "America will find herself under the same banner with France, fighting for the same holy cause, which is that of all men, and from which their promised land cannot keep herself selfishly exempt, with her wealth made from our agony, in an ignoble security, for which our blood flows in streams, while she spends not one drop of her blood. They will end by seeing that over the vast earth all men are bound together, that their ancient isolation is not only an impossibility and a folly to-day, but an opprobrium." "Time works for America and for us."

Such, in part, is Emile Hovelaque's elaborate and thoughtful study of American public opinion.

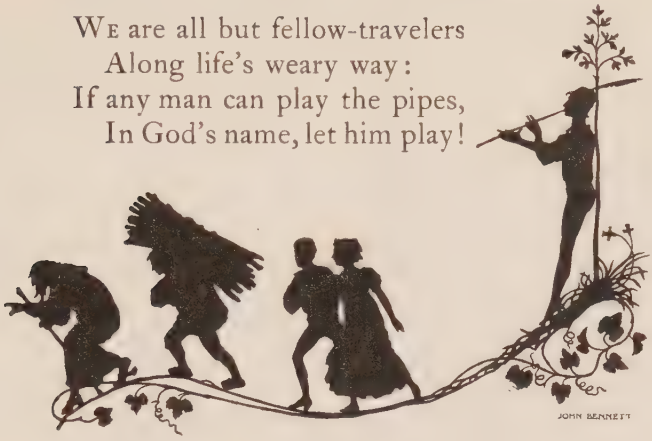
It is to be hoped that we in turn shall let our people know that we have very active friends in France. France is proving herself of great heart. If we show an understanding of this tension of her spirit, we shall deepen a friendship that began with our birth as a people. If we fail her, we shall have lost something more precious than war profits.

The Youthfulness of Authors

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, who has seventy titles of published works to his credit, celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday in March by publishing in THE CENTURY the first instalment of his latest novel, "The Leatherwood God." He is one of a sturdy generation of writers and editors. In the same month Mrs. Amelia Barr, who has upward of sixty novels on her list, reached eighty-five; ex-President Charles W. Eliot, eighty-two; in April, John Burroughs, essayist, passed the seventy-ninth milestone. Henry Watterson of the Louisville "Courier-Journal" is seventy-six; Henry Mills Alden, editor of "Harper's Magazine," is two months the junior of Mr. Howells; Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of "The Outlook," is a little past eighty-one; and William Hayes Ward of "The Independent" is seventy-nine. One of last year's best sellers was a novel by George W. Cable, who is seventy-one. Hamilton Wright Mabie joins the septuagenarians in December. Our vigorous elders in the writing game apparently never give venerability a thought; they are all too busy. Mr. Alden is one of the keenest, most alert, and energetic of American editors; Colonel Watterson is a very Ty Cobb of editorial writers; and Mr. Howells can match the best of our novelists in vigor of style and in humor. These men and their contemporaries ask no favors of youth. Truly it is a sturdy generation of men.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

We are all but fellow-travelers
Along life's weary way:
If any man can play the pipes,
In God's name, let him play!



An Archæological Foot-note

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

EVERY time the papers announce the approaching demolition of an old hotel, I look forward to a letter on the subject from An Old Subscriber. Of the many friendships that have come to me in the course of the day's work, this has been one of the earliest and most enduring, although we two have never met in the flesh.

I cannot recall the exact date on which our friendship began, but it must have been shortly after I was transferred from the exchange desk to writing paragraphs. One morning I dashed off a brief notice dealing in a sentimental vein with the rapid disappearance of the city's historic landmarks. The occasion was the tearing down of a theater that had been famous during the years after the Civil War. The following day I received a letter from An Old Subscriber. He began by praising in terms that I now blush to recall the admirable manner in which I had compressed so much valuable information, human interest, and charm within the space of less than thirty lines. To no other paper in town, he declared, could one look for a similar exhibition of high-class journalism.

An Old Subscriber then went on to point out that I had erred in saying that the theater in question was erected in 1869. As a matter of fact, it was opened in 1857, and had been the scene of several memorable productions before the Civil War. President Grant was never inside the theater, as I had stated; the occasion I must have had in mind was the one on which the guest of the evening was Mr. Roscoe Conkling, then fresh from his triumphs in the Senate. Shaksperian performances had never been given there, as my paragraph said. Throughout its entire history the theater was devoted to light farce and burlesque, and instead of being a gold-mine, as I affirmed, it had ruined three managers in succession.

Finally, An Old Subscriber asked who was my authority for the statement that the theater stood on the site of an old tannery that had been in the possession of the Diedrichson family for generations. The fact was, as he recalled it, that the site of the theater was once a pond in which An Old Subscriber used to go swimming as late as 1834. The tannery I referred to was situated a mile farther north, near the present location of the Worth Monument. An Old Subscriber concluded with the hope that my paper would continue to

supply the public with reading-matter of the same high degree of interest and usefulness. It is such little touches of appreciation that make up the reward of a newspaper man's life.

But praise was not always forthcoming from An Old Subscriber. Frequently he would write in to ask with pain and anger what possible reason there could be for a vulgarism like "going the limit," which had appeared in the issue of the day before without quotation-marks. What, he asked, would have said the distinguished man who fifty years ago was at the head of the paper? The intimation was that the distinguished editor would have torn his hair. As a matter of fact, the distinguished editor did some very sloppy writing in his time.

On the whole, An Old Subscriber's letters were fairly divided between those calling attention to errors in the paper and those offering unsolicited information of his own. Truth compels me to say that the characteristic trait of An Old Subscriber's information was a vast inaccuracy. The number of things he recalled was enormous, but nearly always he remembered them wrong. Thus it turned out that the old tannery which he located near the Worth Monument was in reality situated within the present limits of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the pond in which An Old Subscriber thought he used to swim when he was a boy had been filled in before the Revolution. When such oversights were called to his attention, An Old Subscriber would reply with a long communication on the status of the public school fifty years ago, or a political anecdote from the time of Andrew Jackson. At his age I presume it was hard to change one's views. Nevertheless, our paper was glad to profit by the curiously varied information which he drew from a well-stocked memory—information that was always entertaining and occasionally true.

Yes, I think wistfully of our disappearing historic hotels and of An Old Subscriber. Both are our links with the past, and the man seems to me the more important of the two. For we do have a past despite what supercilious foreigners may say about the painful newness of America. Antiquity does not consist in the lapse of great stretches of time, but in the sensation of having lived much. Hotels, nations, and persons may be young in years, but rich in memories. When the Astor House was about to close its doors, the story was flanked in the newspapers by two other interesting items. One was a London despatch to the effect that George Lansbury, an ardent suffragist, had been haled into court for violating the public peace, under a statute of Edward III. On referring to my encyclopedia, I found that Edward III was King of England from the year 1327 to the year 1377. The other item described the closing of Chicago's historic opera-house. Loyal citizens of Chicago assembled in the venerable building on the night of the final performance, and when the last curtain fell the audience, in a spell of emotion, rose to their feet and sang "Auld Lang Syne." The opera-house was erected in 1885. Just think of it! Men who are now grandfathers could not have been more than thirty when the Chicago opera-house threw open its doors to the public!

Daddy Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles

By RUTH McENERY STUART

THE TOM-CAT

Bre'r Torm-Cat 's ol' an' one-eye blin',
An' 'is brick-lamed laig hangs down behin';
But he 'd take 'is life, brick-bats an' all,
For dem 'venturous nights on its gyarden wall.
An' you ain't by yo'self, ol' Torm, in dat—
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat.

THE HEARTH CAT

Sis' Pussy-Cat looks so sleek an' snug
When she purrs content on de fireside rug
Dat we makes pertend she earns 'er keep,
An' we buys 'er cream an' lets 'er sleep.
An' she ain't by 'erself in ease like dat—
No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.

Manipulated Remorse, or De Po' Ole Man

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

DE women 's mighty cu'ious when
yo' 's ma'ied 'em, sho.
Dey 's mo' in bein' ma'ied dan yo' is
bargained fo'.
She boun' to run de cabin, en she 'bleeged
to be de boss,
En de bes' way is to let her, 'dout yo'
wukkin' lak a hoss.
A-creakin' at de wringer er a-emp'yin'
a tub,
Er a-totin' wood en water ain' de way to
earn yo' grub.
She de weaker vessel, lak de preacher
say;
En I gwine to go a-fishin', en I fish all
day.

Got to make her mad, I make her mad
sho 'nough;
Make her r'ar en pitch en cut up rough.
Got to make her mad, en git out spry;
Got to hide out twell she staht to cry;
Got to gib her time to feel she done it,
She de one to blame, fo' she begun it.

Fo' she never quiet down ontwell she got
it in her haid
Dat she scol' me all fo' nuffin' twell I
almos' daid,
Den she hurry fo' de hatchet en de fryin'-
pan,
En she fix a chicken supper fo' de po' ole
man.

ANXIOUS MOTHER SLOTH: "You naughty child! Come up here at once! How often have I told you not to walk on the ground? Do you want to fall and hurt yourself?"

The Centenarian

Who's Who in the Millennium Number of the Centenary Magazine

By RICHARD E. CONNELL

"Now that one magazine after another," writes Mr. Connell, "is adopting the custom of introducing its contributors to its readers in carefully worded biographical statements in the advertising pages, why not make a new and original departure and cultivate in your contributors' columns a tone of refreshing frankness? I submit a few suggestions."

Whistler Footle (frontispiece) is a young and unpromising artist, as one glance at his work will show. His "Spring in Spring Lake, N. J.," printed (at his own expense) in this number, is quite as bad as his "Fall in Fall River, Mass."

Quincy Q. Quincy ("Quinces") is a Bostonian well known and carefully avoided in Boston literary circles. He lives in Boston, Massachusetts.

Sarah Blevitch ("Oh," a sonnet) is the least inspired and most minor of the minor poets of Mount Desert, Maine. She is known to her intimates as "Sahara."

M. T. Head ("My Opinion of the War") is the only living example of a perfect vacuum. His opinion of the war or anything else is not worth a snap, but his article just fits the make-up, and he is a brother-in-law of one of our heaviest stockholders.

Will Wright Twaddle ("Municipal Peanut Farms: do they Militate for Democracy? Or do they not?") is a writer whose pen has been enlisted for years in the service of any movement that would pay him a penny a word and two cents for long ones.

J. Aubrey-Beardsley Titwillow ("Mimi, a Bad Penny from the Latin Quarter") is a lazy, untidy, thoroughly worthless fake Bohemian who lives in a place on Washington Square that merits the immediate attention of the board of health and the police. His real name is Finkelstein.

Sophie Wheatcake ("Flanders! Where and What are They?") is a woman. Years ago she made an undeserved reputation with a feeble novel entitled "The Somethingness of Something," and she has lived on it ever since. She knows nothing about Flanders, but her name attracts readers.

Rev. Ponsonby Fiddle, D.D. ("The Larger Vision and the Broader View") is a fat, complacent, smirking clergyman, a friend of one of the owners. His essays are written by his secretary, whom he pays ten dollars a week. They are pretty bad, but not as bad as they would be if he wrote them himself.

Otto Goobenburg ("With Butterfly-net and Walking-stick in North Dakota") is noted as a traveler and a bore. He is said to have traveled farther and seen less than any man who ever lived.

Magnolia Opp ("The Heart of a Mother") is an angular spinstress of forty-three who sets her bull-dog on little boys who walk on her lawn at Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Joseph Gunk, R. S. V. Pudding, Amelia Beet, and **Lady Elaine Trevor** (correct name **Carrie Botts**) are hack-writers who should be hack-drivers.

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"'I shall never be dangerous for you, Miss Rivers,' he said gently"

From the painting by J. H. Gardiner Soper

(*Illustrating "The Dark Tower"*)